

Towards a Society based on Mutual Aid, Voluntary Cooperation & the Liberation of Desire

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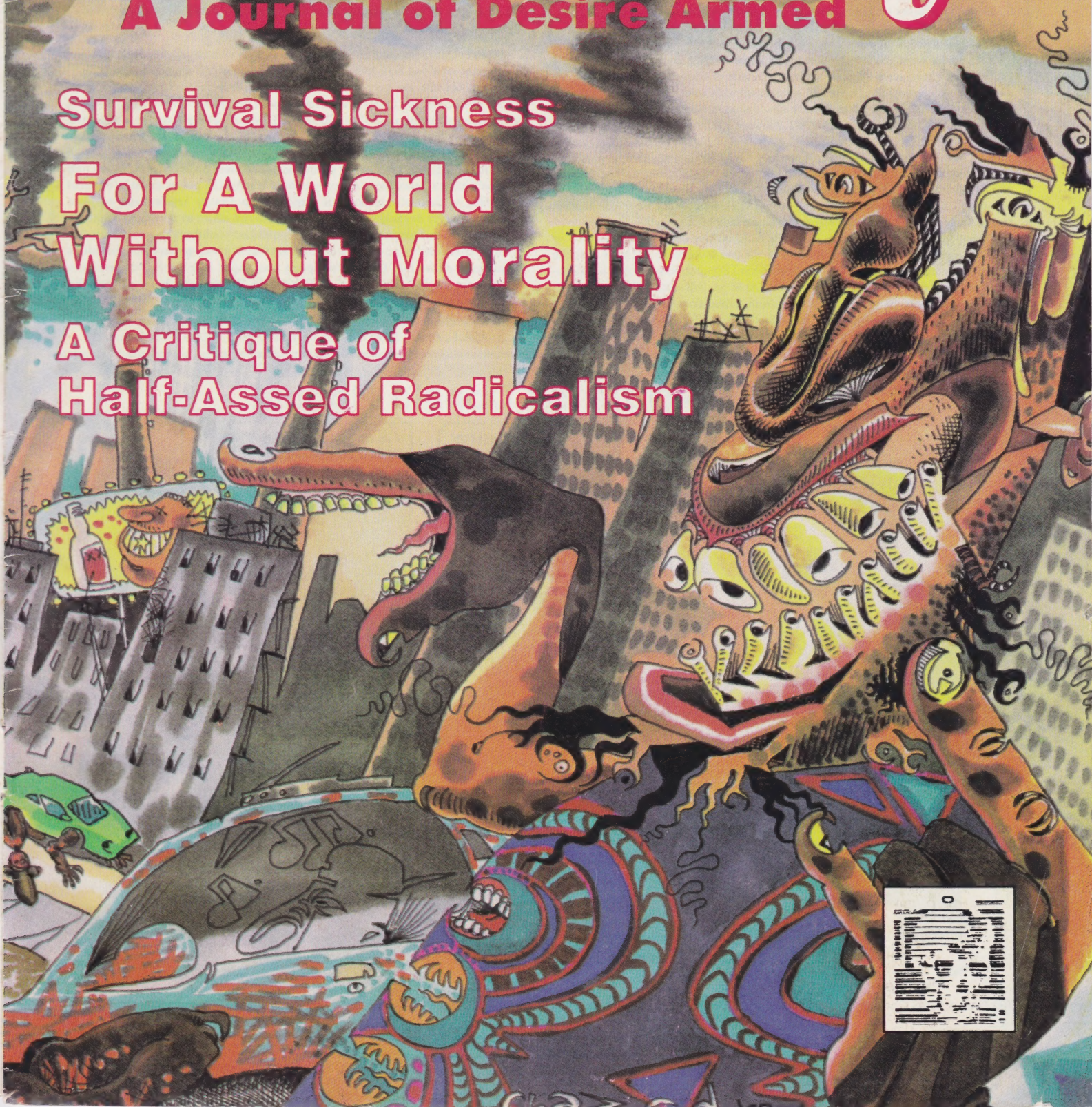
Anarchy

A Journal of Desire Armed

Survival Sickness

**For A World
Without Morality**

**A Critique of
Half-Assed Radicalism**



Openers

Anarchy is an independent, not-for-profit quarterly publication of C.A.L. Press, published on the first of December, March, June and September. We sell no advertising, have no paid editorial staff, and finance this journal entirely through donations, newsstand sales and subscriptions.

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Short news and comment articles or reviews which are used in "Openers," "The Sad Truth," "Alternative Media Review" or "International Anarchist News" may be edited for brevity and style. Other submissions (features, fiction) will be edited only with the author's permission. *Anarchy* editors reserve the power to make editorial comments, to run introductions or responses, to classify articles, and to place sidebars wherever deemed appropriate. Until we can afford to remunerate authors, photographers, and graphic artists for their published contributions we will give free issues &/or subscriptions, or other appropriate tokens of our appreciation. **Deadlines** for submissions are Jan. 15th for the Spring issue, April 15th for the Summer issue, July 15th for the Fall issue, and Oct. 15th for the Winter issue, but it *always* helps to get submissions in earlier!

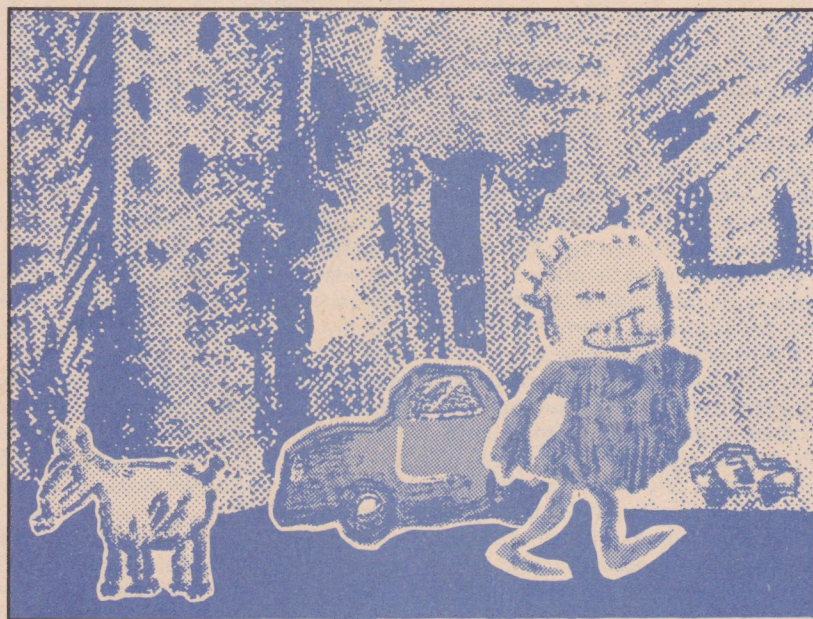
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Wildcat Strikes Again by Donald Room



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EDITORIAL COMMITTEE
Jason McQuinn
Bob White

EDITORIAL ADVISORY GROUP
E.B. Funck
A. Hacker
Shagbark Hickory
Noa
Toni Otter
Mikell Zhan

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
Freddie Baer, San Francisco, CA.
Johann Humyn Being, San Francisco, CA.
James Koehnline, Seattle, WA.
Phillip Lollar, San Francisco, CA.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Feral Faun, Portland, OR.
Manolo Gonzalez, San Francisco, CA.
Alison Gross, Paris, France
Neal Keating, Albany, NY.
Tad Kepley, Brooklyn, NY.
Michael William, Montréal, Québec
John Zerzan, Eugene, OR.

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE
Alternate Routes • Allan Antliff • Ace
Backwords • Anders Corr • Rich Curtis •
Chuck Dodson • Mark Echt • Dina Fisher •
Patrick Frank • Stanley Fureby •
Hème • J. McGill • NENW • Mark
Neville • Donald Room • Mycall
Sunanda • Raoul Vaneigem

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"The whirligig of time has its revenges."
—B.A.G. Fuller

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Inside Anarchy

Welcome to the Fall '93 issue of *Anarchy*. The front cover drawing introducing this issue is by Chuck Dodson, while the content focusses on the critique of morality in a substantial essay titled "For a World without Morality, translated from the *La Banquise*. There is much more still to be said concerning the critique of morality, and especially of those forms which tend to flourish in leftist and anarchist spheres. We will undoubtedly return to this theme again in the near future. Another translation, this time from *Interrogations*, presents a short critique of the anti-technology/anti-civilization milieu to which *Anarchy* contributes. We hope publication of these critical comments will inspire more discussion of these and related themes, and we invite comments directed to the letters column. In "Adios, Catalonia" Manolo Gonzalez has contributed a further episode continuing his poignant account of life in revolutionary Barcelona to the point where the war was ending in defeat and escape was imperative.

In this issue we have once again devoted about 30 pages to readers' letters, though we still remain far behind in publishing the backlog of letters. We have decided to make one change in our letters policy (there may still be others as well) to help us eventually catch up, and that is from here on out to limit letters to three double-spaced pages instead of the old four-page limit. And, for that matter, it never hurts to limit your letters to one or two pages if you can make your comments more concise!

On another front on which we've been playing catch-up, we're doing a bit better this time. We've been able to include six pages of book reviews. While we still have scores of book reviews in the works, this almost brings us up to date on those ready

for print. Regular readers will note that the pages and pages of alternative periodical reviews have disappeared from the "Alternative Media Review" section of this magazine. They've been moved to our new quarterly sister publication, *Alternative Press Review*, for those who miss them. (For more information on *APR* see page 71 of this magazine.)

Exemplary distributors

One of the bigger surprises in the development of this publishing project has been our slow discovery of the large range of alternative press distributors—both wholesale and retail. Without this unsung network of bookshops, co-ops, comic and music stores, newsstands, community institutions, and other outlets fed by a widespread array of wholesale distributors, only a fraction of the current volume of radical publications would ever make it into the hands of readers.

Over the years, a few periodical distributors (retail and wholesale) have ripped us off outright. And a few more have ripped us off unintentionally (I suspect) or for reasons they've never let us in on. However, by far, the great majority of distributors have been surprisingly helpful and enjoyable to work with. And then again there are those distributors who have consistently gone above and beyond what we have expected who deserve special mention.

The biggest standout has to be Bound Together Books in San Francisco, surely the most successful of all the North American anarchist bookstores, most of which appear and disappear all too quickly. Bound Together is one of the few bookshops which always pays us early—on delivery, instead of after a wait of several months! By this alone, they've saved us, and undoubtedly other periodicals, from having to borrow more money to continue publishing.

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Hungry Head Books of Eugene, Oregon, is one of the few others which also pays us early, not an easy thing to do with an alternative bookshop in a smaller city. Hungry Head is notable as well for its relatively large selection of alternative press periodicals given its size and location.

Left Bank Books in Seattle is another exemplary west coast retail distributor which consistently pays us early. Left Bank Books and the affiliated Left Bank Distribution have together introduced many anarchist periodicals and books to the rest of North America by providing probably the most open and comprehensive collection of anarchist materials available anywhere. And they've been doing it successfully for many, many years.

In the next rank right below these exemplary distributors is Fine Print of Austin, Texas. More than any other single alternative wholesaler, Fine Print has enabled *Anarchy* to financially afford to move to its current magazine format—purely because they have been so effective at getting over a thousand copies of recent issues out where they can be effectively sold in both mainstream as well as alternative outlets.

This is not to slight any of the rest of our current distributors. Readers should check the listings on the opposite page. Most of these bookshops and newsstands are well worth supporting whenever you get the chance. Check them out, not only when they are located in your hometown, but also when you travel. Unless you already live in San Francisco or Seattle, for the most part you'll be able to find better selections of radical and other alternative publications at these locations than elsewhere. Support alternative distributors!

Mutual aid within the alternative milieu

When people think about giving a hand to the alternative press, they often think first of helping out by promoting their favorite publications, by subscribing to

them, or by buying them on newsstands. And when radical zines are in trouble, many people may respond to their appeals for donations. But what about alternative distributors that face genuine problems of their own? What can we do to help them? Of course, those who live in the locality served by bookshops or newsstands can patronize them and tell friends about them. But there are also ways to help out from a distance, especially for publishers.

When alternative distributors face crises which require outside support, they often need only *ask* for assistance. For example, as we've done several times in the past, we're quite willing to pitch in and make donations of magazines to worthwhile alternative bookshops, libraries or radical groups in order to help them overcome short-term obstacles. When Bound Together Books in San Francisco had its window broken a few years ago in a fascist attack, C.A.L. donated a large box full of back issues (over \$200 worth) to be sold to help pay for a new window. In the early '80s we donated a package of anarchist books to the Librairie Alternative Bookshop group in Montréal to help them out when they were attempting to buy their building. And, when the proprietor of the Memory Hole Bookshop in Syracuse was busted on drug charges, we forgave all debts immediately in solidarity while he was standing trial. Most recently C.A.L. donated back issues in order to help Opening Books of Huntsville, Alabama try to reorganize and get back on its feet. These are a few examples of the types of support we're willing and able to give—if only we're notified of problems before it's too late to help. And I'm sure there are quite a few other publishers out there who would be willing to make the same type of offers. There is no need for alternative distributors to stand by helplessly during crises, when we should all be willing to help each other out with mutual aid in the face of mainstream pressures.

-Jason McQuinn

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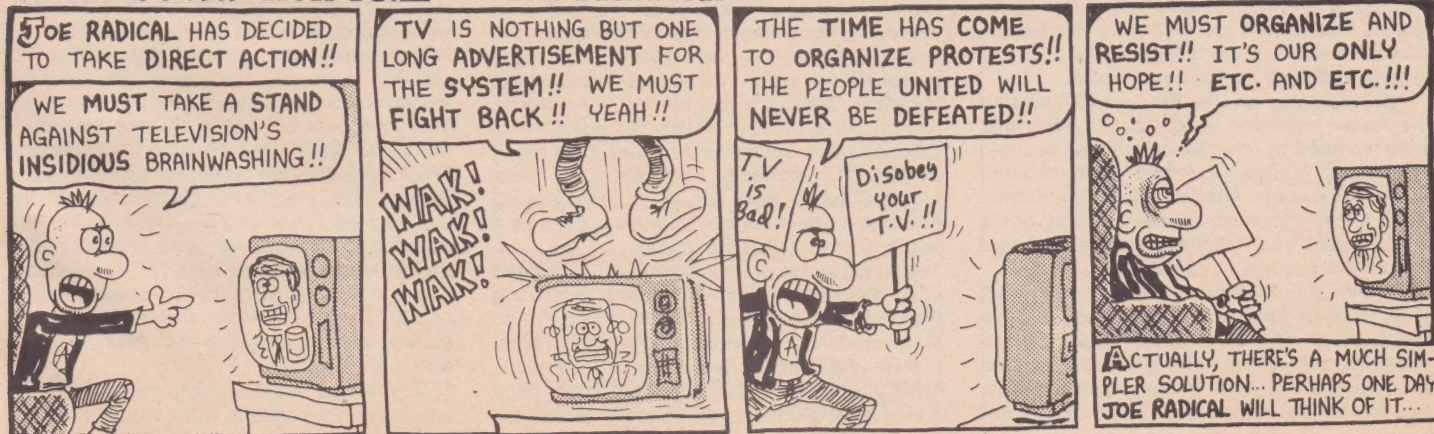
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FBI vs. the Branch Davidians: Assembling an alternative understanding

by Dina Fisher

On April 19, 1993, live broadcasts of armored tanks and burning buildings flooded my TV screen. Flipping from station to station, I gathered that somewhere between 70 and 100 people were burning to death inside the buildings.

The news reports cut back and forth between live footage of the fire and replays from earlier that day of a U.S. government tank repeatedly smashing into the buildings. I could see dark spots where huge holes had been ripped into the exterior walls. Over these blurred, grainy images, newscasters explained that up until several minutes before the fire started, the FBI had used a specially-equipped armored tank to inject massive amounts of tear gas into the buildings during the proceeding six hours.

What I was watching looked to me exactly like a military attack on civilians. Tanks and gas are blatant military weapons, and it's not surprising that a building would burst into flames after a six-hour assault. As the fire began to die down and it became clear that there would be only a few survivors, I haltingly told my lover over the phone that the FBI had just killed dozens of people on national television.

The site of the fire was a ranch on windswept prairie land several miles outside Waco, Texas. The dozen or so adjoining wooden structures there, which would burn to ash and rubble within only 30 minutes, had been home to a tight-knit community of prophetic Christians called the Branch Davidians. The ranch and surrounding area had also recently become temporary home to an encampment of FBI agents and reporters focussing a slew of weapons and cameras on the residents inside.

For seven weeks leading up to the fire, the Davidians had been surrounded in their home by hundreds of heavily armed FBI agents who circled the buildings with razor-sharp concertina wire and bombarded them at night with amplified sounds of rabbits being slaughtered. The FBI quickly moved in after a raid on the ranch by 100 other federal agents from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) had erupted in a 45-minute gun battle. That initial raid on Feb. 28 left four ATF men and several Davidians dead. It too was recorded live and widely publicized by the news media.

From that day on, the FBI and ATF labeled the people inside the buildings with terms that were repeated by reporters around the country. The words "apocalyptic" and "cult" became media catchwords. Another key word emerged when an ATF spokesman claimed only hours after the initial raid that mass "suicide" amongst the *cultists* was a clear possibility.

On the day of the fire, in stark contrast with graphic visual images of the tank assault, the FBI claimed almost as soon as the flames started that the victims had in fact participated in a suicide pact and lit the fire themselves. Newscasters repeatedly used the word "suicide"



during the live fire coverage. The next day, it was used nationwide in newspaper headlines, sub-heads, and text. The Chicago Sun-Times went so far as to use a direct FBI quote for a two-page-wide headline which read, "Oh My God, They're Killing Themselves."

While I was still on the phone watching the live fire coverage, one on-location reporter heatedly said that half the photographers watching the buildings through high-powered telephoto lenses didn't believe the suicide story. He described the FBI's claim as "one of the greatest hoaxes" ever played on the American public. The strength of conviction it must have taken for this man to clearly say what he believed on live television, despite professional consequences, was impressive. I was surprised by his admirable candor, but not by the content of his words.

Having been involved in grassroots political groups for years, I was not naive about FBI tactics. I'd heard the Bureau implicated in everything from intimidating political activists to assassinating civil rights workers. On a more personal level, the alternative high school where I teach in Chicago was subjected to a surprise raid in June of 1983 when FBI agents and Chicago police took files and caused as much as \$40,000 in damages. Members of Dr. Pedro Albizu Campos High School say that absurd FBI claims about the building being used as a bomb factory were the pretext for the raid. Teachers say the school was actually targeted in an attempt to destroy its credibility among Puerto Ricans because it was exposing Puerto Rican students to alternative ideas about colonialism and radical independence movements. The FBI was eventually forced to publicly issue a statement distancing the school's name from

terrorism, but stolen files were never returned and the damages never paid for.

Two years later the FBI was involved in an armed attack which killed 11 members of MOVE, a communal group of socially radical African-Americans. The circumstances of that attack bear a striking resemblance to the recent assault against the Davidians.

On May 13, 1985, MOVE's main house in Philadelphia was burned to the ground, along with 60 other row houses on the block, after an especially flammable explosive covertly supplied by the FBI was detonated on the roof. The fire ended a day-long shoot out between several MOVE members inside and hundreds of Philadelphia cops surrounding the house outside. Burned, dismembered bodies of six adults and five children were found in the rubble,

some containing bullets. MOVE members, too, were labeled in the media as suicidal cultists and accused by the government of burning their own home.

Only two people inside the MOVE house that day survived: Ramona Africa, an adult, and Birdie Africa, a 13 year old boy.

Almost eight years later, on the day after the Davidians' home was burned to the ground, an Associated Press article titled "Texas Flames Evoke Past Attacks" in the *Chicago Sun-Times* quoted Ramona Africa as saying "It's May 13th all over again...I hope it is an example for people...to stop hallucinating about the system they're dealing with and realize that this system is insane."

Given the disparity between the term "suicide" and what I had seen on TV, my curiosity and healthy distrust of government agencies were aroused. Comments made by Ramona Africa and the admirable on-location reporter started me on a library investigation of events surrounding the attack on the Davidians.

My investigation spanned eight weeks and included over 60 newspaper articles from around the country. The majority of these were published between March 28 and May 28 in two Texas dailies, the *Houston Chronicle* and *San Antonio Express News*. For earlier newspaper accounts, I read microfilm articles from the *Los Angeles Times* and *New York Times*. Also included in my research were archival magazine articles about the 1985 MOVE bombing, plus one book by Margot Harry called *Attention MOVE! This is America!* and another called *Burning Down the House*, by John Anderson and Hilary Hevenor.

One of the most striking points I learned about, and perhaps the most crucial to under-

The Sad Truth

standing information about the Davidians in the news media, was the degree to which the FBI seized control over information going in and out of the buildings where the Davidians were holed up during the 51-day siege.

Almost immediately following the original raid, contact between the Davidians and people outside the FBI was severely limited when telephone service inside the buildings was disconnected and replaced by a direct line to federal agents.

Similarly, members of the press were forced to move a minimum of two miles away from the site when the FBI arrived. Although the grainy, blurred quality of ensuing photographs and TV footage hinted at this fact, there was very little mention of it by the media. One of only two direct references I found to this was a paragraph in the *Houston Chronicle* which succinctly stated the significance of moving the press so far away. It quoted Paul Fatta, a Davidian who happened to be away from the ranch on the day of the initial raid, as saying, "When the media was pushed way back more than two miles down the road, the FBI could say and do anything they wanted, and the whole world was just getting the information they were giving." The same article also said Fatta believed the FBI had intentionally set the fire to flush the Davidians out.

During the second week of the siege, the Davidians began hanging large bedsheet banners out of windows in an effort to communicate with the world beyond the FBI. Two of these messages were, "God Help Us We Want the Press," and "Rodney King We Understand." The following week, after FBI spokesmen publicly accused the group's religious leader, David Koresh, of effectively halting negotiations for surrender, the Davidians displayed another banner that read, "FBI Broke Negotiations, We Want Press."

As far as I could tell, the only direct press contact permitted to the Davidians came within two days of the initial raid, when Koresh was allowed to air a 25-minute live interview and a 58-minute taped sermon on a Texas radio station.

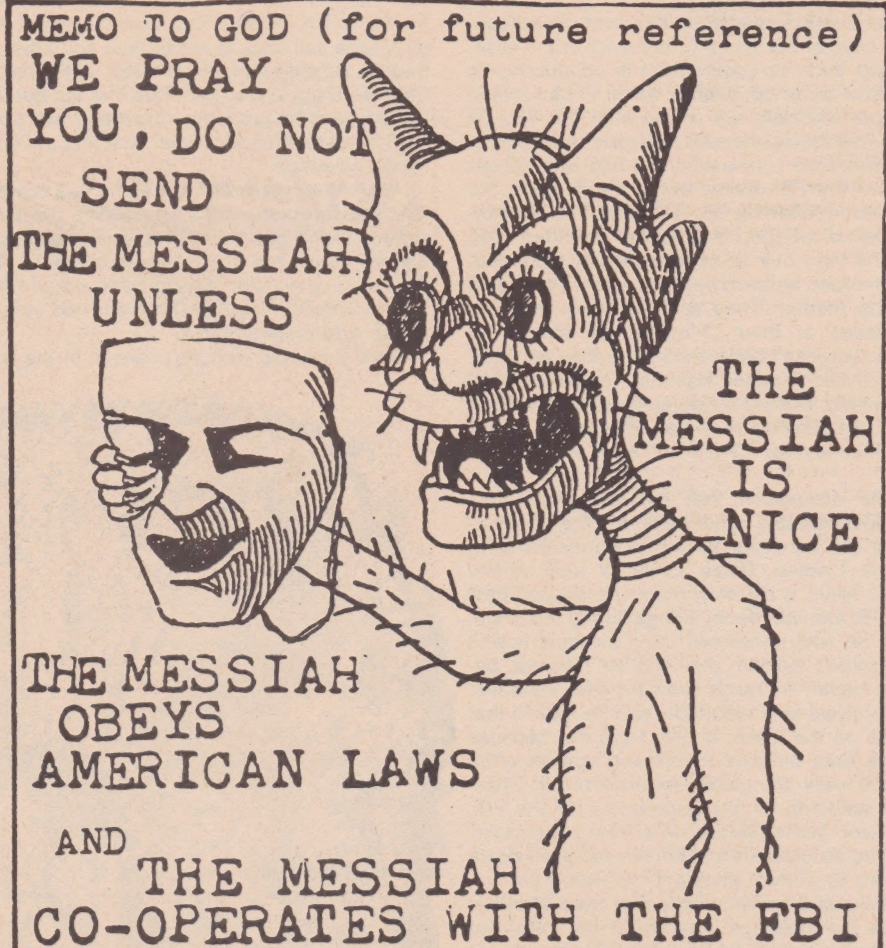
After this, the only communication the Davidians were allowed outside the FBI (that I know of) was several face-to-face meetings and closely monitored phone conversations with attorney Dick De Guerin, who was hired by Koresh's mother. Another attorney for the Davidians, Jack Zimmerman, was also present during some negotiation sessions, but was sometimes not permitted by the FBI to speak. Concerned relatives and friends were at no time allowed to speak with the people inside.

With such tight control over information and communication, government officials were able to make a series of unsubstantiated accusations and block any response from the Davidians. Much of the mainstream news media, having access to little material outside FBI and ATF statements, repeated these accusations daily. Emerging in the media was an image of the Davidians as suicidal, child-molesting cult members led by a madman fanatically bent on stockpiling weapons and explosives for a final confrontation with the U.S. government.

The Davidians were also specifically accused of converting semi-automatic weapons to fully

automatic capacity. While the Davidians supposedly obtained this equipment with relative ease from an Illinois-based company in the weapons trade, it is illegal to actually make the conversions without governmental approval.

This was the official explanation given for the February raid by the ATF, whose mandate it is to regulate arms flow within the U.S. The ATF additionally accused the Davidians of shooting first in the gun battle on the day of the Febru-



In order to rationalize events in Waco, a lot of rhetoric has been drawn from pop psychology. Koresh was "psychopathic," "sick," "suffered from paranoid delusions."

There was also a kind of theologization of Koresh, so that he was spoken of as if he was Satan: the fires which consumed him were the flames of Hell. Not the flames of a burning home. This kind of rhetoric, on the covers of magazines and on TV, suggests they defeated the Devil down in Texas. But nobody defeated Satan. There was no Satan in Waco. There were people.

We never penetrate the facades placed before us, representing the "truth" of Waco. Nowhere have I seen any serious discussion of the consequences if Koresh really was the messiah. I am not advocating this view. But if you're Christian, ask yourself why you did not ask: Could this man be the messiah? Must the True Messiah abide by the laws of an imperfect nation-state? Does resistance to the FBI prove a man or woman is not the True Messiah? Now, very few people believe in a Coming Age. If there really is a "God," and if this God "sent" a divine incarnation to live among us, to usher in a millenium of perfect peace, would that Messiah get good press? Or would we simply kill him?

Something to think about, now that a man is dead. -E.R.

The Sad Truth

ary raid.

Many of these accusations have been seriously challenged by almost everyone—apart from government agents—who was directly involved during the siege, including attorneys De Guerin and Zimmerman as well as the nine survivors who managed to escape from the burning buildings.

De Guerin in particular has been an outspoken critic of FBI and ATF behavior in the case, saying that the government is conducting "a massive cover-up, a white wash" of its actions.

Approximately five weeks after the fire, De Guerin publicly released a lengthy tape-recorded telephone conversation he had with Koresh before the FBI disconnected the lines on the afternoon following the ATF raid. The *Houston Chronicle* reported that Koresh sounded tired on the tape due to being seriously wounded, but seemed agitated by government comments to the media: "They said we were throwing grenades at them, I mean, for crying out loud...you can't believe anything they tell you." The *Chronicle* stated also that Koresh sounded especially irritated by government suggestions that the Davidians were considering mass suicide, saying, "That's not even sane, it irks me."

The accusation that the Davidians were suicidal was also refuted after the fire by several of the survivors including Renos Avraam, Jaime Castillo, Derek Lovelock and others. Louis Aliniz, a Houston man who slipped past the FBI and into the buildings during the siege, said he was convinced the Davidians hadn't committed suicide, due to their religious beliefs. He left the ranch two days before the fire.

Survivors also reportedly told De Guerin that those on the inside couldn't get out because some were blocked by fire and smoke, while others were completely immobilized by massive amounts of gas pumped in by the FBI. Survivor Jaime Castillo, in similar statements, refuted accusations that Koresh had used death threats to prevent people from fleeing the fire. Castillo said he personally had been afraid to leave the buildings because of the imminent danger he perceived from the FBI's attack.

Under the assumption that the government did not want an armed confrontation with the Davidians, the ATF's action in the initial February 28 raid was widely criticized in the media as being poorly planned. More recently, the Bureau's official statements about events leading up to and during the raid have been discredited by a series of contradictory statements and outright lies.

The ATF originally justified the raid by claiming that it was the only way to serve Koresh with arrest and search warrants because he never left the ranch. But preachers, merchants and other townspeople said in newspaper accounts that Koresh had been regularly seen purchasing goods in town.

The Bureau also claimed to have conducted the raid as soon as agents obtained evidence of illegal activity. Federal court affidavits by ATF officials later contradicted this. Agents allegedly discovered eight months prior to the raid that the Davidians might be illegally converting weapons. The *Houston Chronicle* reported that in the meantime, spies were planted in and around the Davidian's home while 130 ATF agents spent several months preparing for the

attack.

Through a series of disclosures by high ranking ATF officials during Congressional hearings and legal testimony, it was also brought to light that the Bureau carried out the raid with supervisors' full knowledge that the Davidians had been tipped off by a telephone call. The ATF spy who had infiltrated and lived on the ranch, Robert Rodriguez, reported the telephone call back to the Bureau and advised that the surprise raid be canceled. ATF director Stephen Higgins also admitted that the Bureau invited six local press members and two from CBS news to attend the raid, ensuring national media coverage.

All along, government spokesmen contended that the Davidians fired first during the raid, setting off the gun battle that would leave four agents dead and 16 others wounded. The Bureau claimed that, having been warned the agents were coming, the Davidians had time to set up a surprise ambush.

Several people who participated in the gun

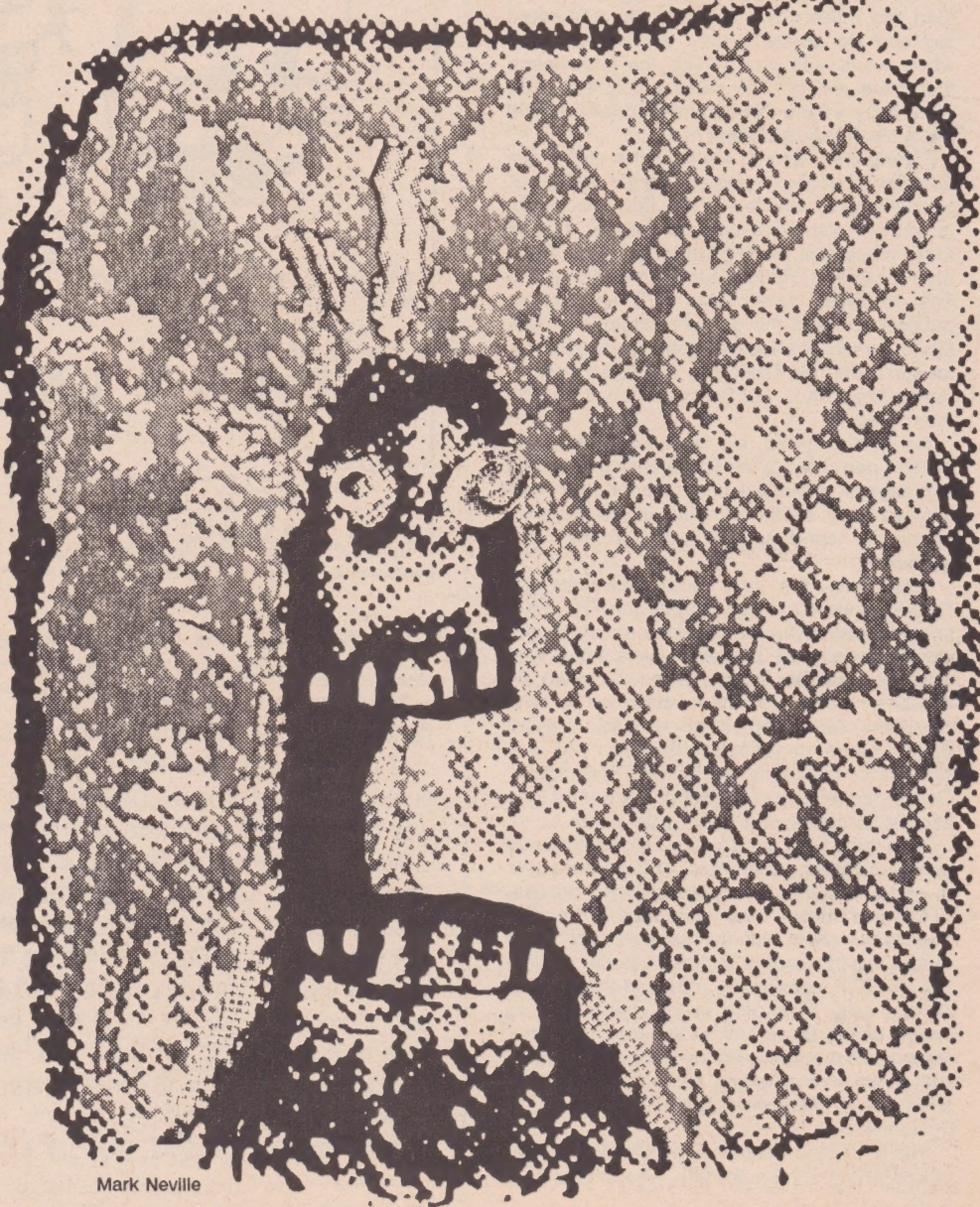
battle, however, including anonymous ATF agents, Koresh, and Davidian survivor Castillo, were listed in newspapers as having said that the first shots were fired by ATF men.

Koresh was quoted on March 1 in the *Los Angeles Times* as saying, "They fired on us first...the bullets started coming into the door." In the taped telephone conversation with De Guerin, Koresh said that the ATF's guns were "cocked and locked" as agents jumped out of cattle trucks.

Weeks later, after the deadly fire, De Guerin said he wanted to keep the federal agents out of the ruins of the burned buildings. "It's in the ATF's interest to jimmy up the crime scene to make it seem like they were justified in going in like the marines," he said.

In mid-May, 12 bulldozers hired by the federal government leveled the ruins. At that time, nobody outside law enforcement officials had been permitted near the crime scene since federal search warrants were still in effect. The

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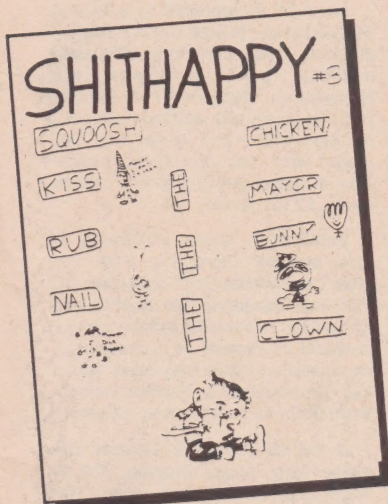


Mark Neville

Anarchist press review

Compiled by Jason McQuinn & Bob White

THE POOR, THE BAD AND THE ANGRY #1/undated (3288 21st St. #31, San Francisco, CA. 94110) is an uncompromising new "anti-state communist" journal with the straight-away subtitle, "A Magazine for Power-Hungry Proletarians." This first issue announces in no uncertain terms where the production group stands—against reformist leftism, national liberation movements and unions—and what it promotes—the destruction of commodity relations and the emergence of authentic human community. Contents include accounts of "Some actions we've taken" (leafletting and poster), another account of "L.A. '92: The context of a proletarian uprising," and more information on "The unknown insurrection: The armed uprising and workers' councils in Iraq, 1991." This magazine is not for the faint-of-heart reformist set. Well recommended, despite the heavy doses of Marxist rhetoric which, unfortunately, come as a package deal along with the more clearheaded, anarchic spirit. Send a contribution for a sample copy.



SHIT HAPPY #3/undated (Adam Bregman, 11338 Joffre St., L.A., CA. 90049) is another incredibly lively, thoughtful & enjoyable issue of this 28-page zine which shouldn't be missed! This time there are articles including "I ran for mayor of L.A." (as one of the 24 "official" candidates on the ballot), a very personal story of "Falling in love and watching it fall to pieces," an account of "The Cacophony Society" (participants in bizarre adventures in the L.A. area), and a hilarious piece titled "The clowns" (featuring "Asswipe the Clown"). The best issue yet of this excellent zine! Send \$2 for a copy.

FIFTH ESTATE #342/Summer '93 (4632 Second Ave., Detroit, MI. 48201) is a 24-page anti-civilization, anti-tech, anarcho-primitivist tabloid. This issue, featuring a colorful cover for the first time in years, includes an opening section of articles on "Queer anarchy," along with E.B. Maple's account of **FE**'s unhappy acquisition of a computer for typesetting titled "The Fifth Estate enters the 20th century: We get a

computer and hate it!" Also included is a denunciation of the bombing of Baghdad by Clinton this last June, a translation of Saral Sarkar's critical "Accommodating industrialism: A third world view of the West German ecological movement," and a pair of articles on drugs—Jack Straw's "Psychedelics & human consciousness: Has booze brought the blues?" and E.B. Maple's "Hemp to the rescue: Will marijuana save the world?" **FE** is always highly recommended. Subscriptions are quite cheap at \$6.00/4 issues.

SOCIAL ANARCHISM #18/1993 (2743 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, MD. 21218) is a journal-sized, 96-page "Magazine of Current Anarchist Writing." This issue includes Howard Ehrlich on "Los Angeles, 1992—The lessons revisited," Tom Knoche's overview of anarchist community organizing titled "Organizing communities," Mark Leier's (unintentionally) farcical "Anarchism and existentialism," and Kingsley Widmer's penetrating analysis of "Eco-anarchism, unto primitivism." A selection of poems and book reviews (one of the stronger elements of this publication) complete this issue. Worthwhile picking up. Sample copies are \$3.50; subscriptions are \$10/2 years (4 issues).

KICK IT OVER #31/June '93 (POB 5811, Stn. A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1P2, Canada) is a 48-page magazine now published by a new collective. This issue includes William Alexander's case study of "The efficiency of community and the inefficiency of hierarchy," several personal accounts of the war in ex-Yugoslavia, Ken Fisher on "Men's groups: Accountable to whom? for what?" and Gary Moffat on "Alternate societies: A brief survey of intentional community in European history." This is one of the more interesting issues in recent years. Sample copies are \$3; subscriptions are \$9/year (4 issues).

BLACK EYE #11/Winter '92-93 (339 Lafayette St. #202, New York, NY. 10012) is the final 80-page issue of this irreverent, often interesting New York zine. This blockbuster issue includes Alex Trotter's long essay on "Decadence," Paul Simons' "Book and gun: A (rather disturbing) look at proto- and early fascist history and ideology," and an assessment of the current situation in South Africa by S. Thompson & N. Abraham. The cover price is \$1.

ALSO RECEIVED:

RSVP #11 & #12/undated (Tad Davies, 821 Highview Ave., Manhattan Beach, CA. 90266) is a 52-page "co-op

publication of writers and a publisher concerned about freedom issues of many different views," with a fair number of anarchists and anti-authoritarians involved. Issue #11 includes contributions from 24 different writers on a variety of subjects from technology to the nature of capitalism & socialism. Issue #12 focusses on the importance of **Factsheet Five** for the "freedom issues" milieu, including an account of **FF** history by original publisher Mike Gunderloy, excerpts from an interview with current **FF** publisher Seth Friedman, and Seth Friedman's own account of "the rescue of **Factsheet Five**." Both issues include special sections of reprinted articles on the theme of "Kops as Killers." Subscriptions are \$16/year (8 issues + occasional bonus issues).

The Match! #88/Summer '93 (POB 3488, Tucson, AZ. 85722) is a 76-page journal published by Fred Woodworth, whose personality shows through on every page—he reminds me of an irritating, cantankerous, old uncle, overly set in his ways but whose contentious opinions can nevertheless often be fun to listen in on. In this issue he announces that he will no longer print

reviews of books bearing ISBN numbers (which will undoubtedly severely limit the number of new books reviewed in the future), though he *does* "copyright" his writing. Also in this issue is more criticism of "police statism," a highly amusing "Babble study department" (quoting from a couple chapters of the *Christian Bible*), continuing serializations of Kent Winslow's "Landmarks in the desert" and Iris Lane's "The two sisters," along with a rather diminutive "World's largest letters column." Subscriptions are still \$10/4 issues (irregular).

Freedom; Anarchist fortnightly Vol. 54, #17/Aug. 21, '93 (84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1 7QX, England) is a long-running 8-page tabloid of news and comment. This issue includes pieces on "Media distortion and the left," an interview with Michael Warchawski (founder of the Centre for Alternative Information) on "Israel/Palestine," and Colin Ward's reinterpretation of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* as "Yet another anarchist classic." Subscriptions are £18.00/year (24 issues).

Trotwatch #1/Summer '92 (c/o Box NDF, 72 Radford Road, Hyson Green, Nottingham, England) is an amusing attempt at "an anarchist commentary on the life of the [British] left," from "a clear libertarian communist/anarchist perspective." This first issue contains a run down of the maneuverings of many of the endless trot sects up to and after last year's British Labour Party defeat. Should be a bucket of laughs for ex-trots, but it's a bit hard to follow for those never exposed to this socialist

Branch Davidians

Continued from previous page

closest that reporters would be allowed before the bulldozing, was 200 yards away, were they were escorted as a group by government agents. Zimmerman was quoted as saying, "I guess what it does, it forever prevents any checking on the ATF's rendition, that the fire was intentionally set" by the Davidians.

Jeff Kearney, lawyer to Castillo, declined to publicly state in the *Houston Chronicle* that the fire was part of an intentional government plan. He did say that the fact the buildings burned "is a benefit to the government... These government agents can say whatever they want, and there is little physical evidence to dispute that. I felt they knew that if that building was damaged, burned or destroyed it would be to their benefit."

The *Houston Chronicle* reported that the Waco fire trucks en route to fight the fire were held at an FBI checkpoint

several miles from the buildings and that firefighters were ordered not to talk to reporters. By the time the trucks arrived, the blaze was out of control.

Although the heads of 12 corpses could not be recovered after the fire, the charred bodies of the 12 youngest children were found in their mothers' arms.

As of the end of my investigation, I had found no mention of any government agency clearly stating whether or not the Davidians possessed illegal weapons. The Texas Rangers released a list of weapons retrieved in the ruins, but ambiguous language made it impossible to discern whether any of these were automatic.

I was able to find almost no information about the Davidians' political beliefs other than a few intriguing details. Listed in the original search warrant, which prompted the entire siege, was a video critical of the ATF and writings which detailed Koresh's alleged hatred for law enforcement.

Alternative Media Review

perversion! Copies are \$3; exchanges are encouraged with anarchist periodicals.

Red and Black #23//Winter '93 (POB 12, Quaama, N.S.W. 2550, Australia) is a small-format, 48-page journal. This issue includes W. Bradley's "The new political context" (an analysis and critique of liberalism), R. Kostelanetz's amusing account of his experience in "Teaching & the 'non-standard' writer," and T. Doyle's fairly correct (but at times tedious) account of "Dissent and the environment: A defence of critique within social movements" (based on his own experience in criticizing mainstream bureaucratic environmentalism). Subscriptions are \$6/year (2 issues).



No Future unnumbered/undated (Anthony Melder, 21a Warley Hill, Brentwood, Essex CM14 5HR, England) is an unpaginated zine exploring the topography of contemporary alienation. Slogans like "Don't be happy—just worry" and "I am not a target market" line the tops and bottoms of each page. Check this out. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Deep Threat #4/undated (3018 J St. #140, Sacramento, CA 95816) is the playful 16-page tabloid successor to **Alphabet Threat**, **Bicycle Threat** and **Castration Threat**. Contributions include pieces like "Dandruff threat; Liberating my psoriasis," and "Divorce threat." Send a couple stamps or a donation for a sample copy.

Libertarian Labor Review #15/Summer '93 (POB 762, Cortland, NY. 13045) is a 42-page magazine of "Anarchosyndicalist Ideas and Discussion." This issue includes articles on "Britain's Direct Action Movement" (the syndicalist organization, that is), and Jon Bekken's "Reforming the Teamsters." Subscriptions are \$12/4 issues (2 years).

The Shadow #28/Dec.'92 & #29/June '93 (POB 20298, New York, NY. 10009) is a 24-page tabloid covering alternative scenes on the Lower East Side in New York, including up-

dates on the Tompkins Square Park struggle, and the squatting scene. This paper is a model of the kind of "cop watching" coverage every city should have. Subscriptions are \$10/year (? issues).

Alarm #4/Autumn, #5/Winter '92 & #6/Spring (POB 804, Burlington, VT. 05402) is a 24-page "Voice of Northeast Earth First!" Each issue includes updates on Earth First! struggles, including those aimed at Mt. Graham, the Shawnee National Forest, and many others. Issue #6 includes "A Biodiversity Liberation Front communique to the EF! movement" detailing why it is unable to work with the Earth First! journal. Subscriptions are \$10/year.

Mother Anarchy #3/July '93 (Laure Akai, PO Box 500, Moscow 107061, Russia) is an 18-page, partly English-language, zine dealing with current problems faced by Russian anarchists. This issue includes Ivan Papugal's short (and somewhat misleadingly titled) "Forgotten Russian situationists," Laure A.'s amusing "A date with Boris Kagarlitsky," "An interview with Grisha, gay radical," and other contributions in Russian and Esperanto. No price listed; send a donation for printing and postage.

Wind Chill Factor #9/July '93 (POB 81961, Chicago, IL. 60681) Those folks at Wind Chill sure know how to pack a lot of info in their 40 page zine. Issue #9 has an article on the Red Army Faction destroying a newly built prison in Weiterstadt, Germany, an entertaining article on sex and birth control, thoughts of a Chicago taxi cab driver entitled "Travellin," an interesting discussion on hacking and phreaking, an article on Randolph Street Gallery holding a graffiti discussion/party/festival, and a 3-page Anarchist Black Cross spread, not to mention anarchist news, letters, general mayhem, and much more. \$1 for a copy.

Profane Existence #19-20/Summer '93 (POB 8722, Minneapolis, MN. 55408) is a 48-page double issue of this anarcho-punk tabloid. This issue features the production collective's "Anarchy, punk and utopia," lots of anarchist news, letters, columns and reviews, plus a new "On Gogol Blvd" section and a band interview with Dog Faced Hermans. Sample copies are \$3 postpaid.

OTHER PERIODICALS RECEIVED:

Ikon #1/Nov.'88 thru #11/May '93 (Geoffrey Gilmore, 444 Rose Lane, Apt.106, Lexington, KY. 40508) is an unpaginated zine subtitled "An Anti-Statist Publication" in its latest issue, containing poetry, essays and humor. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Anarchist Age Monthly Review #30/June & #32/Aug.'93 (Mutual Aid, POB 20, Parkville 3052, Melbourne, Australia) is a 40-page newsletter consisting of photocopied reprints from other sources, along with reprints of the **Anarchist Age Weekly Review**. Sub-

scriptions are \$18/6 issues.

The State Adversary #21/Dec.'92 (AAA, POB 78-104, Grey Lynn, Auckland, Aotearoa/New Zealand) is a 12-page newsletter with lots of local & international news shorts, along with commentary & letters. This issue includes articles on "Big Mountain: The Columbus legacy continues," and "Hemp for the future." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Kaspahaster #7/July '93 (POB 8831, Portland, OR. 97207) is an attractive 32-page zine of poetry, comment, computer mail, dreams and graphics. This issue includes a short account of the Anarchist Unconvention in Portland. Send \$2 cash for a sample.

Non Serviam #2/June & #3/July-Aug.'93 (POB 70551, Richmond, VA. 23255) is an unpaginated zine "dedicated to all (re)oppressed people (i.e. all-of-us)." The cover of issue #2 proclaims "We'll never learn"; issue #3 includes some anti-Christian material. Sample copies are \$1; subscriptions are \$15/year (13 issues).

Taking Liberties #7, 8, 9, 10/undated (POB 446, Sheffield, South Yorkshire, UK) is the 10-12 page Newsletter of the Anarchist Black Cross. #7 includes articles on strip searching, women in prison, special hospitals, poll tax prisoners, and police racism. Issue #10 includes articles on Christine Sawbridge, legal aid, criminalization of the working class. All contain news and information on political prisoners. Send a couple bucks for a sample issue.



hag #3/undated (c/o Orissa Spire, #D-56 1720 Douglas St., Victoria B.C., Canada. V8W 2G7) is an enjoyable zine put out irregularly by an anarcho/fem collective from Canada. This issue includes "News for yews," "Looking for the revolution in my pants," "Babes in space," "The ecology movement: Becoming revolutionary," "Nice Jewish girls," and "Who bombed Judi Bari?" Also info on herbs, menstruation, poetry, letters, reviews, comics, and much more. Worth checking out. \$2.50 for sample copies.

Butcher Shop #2/undated (2117 Lyndale Ave. S., Mpls MN. 55405) is a nicely done 22-page radical zine, with #2 being a special drug issue with articles entitled "Everything you know about marijuana is wrong," and "Fight the urine police." Also news on Mumia Abu-Jamal, an anti-pro-life demo, and a review of Dave Dellinger's *From Yale to Jail*. No price listed, but send a couple bucks for sample issue.

Green Anarchist #32/Summer '93 (Box H, 34 Cowley Rd., Oxford OX4 1HZ, U.K.) is now a greatly more readable, 16-page tabloid, still dedicated to creating a society of "Autonomous, self-sufficient villages, bringing regression of technology." This issue includes a piece speculating "Tide turns for anti-fascists?" (recounting details of a momentary shift in police repression away from British anti-fascists towards the BNP), an account of the struggle to save Twyford Down from destruction to build a new motorway, and George French's argument for primitivist tribalism titled "A settlement with nature." Subscriptions are £4.75/5 issues.

Read It! #7/undated (c/o BOX 8, 82 Colston St., Bristol, UK) is a 24-page anarcho, crusty-punk zine. This issue includes band interviews with Nomeansno, Beggars 'I*T*A, and Corpus Aile along with articles "Outlawing Abortion Was—And Is—a Nazi Program!" and "No justice? no peace!" Also included are music and zine reviews. \$2 per issue.

Totalitarian Times #2/Spring '93 (c/o Morlock Clorophyll, POB 119, 1895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 4A6, Canada) This 26-page photocopied zine contains articles on suppression of dissent in Canada, U.S. imperialism in Somalia, class war in Iraq, and ageism & disempowerment. Send them 50 cents and its all yours.

A Primer Towards Further Dialogue (c/o Chuck Dodson, 405 W. Washington #170, San Diego, CA. 92103). is a very thoughtful question and answer piece on man/boy/dude love put out by Chuck Dodson the publisher of **I AM**. This 18 page 20 question primer discusses such topics as consent/age of consent, "Is there a difference between man/boy love and child abuse," "Why does anyone want to have sex with boys," "What about the power imbalance in man/boy relationships" and much more. This is an honest attempt to discuss these topics, and would be of great use to those interested in the politics of kids and kids-lib. 50 cents per copy.

Serf City Black Banner #1/June (POB 7691, Santa Cruz, CA. 95061) is a 12-page newsletter of the Santa Cruz Anarchist Movement (S.C.A.M.). Issue #1 includes "Santa Cruz Anarchist Movement hits the pavement" on the formation of S.C.A.M. Also "Chrystmtyh; Demotheism versus monotheism," "Class war, anti-evictionism and the mass boycott of rent & mortgage-unto-metaviction," and a successful guerrilla gardening action account entitled "Organic underground radicals: Gardening the illegal way". Issues are \$1.

Alternative Media Review

Practical Anarchy #7/Spring '93 (Chuck Munson, 16 N. Butler St. #2, Madison, WI. 53703) is a 28-page zine now focussing on anarchist news, reviews and resources. This issue includes Liz Highleyman's account of "Anarchists at the March on Washington," and contributions to a discussion on "Anarchy and women" from Lorraine Schein and Bob Black. Send \$1 for a sample copy; subscriptions are \$5/4 issues.

Contra Flow #6/June '93 (56a Info Shop, 56 Crampton St., London SE17, U.K.) is a 24-page info-zine formerly titled **56a Info Shop Bulletin**. It carries radical news "the general media doesn't touch" compiled "from radical journals and leaflets," with a heavy emphasis on anti-fascist actions, including an interview with a member of the French anti-fascist group Reflex. Send a donation for a sample.

FreeZine Vol.4,#2/Spring '92 (POB 1465, Troy, NY. 12180) is a nicely-produced 16-page magazine, subtitled "social alternatives for everyone." This issue features an essay by Jay Ou "On rallying with the natives: Solidarity/ways of knowing." The publication is free, but send a contribution for postage.

No Nation Bulletin #14/Spring '93 (People to People Friendship Ass., c/o Sören Groth, Ådalen, Saltå Arb. Skola, 15 300 Järna, Sweden) is a photocopied 16-page exchange of short letters and announcements from people living on different continents. Subscriptions are U.S.\$5/year (4 issues).

Anim@verse #8/undated (POB 57464, Jackson Stn., Hamilton, Ontario L8P 4X3, Canada) is a 16-page zine covering "issues of oppression and struggles towards the liberation and self-determination of all beings." Subscriptions are \$5/12 issues (cash only) or trade.

Burning Issue #7/Autumn '93 (POB 199, East Brunswick 3057, Australia) is a 16-page publication of the Anarcho-Syndicalist Federation/International Workers Association. This issue includes "Arguing State Dept.," "Holiday in Narrungar," "Asbestos and the Bunjalung Update," "Collingwood Youth Club Occupation," and a short story entitled "The Building Site," and an Australian contact list. \$1.

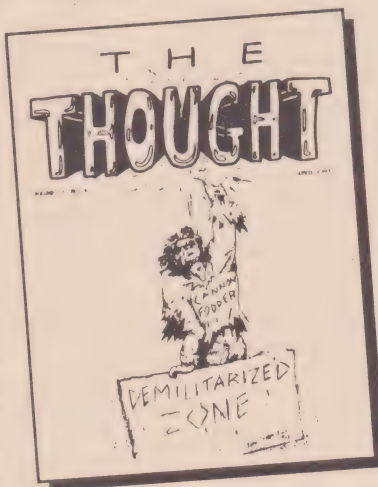
Black and Red #6/July-August '93 (c/o Hill, 160 Lefferta Ave., Brooklyn, NY. 11225) is an 18-page newsletter of the anarchist caucus, CoC. This issue includes "National Health Plan Now!", "Revolutionary socialists and the Committees of Correspondence," "The U.S. left, youth, & global monopoly capitalism," and information on The Center for Contemporary Activism. Send a buck or so for a sample issue.

Atlatl #2 & #3/undated (POB 650116, Austin, TX. 78765) Issue #2 deals with a look at the L.A. riots through anarchist eyes, and also includes a humorous piece entitled "Bush/Dahmer in '92!": Continuing a rich American tradition." Issue #3 in-

cludes an article entitled "Struggle against study: How to scam your way through college—with pay." Issues are \$1 each.

The Connection #191/undated (Box 3343F, Fairfax, VA 22038) is a 68-page apa, formerly titled **The Libertarian Connection**, featuring page upon page of tiny-print discussions, all originating from reader-participants. Sample copies are \$2.50; subscriptions are \$20/8 issues (checks to E. Strauss).

@-News #2/Jan.-May '93 (POB 30557, 10033 Athens, Greece) is a new 4-page "Informative Bulletin by Anarchic Intervention" This issue contains information on the cases of anarchist prisoners Kiriakos Mazokopos and Giorgos Balafas. Send a contribution for a sample.



The Thought Vol.13,#4/April, #5/May & #6/June '93 (POB 3092, Orange, CA. 92665) is the 24 to 32-page, photocopied publication of the Philosophers Guild. The June special issue is the 100th published, including publisher Ronald Tobin's "The Thought: A look back and a look ahead," Ben Price's "What's new about the new age or new world order?" and Robert Sagehorn on "The alternative society's media." Subscriptions are \$11/12 issues.

MuseLetter #20/Aug.'93 (Richard Heinberg, 1433 Olivet Rd., Santa Rosa, CA. 95401) is a 4-page monthly comment zine. This issue consists of a very enthusiastic review of the recently published *The Guru Papers: Masks of Authoritarian Power*. Subscriptions are \$12/ year.

Discussion Bulletin #59/May-June & #60/July-Aug.'93 (POB 1564, Grand Rapids, MI. 49501) is an occasionally interesting 32-page assortment of letters and reprinted articles primarily from the anti-market, non-statist radical milieu. Subscriptions are \$3/year (6 issues).

Steal The Fire unnumbered/undated (Acts of Resistance, 537 Jones #1584, San Francisco, CA. 94102) is an unpaginated newsletter focussing on direct-action resistance activities in

the S.F. Bay Area. This issue includes an update on the People's Park struggle SLAPP suit, and an account of the police attack on the recent Portland anarchist conference. Send a contribution for a sample.

Lesbian & Gay Freedom Movement #7/Summer '93 (BM Box 207, London, WC1N 3XX, England) is an excellent little 12-page zine campaigning for sexual liberation without the usual blind spots. This issue includes a short piece titled "Bisexual, queer and proud!" along with an excerpt from the BAD Brigade's "An anarchist defense of pornography." Single copies are 60p (cash only) postpaid.

The Web unnumbered/undated (POB 187, N. Hollywood, CA. 91603) is a new 20-page zine subtitled "Southern California's Anarchist Journal," including Chris Crass on "Anarchism now: Organizing today, for the free society of tomorrow," and accounts of several gatherings. Send a stamp for a free copy.

Little Book of Revolution #9/Summer '93 (Brooke, 116 W. Barrett Ave., Richmond, CA. 94801) is a 16-page zine featuring a comic titled "No heroes" by the publisher, Brooke Terpstra, and a very impressive center-fold collage. Subscriptions are \$2/year (4 issues).

A Infos #11/Jan.-April '93 (c/o Int. Secr. LAS, POB 61523, 2506 am Den Haag, Netherlands) is a 6-page photocopied information bulletin covering recent events in the Netherlands. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

The Meander Quarterly Vol.5,#2/Aug. '93 (c/o Ed Stamm,POB 1402, Lawrence, KS. 66044) is a 20-page "Newsletter of evolutionary anarchists" consisting of letters from contributors, now in the hands of a new (and also the original) coordinator. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

FAU International News Flash unnumbered/undated (Frank Richardson-Schäfer, Karlstr. 11, D-3501 Fulda 2 Simmershausen, Germany) is a 4-page English-language summary of the German-language anarchist-syndicalist tabloid *Direkte Aktion*. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Noisy Concept unnumbered/undated (1216 Lincoln Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, OH. 44223-2227) is an unpaginated zine resuming publication under a new editor. Send an SASE for a sample copy.

Counter Information #37/July-Sept.'93 (Pigeonhole Cl, c/o 11 Forth St., Edinburgh EH1, Scotland) is a 4-page direct action newsheet. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Sorte Kors #2/1992 (c/o Peter Bach, Strandvejen 93, DK-4200 Slagelse, Denmark) is a 5-page, English-language newsletter of the Danish Anarchist Black Cross. This issue includes "The tale of Christianity," on the history of a relatively free countercultural community which has evolved out of a squatted military base.

Send a contribution for a sample copy.

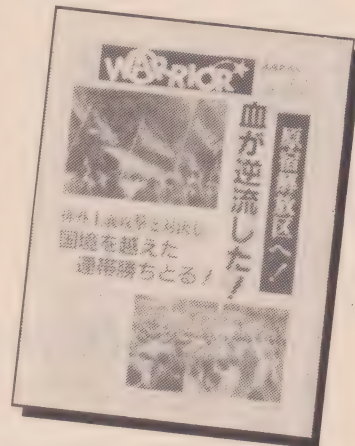
News from Denmark #1/1993 (c/o Peter Bach, Strandvejen 93, DK-4200 Slagelse, Denmark) is a 2-page newsletter. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

A Infos #30-31/Jan.-Feb.'93 (Humeurs Noires [F.A.], BP 79, 59370 Mons en Baroeul, France) is the 8-page French edition (in the English language) of the **A-Infos** international "Bulletins d'information"—meant for spreading news for publication in anarchist periodicals. Send a contribution for a sample copy; subscriptions are \$6-\$10/year (IMO payable to ALDIR).

NON-ENGLISH-LANGUAGE PERIODICALS RECEIVED:

Solidaridad Obrera #236/Mar.-Abril thru #239/Julio '93 (Ronda de San Antonio, 13 pral 08001-Barcelona, Spain) is the 8 to 16-page Spanish-language regional newspaper of the anarcho-syndicalist C.N.T. in Catalonia. Issue #236 includes "Libertad para Leonard Peltier." Sample copies are 100ptas plus 20ptas postage.

CNT #147/Mar., #150/Junio & #151/Julio '93 (CNT-Periódico, Apartado de Correos 2.271, 18.080 Granada, Spain) is the 24-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the anarcho-syndicalist Confederación Nacional del Trabajo (National Confederation of Workers union). Issue #151 includes Colin Ward on "Después del automóvil," and Pablo Serrano's "Ludditas 2000: Fantasia del mundo feliz." Subscriptions are 2,500ptas./year (12 issues).



W@rrior #3/Junio & #4/Aug.'93 (A.R.P., PO Box 57, Sakyo Yubinkyoku, J-606 Kyoto, Japan) is a new 8-page Japanese-language newsletter "published mainly by young anarchists who are involved in several movements." It includes a back page in English summarizing recent Japanese anarchist activities. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Disturb@nce #117/undated (POB 31261, 10035 Athens, Greece) is an 8-page, Greek-language tabloid, with more news of current struggles in Greece. Cover price is 150 drachmas.

The Final Empire

Review by John Zerzan

The Final Empire: The Collapse of Civilization and the Seed of the Future by William F. Kötke (Arrow Point Press, POB 14754, Portland, OR. 97214, 1993). 401pp. \$19.95 paper (+ \$2 p&h).

The *Final Empire* is a basically meaty book; it is divided into two parts, as designated by its compound subtitle. The first, "The Collapse of Civilization," is the meatier and more valid of the two halves.

Kötke sets out by telling us that "our generation is on the verge of the most profound catastrophe the human species has ever faced," that civilization, in fact, is "a culture of suicide." He sees clearly how "the earth, its life and material forms became simply objects for manipulation and accumulation" via domestication, and how agriculture, the science of domestication, represents "the greatest ecological disaster." The present crisis, in other words, follows from the very basis of civilization; as Kötke succinctly puts it, "Agriculture and herding began the energy system of empire [a word he seems to use synonymously with civilization], rooting in the soil, extracting energy directly out of the planetary metabolism—and growing by the force of violence employed against the earth."

Kötke's strongest suit lies in depicting what has happened to the civilized world physically—its soil, oceans, etc. With the notable exception of many fruitful references to tribal peoples, social existence is rather slighted. Also, when history makes its appearance it is virtually always purely as a record of victimization—that is, struggles and resistance are left out. Here is a very rare exception: "Waves of social revolution swept Europe throughout the twelfth through eighteenth centuries. These various and diverse movements, including the Luddites, the Levellers, the Diggers, the Chartist, the Quakers, and others, were spiritually-based." In fairness such characterization also apparently means communalist, anti-hierarchical, and anti-imperialist, but this brief passage hints at spacey things to come.

The second half of *The Final Empire* is "a

plan of action for us to regain paradise." Unfortunately, this "plan," in part, rests upon a fundamental, non-oppositional illusion. Kötke's version of what to do about the horrendous reality of today is a New Age package of holism, non-violent interdependence, cosmic perspective, flow, balance, harmony, etc. To emerge from the "disaster of civilization" we must practice primal scream therapy, hypnosis, Reichian massage, reflexology, and other such therapies, plus the "mystic gardening" of Findhorn, and permaculture. The book ends with, "If our daily lives are substantially directed toward regaining that [lost] balance then we are on the path to paradise."

Having provided an informative catalog of the malignant effects of civilized life on the planet and its surviving inhabitants, Kötke completely evades the essential task of destroying that civilization. The ever-increasing gamut of therapies, "soul travel," gurus, ad nauseam, and \$500/week permaculture seminars, and their affirmative, positive vibes resolutely ignore the inescapably necessary negative: *facing and removing the entire ugly system that is crushing us and the natural world*. Kötke starts with domestication, but ends there; no analysis of social institutions, dynamics and structures that constitute capital's long, pathological trajectory. This is how, evidently, his prescription can be so limited, even ludicrous.

Debord's In Girum...

Review by John Zerzan

In Girum Imus Nocte et Consumimur Igni by Guy Debord, translated by Lucy Forsyth (Pelagian Press, BCM Signpost, London WC1N 3XX, England, no copyright, undated) 80pp. \$13.95/\$6.95 paper.

The title, a palindrome, which translates from the Latin as *We Go Round and Round and are Consumed by Fire*, is only the first striking and lyrical touch of this inspiring book. Expensive but flawlessly executed, *In Girum* is the script of the 1978 Debord film. Its

visuals, which range from TV commercials, western movie clips, and Prince Valiant cartoons, to tracking shots of Paris and Venice, are described in small print just below the lines of the script; the book also contains twelve pages of stills.

In Girum opens with, "I will make no concession to the public in this film" and closes on a similarly defiant note: "As these last reflections on violence show, for me there will be no going back and no reconciliation. There will be no good conduct."

Basically, the book contains an acerbic dissection of society, with its "conspicuous consumption of nothingness" and slavish illusions, a somewhat veiled history of the Situationist International (not mentioned by name), in the activities of which Debord played a decisive role, and many personal reminiscences, including elegiac and loving references to his favorite Parisian neighborhoods, destroyed by techno-progress.

This short work combines a rich range of subject matter, the sense of which must be even more expansive in the film itself, with uncompromising insights and a beautiful economy of style. Highest recommendation.

Debord's Comments

Review by John Zerzan

Comments on the Society of the Spectacle by Guy Debord (Verso Press, 29 W. 35th St., New York, NY. 10001-2291, 1990) 94pp. \$14.95 paper.

Despite the limitations of some of its neo-Marxist underpinnings, Debord's *Society of the Spectacle* is an extremely valuable analysis of the contemporary commodity-developed world. Incisive and bold enough to have been conscientiously avoided by the predominant leftist publishing world and likewise ignored in the recent cultural resuscitation of the Situationist International by the avant-garde art-school crowd. Issued by the S.I. in 1967, *Society of the Spectacle*'s fundamental contribution is its treatment of the erosion of life as lived experience and its replacement by representation, life experienced as the received effects and images of commodity culture—as spectacle.

Twenty years later, Debord has offered these *Comments*, "sure to be welcomed by fifty or sixty people"—a good half of whom, he estimates, with further pessimistic humor, in the service of the spectacle. In this interim twenty years, he estimates spectacular power to have "continued to gather strength; that is, to spread to the furthest limits on all sides, while increasing its density in the center." It has reached a stage of strength and ubiquity, *Comments* tells us, as to now be known as the integrated spectacle, a stage marked by its global spread and unchecked reign. Concrete, everyday life no longer possesses autonomy or a force of its own; it has been annihilated and conformist integration fully achieved.

Government itself, it is argued, has been radically altered by this triumphant ascendancy of the spectacle, such that organized crime, business, and the state function together as a mega-conspiracy. Secrecy, surveillance, and the always-present media work as an ensemble in the interests of the spectacle's total control. Debord provides as an example of conspirator-

New electronic archive

Spunk Press is a new independent publishing project whose goal is to collect anarchist, alternative and underground materials in electronic format and make them available free of charge. Although our archive is located on the Internet (a worldwide network of five million people), we want to reach out into the world of bulletin boards and personal computers and to those without computer access. We want to help editors and writers to convert or produce their works in an electronic format and use our distribution channels (electronic archive sites, e-mail address lists, etc.). We are seeking submissions of fanzines, pamphlets, books, articles, interviews, reviews, posters, and other material, both in-print and out-of-print. Currently archived selections include Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience*, a history of the IWW, *Practical Anarchy* magazine, H. Bey's *T.A.Z.*, and a Situationist bibliography. You can submit material either via the Internet or on a PC or Mac diskette. You can receive material via the Internet (FTP to red.css.ltd.umich.edu [141.211.182.92] and access directory/pub/Politics/Spunk), or by sending a diskette. For more information and a copy of our current catalog, contact Spunk Press by electronic mail at spunk-list@lysator.liu.se or write to: Spunk Press, c/o ACF Freedom Bookshop, 84B Whitechapel High Street, London E170X, U.K. or Spunk Press, c/o *Practical Anarchy*, POB 173, Madison, WI 53701-0173, USA.

al control lengthy and noisy oil-exploration drilling in Paris itself, conducted in 1986 for no other reason than "to measure the inhabitants' current level of stupefaction and submission." On the same page (56), he goes so far as to claim that "the real cost" of world economic production "is never calculated; and the rest is kept secret" (italics his). It seems that the spectacle has moved off into that rarefied space in which it exists for itself and by itself, beyond reference points in the vulgar, mundane sphere.

But what has happened to the commodity, so persuasively evoked in *Society of the Specta-*

cle as the touchstone and source of spectacular power? Only in passing does he comment that it is "above criticism" and that those who located in political economy "the final denial of humanity" are now seeing the truth of that formulation; in fact, the commodity is virtually absent from Debord's current views, to judge from the *Comments*. Instead, we are treated to a paranoiac as well as totally pessimistic outlook, full of conspiracy at all levels. "The result is," he avers, "that under the rule of the integrated spectacle, we live and die at the confluence of innumerable mysteries."

This strange turn by Debord is what I find mysterious, and quite unconvincing. It may be that the heightened repressive powers enacted in France, Germany, and Italy during the '70s in response to terrorism, plus the popularity of Reagan and the unsolved 1984 murder of his friend Lebovici, to whom the book is dedicated, combined to shape the bizarre slant of *Comments*. In any case, this one-dimensional effort at updating the spectacle thesis is a disappointing side-step from the historical richness and rigor of his classic work.

Plant's gesture

Review by Patrick Frank

The Most Radical Gesture: The Situationist International in a Postmodern Age by Sadie Plant (Routledge, New York & London, 1992) 218pp. \$16.00 paper.

This book is an attempt to drag Situationist thought into the mainstream of recent European intellectual culture by tracking relationships and mutual influences between the Situationist International and postmodernist thinkers. The author, a lecturer in Cultural Studies at the University of Birmingham, believes that the social critique of the SI "can be made to perform in the big top of critical theory," and merits academic scrutiny on a par with its near neighbors in cultural studies. The book is useful and valuable, but it runs the risk of domesticating what its author wants to nurture.

Plant considers the critique of alienation produced by Debord and Vaneigem in comparison with those of the potentates of pomo Jean Baudrillard and Jean-François Lyotard, and finds that they share concerns both about the deadening impact of the spectacle on contemporary consciousness, and about language as the tool of ideology which reinforces it at every utterance. She overstates the case, though, by saying that "all theoretisations [sic] of postmodernist theory are underwritten by situationist theory," and that "the world of uncertainty and superficiality described and celebrated by the postmodernists is precisely that which the situationists first subjected to passionate criticism." Rather than direct influence from SI to pomo, the two theories have common sources in *Socialisme ou Barbarie* and the critique of Henri Lefebvre and George Lukács. The differences between Debord and Lyotard, Vaneigem and Baudrillard, hinge on differing constructions of the possibility of consciousness to enact its own liberating gestures within the "prison-house of language." Plant notices this, and her discussion has the effect of bringing this difference into fairly sharp relief, but she does not weigh the two opposing psychologies, a task she may have considered beyond the book's scope. Someday that will have to be done.

One gets from this book a good overview of Situationist ideas, mainly from Debord's *Society of the Spectacle* and Vaneigem's *Revolution of Everyday Life*. While favorably disposed, Plant is not uncritical of the SI scheme. She wonders, for example, if the strategies of *dérive* and *détournement* are ways of overturning the society of the spectacle or of finding ways to

Continued on page 15



Collage by Johann Humyn Being

Hakim Bey's T.A.Z.

Review by Patrick Frank

T.A.Z.: The Temporary Autonomous Zone, Ontological Anarchy, and Poetic Terrorism by Hakim Bey (Autonomedia, POB 568, Brooklyn, NY. 11211-0568, 1991) 141pp. \$6.00 paper.

Less angry than most punkers, less doctrinaire than most libertarians, and less serious than most situationists, Hakim Bey here weighs in with a collection of three important works which highlight the convolutions of his extremely imaginative yet sometimes airy mental migrations.

"Chaos: The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchy," is a series of short pieces which amount to a kind of postmodern shopping trip through strategies of individualized, momentary acts of revolution: "Go naked." "Organize a strike for indolence and spiritual beauty." "Pick someone at random and convince them that they're heir to an enormous, useless, and amazing fortune." Drawing about equally from Zen, William Burroughs, and Vaneigem's *Revolution of Everyday Life*, Bey urges us to activate and experience the chaos at the root of all existence, which he says never really died despite spectacular society's efforts to contain and forget the fact. In the second section, "Communiques of the Association for Ontological Anarchy," he exposes more of his metaphysics, which turns out to be an eclectic blend of mythologies and alchemies (Western and non-), erected over an armature of Chuang Tzu's Taoism and contemporary chaos theory.

The title cut from this album is "T.A.Z.," and it's here that we see Bey at his strongest, and weakest. Since the state is now entirely too powerful, he urges the establishment of Temporary Autonomous Zones, activities of refusal and disappearance that do not directly engage the state, but each rather "liberates an area (of land, of time, of imagination) and then dissolves itself" before it can be crushed or co-opted. A TAZ can take almost any form: a computer bulletin board, an intoxicated evening, week-long commune. No neo-primitivist, he accepts contemporary technology but urges TAZers to function as "thieving magpies, or the hunter-gatherers of the world of CommTech." He finds historical antecedents for such ventures in interesting places, including Caribbean pirate enclaves and Gabriele D'Annunzio's Adriatic colony Fiume. These and other possible TAZ's are explored at some length in this essay, and he makes a convincing argument that such gestures are real, encouraging alternatives for liberty-loving people. Bey's work lacks the diamond-eyed insights of a Debord, or the moral/ethical commitment of a Kropotkin, but the comparisons are not unfair because he is attempting something on their scale of vision and synthesis.

The problem is that "T.A.Z." reads more like an exploratory essay than a finished product. The scholarship is quick and dirty. Better at the flash of genius than the painstaking research, Bey leaves much work to be done in fleshing out the real relevance of his historical background episodes. They sound good, but we need to know more. And the language can be

maddeningly vague. He devotes an appendix to the science of "chaos linguistics," but this seems merely caving in to the floating signifiers of advertising and politics. This, for example on a positive gesture of refusal in art: "Is it possible to imagine an aesthetics that does not engage, that removes itself from History and even from the Market? or at least tends to do so? which wants to replace representation with presence? How does presence make itself felt even in (or through) representation?" Very little of this means anything.

Some of the gestures suggested in this book seem futile and overly spiritualized, like Alan Ginsberg chanting "Om" at Chicago in 1968. But if you can't be a little inspired by Bey's curiosity, imagination, and enthusiasm, there is little hope for you.

On An(archy) and Schizoanalysis

Review by Patrick Frank

On An(archy) and Schizoanalysis by Rolando Perez (Autonomedia, POB 568, Brooklyn, NY. 11211-0568, 1990) 144pp. \$10.00 paper.

A guide to personal liberation, an effort to show us how to "recognize the many faces of fascism in everyday life," and to "live as a human being independent of the morality of exclusive binary oppositions, foundations, and institutions," this book sets a tall task for itself. Some interesting and valuable lines of thought are picked up, but most are not carried far enough.

Perez takes as inspiration the musings of Antonin Artaud, the postmodern psychoanalysis of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, and the later Nietzsche's rants. These sources are explored and quoted at some length, but without nearly enough commentary. Perez stays entirely too close to them, skimming their seductive surfaces and jumping from one to the other in rapid-fire succession. Perez is one of the few anarchist writers who takes postmodernism seriously, and he is right to find support in Deleuze and Guattari. Their decentered, schizoid brand of analysis can be extremely helpful to Perez's vision of "free, uncoded individuals," yet this overdue rapprochement with postmodern thought is only haltingly done and needs further treatment. I hope he devotes his next book to this subject.

He uses Artaud, rightly, to answer Jacques Derrida and Roland Barthes. This is not difficult to do if you mistrust the pomo thinkers' emphasis on the text and linguistic mediation; Artaud's primordial shrieks are a decided tonic to the pomo "prisonhouse of language." Yet some postmodern ideas are oversimplified here. For example, nowhere in Barthes is "the text now made God," as Perez claims; this is a flip denunciation.

Perez's analysis of the capitalist state, with its constant spectacles and appropriation of oppositional forms, is basic post-Situationist

boilerplate. His program of resistance is thoroughly individualized, as he strongly believes that the revolution must first occur within each of us "desiring-machines" (his term, borrowed from Deleuze and Guattari). This makes some sense, but I wonder if this focus on the individual, while it seems a reasonable response to the oppression of the spectacle, isn't also partly an outgrowth of the same detested society, with its shattering of the social web into an amorphous mass of self-gratifying individuals. Maybe his revolutionary individuality is only a warp-speed version of today's consumerism.

He worries about the future role of art, and hopes for the day that art will escape hierarchical authority by "becoming a-signifying." What this means is nowhere clearly stated, and his examples (Cage, Bukowski, Cummings, Tzara) are, again, common currency. The book concludes with a meditation on the future role of women, and Perez rounds up the usual suspects (Freud, Sartre, phallogocentrism) and shoots them with many of feminism's familiar bullets. Here as elsewhere, one can hardly quarrel with this book's basic thrust; its ideas could be developed further.

Films of Guy Debord

Review by Patrick Frank

Society of the Spectacle and Other Films by Guy Debord (Rebel Press, 84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1, England, 1992) 136pp. £5.50/\$13.95 paper.

Since Debord has ordered that none of his films ever be publicly screened, this book is the only way to get to know the artistic output of one of the most important social thinkers of the past generation. Consisting of the complete scripts of his first five films, together with notes on their associated imagery, and many stills, this is an essential book for anyone who would get to know Debord's mind. It shows him at his most brilliant, without concealing his pitfalls. Before the release of this book (first published in French in 1978), the only way one could get to know his work was in Ken Knabb's *Situationist International Anthology*, which contains scripts from two films without notes or stills. This new book fills out the picture in what is probably the best way possible until the opportunity arises to see the films themselves.

Here a reader can at least partially experience the film version of Debord's most important book, *The Society of the Spectacle* (1973). Scripted with what Debord himself thought were the best theses from his 1967 book, the film contains several unforgettable juxtapositions of image and spoken text that reveal the artistic strategy of *détournement* (borrowing and recontextualizing existing cultural material) at its most powerful. For example, over the infamous TV news film of Jack Ruby shooting Lee Harvey Oswald, the following narration: "The spectacle presents itself simultaneously as society itself, as part of society, and as instrument of unification. As part of society it is specifically the sector which concentrates all looking and consciousness." Later, over footage of a traffic jam, food advertisements, and an old painting: "The diffuse spectacle accompanies the abundance of commodities, the

Turn it off!

TV — THE PERPETUAL FIDDLE

undisturbed development of modern capitalism." Some of these *détournements* are hilarious, some jarring, but most express his alienation in a profound, poignantly sad way that is pure Debord. His films illuminate our times as clearly and brilliantly as Goya's "Disasters of War" did his.

Debord's technique, which used no actors and only a deadpan narration, yields a soundtrack with disembodied readers who seem at times like magisterial voices of authority. This seems a drawback, out of keeping with Debord's beliefs, but it is difficult to imagine another way of saying what is said here. We see also Debord's petulant side, especially in his film *Refutation of All Judgments...Which Have Been Brought to Date on the Film "Society of the Spectacle,"* in which he mostly whines and complains about his narrow-minded critics. Even his decision to withdraw his work from circulation, however understandable the explanation in the preface, has an element of pick-up-my-toys-and-go-home about it. Yet none of this is to take away from the clarity of his insights, or, now that we can know them better, the power of his films.

Fatal Strategies

Review by Allan Antliff

Fatal Strategies by Jean Baudrillard (Semiotext[e], POB 568, Brooklyn, NY. 11211-0568/Pluto, 1990) 192pp. \$10.00 paper.

I admit it, reviewing this hapless tome was a dreary exercise in "predestined boredom," so I'll keep it short. *Fatal Strategies* was originally published in 1983, and marks Baudrillard's collapse into theory-for-theory's sake (not to mention the royalties). From here on logging trees to publish Baudrillard is simply unjustifiable. I refer the reader to his flippancy assessment on the eve of the Gulf war² ("the gulf war will not happen") for an example of the lengths this self-styled "gambler"³ will go to maintain the epistemological consistency upon which his "unscrupulous vitality"⁴ in the theory-market now depends.

The gist of the argument? Turn on a TV and make-believe you believe it. Welcome to the simulacrum. Now, follow this logic: 1) The simulations of this media universe are no longer determined by any subject or institution. 2) These simulations (objects) have a life independent of you, me, or anyone else. They, in fact, constitute a new all-pervasive Hyper-reality in which we (subjects) are inconsequential.

3) Pick any category of socially-determined reality. Replace it with the Real Baudrillardian TV Version. War for instance. Confined to its media simulation by the High Priest, "war, like the real, will never again take place."⁵ Poof.

Alright, so what's a "fatal strategy?" Suspend all attempts to control the Hyperreal Object World you experience rather than create and "take up the cause of the object."⁶ Each object has its own life and eclectic logic. Striving to bend its logic to your own subjective desires is impossible, so capitulate. Pursue its logic to its end, and find the "fatal and enigmatic bias" lying in wait.

"I'm not joking" writes Baudrillard. God⁹ forbid. In the academic world, his "strategy" is serious stuff. Its been generating book upon book, nice fat academic pay-cheques, entire careers, and conferences, conferences, conferences for the last 10 years. Never mind if the "object" of adoration shows up drunk. On with the simulacrum!

1. *Fatal Strategies*, 184.
2. Jean Baudrillard, "The Reality Gulf," *The Guardian* (January 11, 1991), 25: the witless title (Reality. Gulf. Get it?) of this essay is indicative of its content. Of course some academics are enthralled with such daring logic. See, for example, the ultra-humorless Mike Gane, who froths at the mouth in his dust-jacket description about "Jean Baudrillard, a powerful new force in cultural and social criticism, often referred to as the 'High Priest of postmodernism.'" Heard any hushed elevator conversations about a "High Priest" lately? Funny, me neither. On the Gulf War; Mike Gane. Baudrillard. London: Routledge, 1991, 175.
3. *Fatal Strategies*, 153.
4. Baudrillard, *Cool Memories*, Verso, 1990, 38.
5. *Fatal Strategies*, 15.
6. *Fatal Strategies*, 190.
7. *Fatal Strategies*, 191.
8. *Fatal Strategies*, 184.

9. For the High Priest's treatise on God and (you guessed it) the Devil, see *Fatal Strategies*, 144—150.

Plant's Gesture

Continued from page 13

survive in it. She notes how wrong the SI was in claiming that the spectacle was about to fall of its own dead weight. She could be more critical of the SI's secretiveness and its periodic purges, though these are noted. Her discussion of the postmodernists is similarly well-informed as far as their ideas mesh with those of the SI, but porno theories had other sources (such as Claude Levi-Strauss and Roland Barthes, and the feminism of Luce Irigaray and Julia Kristeva) which are not considered here.

While the general effect of this book will be to lend legitimacy to the SI and its ideas by bringing it out in the open with postmodernism, this is not the only book that one should read on either movement. Moreover, while the two movements do share important points in common, more work needs to be done on their differences (for some more on this, see John Zerzan, "The Catastrophe of Postmodernism," *Anarchy* Fall '91). Now that postmodernism is waning rapidly as an intellectual interest, trapped by its own fatalism, haunted by revelations of past coziness with Nazis, and as the AIDS tragedy has taken away some of its more eloquent voices, perhaps the SI can begin to get its due as critical theory. Plant's book is timely, but "performing in the big top" is a haunting metaphor for a set of theories that would rather torch the tent altogether.

Alternative press books

Short reviews by R. Curtis, M. Echt, J. McQuinn,
M. Sunanda & B. White

Computers & freedom

Speaking for the Unspeakable performed by Bruce Sterling (Sweet Pea Productions, POB 912, 1673 Happy Trail, Topanga, CA. 90290, 1992) 54 minute videocassette. \$55.00 + \$4.00 s&h.

Bruce Sterling is the cyberpunk star of this videotaped session from the 2nd Conference on Computers, Freedom & Privacy which took place in March, 1992, in Washington, D.C. Sterling successfully portrays three archetypal characters inhabiting the fringes of the hacker milieu—at least in people's imagination, allowing them to speak their minds and develop their vastly different perspectives at length. As "The Truly Malicious Hacker," as "Sr. de Policia 'X'," and as the Digital Black Marketeer, Sterling uses a minimum of props and stage devices to maintain an entertaining one-man show with some genuine content and bite at times, making this video one of the more worthwhile I've seen of late. -J.M.

Alternative Press Titles for Libraries

APT for Libraries 1993 edited by Charles Willett (CRISES Press, Inc., 1716 SW Williston Rd., Gainesville, FL. 32608, 1993) 102pp. \$12.00 paper.

Alternative press books and periodicals are poorly represented in almost all library collections. It isn't just coincidental that critical, radical and experimental publications remain unwelcome in many libraries while bigoted, religious, or otherwise reactionary publications are often plentiful. Librarians can be as biased as any other institutional bureaucrats when it comes to the materials obtained for their collections.

However, in some cases alternative materials remain underrepresented even despite the presence of more open-minded librarians. In these cases librarians can often find it hard to redress the balance due to several other factors: the political climate, "public relations" and censorship pressures, or administrative opposition. In addition, most alternative materials are harder to locate and obtain if only because most are unavailable from the mainstream trade suppliers for the library industry (who generally have little interest in stocking alternative titles that won't make them as much profit as corporate-published titles). At the same time periodicals collections have been hit with massive increases in subscription prices by academic and institutional titles that bank on the inertia of automatic library renewals to fatten their pockets. Despite the fact that this

greatly reduces the amount of money available to purchase alternative titles, most librarians have quietly played along with this scam.

In this generally miserable situation the nonprofit CRISES Press has attempted to promote alternative titles by organizing alternative press exhibits at each conference of the American Library Association and by publishing *APT for Libraries* each year. *APT for Libraries* serves as an alternative press bibliography and selection tool oriented towards titles appropriate for "the general reader," according to editor Charles Willett. The entries consist of titles chosen by the Gainesville Alternative Press Group from among all those exhibited at ALA conferences by CRISES Press. A copy of *APT for Libraries* should be in every library. If your local library hasn't yet purchased a copy, it should be encouraged to do so. The existence of *APT for Libraries* means one less excuse for the absence of the alternative press in library collections. It's up to all of us to work on eliminating the other excuses as well. -J.M.

NameBase

NameBase database constructed by Daniel Brandt and Steve Badrich (Public Information Research, POB 5199, Arlington, VA. 22205, 1993) IBM or Mac diskettes \$79.00.

This has got to be one of the most important tools available for assisting investigative reporting research concerning international intelligence, political elites, U.S. foreign policy, conspiracy theories, counterinsurgency operations and corporate manipulations. With this easily mastered computer database it is a snap to check on over 67,000 names of groups or individuals compiled from over 400 books and thousands of periodicals (143,000 citations). This prodigious work of cataloguing enables users to ask for references to all names associated with a particular country during a specified year (or number of years) and then read the entire list within three minutes. Checking on Indonesia for 1975, France for 1968 or Israel for 1989 can be more revealing than a whole day spent in most libraries.

And among other features, the program can graph the distribution of entries per year over the last sixty years for every country for which there are citations. Searches can be read on screen, sent to files or directly printed. Leading letter and phonetic searches can be done, and there is even provision for crosschecking for common nicknames. The program currently takes up 2.2 megabytes of hard disk space (though it can also be run on floppy disk-only systems). Update notices are provided after purchase of the database, and updated versions of the database are available to users for

half-price.

There is no question that *NameBase* ought to be available in every public library, and copies should be frequently used by every author and every periodical doing serious investigative research. Conspiracy theorists will love this database, but you don't have to be conspiracy-theory-prone to appreciate its incredible value. I was actually shocked to see that it's offered for only \$79.00, which means that the publishers, Public Information Research, truly are providing a non-profit service. *NameBase* can't be too highly recommended. -J.M.

Transaction

Transaction by Divided (Divided, POB 8302, Chicago, IL. 6080-8302) \$7.00 90-min. cassette/70pp. booklet.

Transaction is a 90-minute compilation of "heavy," slow industrial music from various artists. The songs range from a deep, serious industrial to an agonizingly slow industrial (as opposed to thrashy or dance/pop industrial) including many heavily sampled cuts. The cassette is dedicated to the Ohio 7, a group of urban guerrillas in prison for "seditious conspiracy" to overthrow the U.S. government by force. Involved with the United Freedom Front or Sam Melville Jonathan Jackson Unit, the Ohio 7 political prisoners attempted to blow up U.S. military installations and sabotage corporations in protest of U.S. repression at home and abroad. Their armed actions were intended to inspire others and to show solidarity with liberation struggles elsewhere. Included with the tape is a booklet by the same title containing autobiographies of the Ohio 7, a justification for armed tactics and sabotage, and a call to organize in revolutionary groups. Ironically, the booklet finishes up with a discussion by Guy Debord on language and power. -M.E.

Early Lessons

Early Lessons by John Bart Gerald with graphic art by Julie Maas (Editions Gerald and Maas, POB 252, Moody, ME. 04054, 1992) 64pp. \$6.00 paper.

Early Lessons is a good book. It is one of three works in a series of books of short stories by Gerald with art by Maas. Gerald has the ability both to write a short story with an interesting plot and believable characters, and to evoke a scene in the readers head—create a reality for the reader. This second ability is, for me, what makes a good story truly beautiful. In the second story of the book, "The Exile," a tale of expatriate doctors in a small tropical

hospital, Gerald makes the setting come alive to where the heat and smells of the tropics enveloped me while reading.

The collection of very short essays at the end of the book, "King Winter's House Arrest," are wonderfully done and add a political dimension to the previous stories not so evident on first reading. I especially liked the essay "Capitalism and Wisdom" which, in the space of less than one page, Gerald makes a number of interesting observations on the nature of truth and wisdom in capitalist and state socialist societies.

Maas' drawings are also very well done. I loved the cover art—an inversion of the Romulus-Ramus myth where a woman is suckling 2 wolf cubs. The art works, like the stories, are simple, beautiful, and worth the time to get to know.

By way of endorsement, I'm ordering the other 2 books of the series—shelling out \$12 of my own money. -R.C.

How to shoplift?

How To Steal Food From The Supermarket by J. Andrew Anderson (Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA. 98368, 1993) 63pp. \$10.00 paperback.

The author of this book, who happens to be a security guard for a supermarket, has to some degree an understanding as to the "ethics" of shoplifting: "Theft, of course, is a crime. But people sifting through dumpsters behind supermarkets that sell Cycle 3 is also a crime, ethically speaking. Which is the larger crime" (p.2). But that doesn't discourage him from "doing my job"; "I know how people shoplift food...I arrest the ones who do it wrong" (p.3); "If I find something [shoplifted merchandise], he's going to jail." (p.43).

The actual how-to content of *How To Steal Food* ranges from clipping coupons out of news papers to "Full-Fledged, Hard-Core, Stick-It-In-Your-Pants-And-Walk-Out-The-Door Shoplifting" (p.41); However, the insight and strategies offered in this book do not go much beyond the point of common sense shoplifting and practicing general caution when stealing.

I suppose this book could be of some use to those who haven't the foggiest idea of how to shoplift. As for the rest, brainstorming with a couple friends for an hour would undoubtedly prove to be just as lucrative, if not more so. -B.W.

Teenage liberation

The Teenage Liberation Handbook: How to quit school and get a real life and education by Grace Llewellyn, (Lowry House Publishers, POB 1014, Eugene, Oregon 97440-1014, 1991) 401 pp. \$14.95 paper.

I've found (asking hundreds of kids) that most students hate school, but are resigned to attend for their parents' sake. What is the real life and education that Grace Llewellyn claims to assist teens to discover? We know that school is business, not the real outside world. So How? says the Indian or curious teen. They can't get much respect in or out of school that's

so boring. So we need a new bridge between parents and teens. Do you know that home-schooling is legal in most states now!

The *Teenage Liberation Handbook* is the most thorough current guide for teens to drop out of school and into self-led learning. Grace has a creative slant that can empower families to do-it-themselves. Choosing learning fields, places and pacing education, not for tests, but for life. Real learning is lifelong as needed. She assumes each teen is unique, has initiative and real emotions, and that cooperation is far better than competitive schooling. It takes courage for teens and parents to reverse their dependence on public schools, to trust free learning, instincts and awareness.

Dropping out of school is still controversial. But it can be more creative than we imagined, if families switch to home education using the whole community to learn essentials. This book is valuable for all home-schoolers, especially the new ones. Grace was inspired by John Holt and his *Growing Without Schooling* newsletter about home-education. She gives 100's of quotes, examples and resources. The vast and growing (mostly underground) home education movement can support millions of students at home to explore nature, relationships and skills valuable to self and cooperative community.

Most teen-students think about and doubt dropping out is a real choice. But the gaps between public school rules and the outside world of media, home and nature are so vast now that students must deny most of reality to attend classes. Students believe (or pretend to) that they don't know what they need to learn to grow up aware, skilled and healthy. Then there's the big contradiction that parents expect teens to act grown-up, but not have any adult powers (voting, owning, driving, sexing, learning, moving-out, drugs, etc.) of choice due to the age-of-consent laws that restrict and/or punish youth for breaking "safety" laws that keep adults in power over them. Grace gracefully details the many delicate and potential areas of self-schooling in communities and at home with parents help.

Perhaps a growing generation of bright self-regulating learners will lead us out of our garbage of pollution, fear and crime into the Aquarian age of cooperation, creativity and love. Teens can learn far faster and deeper out of school, than in classrooms, if they want to and still have their natural curiosity to discover the patterns in the universe. -M.S.

Other titles received

A Goose-Step from Chains by Keith A. Dodson (One Tree Press, 3472 Bellflower Blvd., Long Beach, CA. 90808, undated) 30pp. poetry pamphlet, no price listed.

The Poor Man's James Bond, Vol.1 by Kurt Saxon (Atlan Formularies, POB 327, Harrison, AR. 72601, 1988) 477pp. \$18.00 large format (8½x11) paper.

(See related review by Toni Otter under the title of "Survival for what?" in *Anarchy* #29/Summer 1991, p.7.)

Educational AIDS unattributed (Plagiarist Press, 221 West Benton St., Iowa City, IA. 52246, 1992) 12pp. mini-pamphlet (available from pub-

lisher for two 29¢ stamps)

Précis de L'Alliance Universelle (L'Alliance Universelle, 73 Avenue de la Résistance, B.P. 923, 83000 Toulon, France, 1992) 48pp. pamphlet, no price listed.

Personal Recollections of the Anarchist Past by Georges Cores (Kate Sharpley Library, BM Hurricane, London WC1 3XX, England, 1992) 18pp. pamphlet, no price listed.

Clipped Coins by Constantine Caffentzis (Autonomedia, POB 568, Williamsburgh Station, Brooklyn, NY. 11211-0568, 1989) 246pp. \$9.00 paper.

Counterfeit Currency (Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA. 98368, 1990) 140pp. \$15.00 paper.

War Tax Resistance: A Guide to Withholding Your Support from the Military, 4th Edition by Ed Hedemann, edited by Ruth Benn (New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA. 19143; War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY. 10012, 1992) 131pp. paper. No price listed.

When Workers Decide: Workplace Democracy Takes Root in North America edited by Len Krimerman and Frank Lindenfeld (New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA. 19143, 1992) 308pp. \$16.95 paper.

Fear At Work: Job Blackmail, Labor and the Environment by Richard Kazis and Richard L. Grossman (New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA. 19143, 1991) 306pp. \$14.95 paper.

Putting Power in its Place: Create Community Control by Judith Plant and Christopher Plant (New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA. 19143, 1992) 137pp. 9.95 paper.

We Gave Away a Fortune: Stories of People Who Have Devoted Themselves and their Wealth to Peace, Justice and a Healthy Environment by Christopher Mogil and Anne Slepian with Peter Woodrow (New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA. 19143, 1992) 182pp. \$14.95 paper.

The Political Poems by Michael Sheridan (Self-Published, MCS) unpaginated, 8½x11 paper, no price listed.

The Real State of the Union 1993 by Michael Sheridan (Self-Published, MCS) unpaginated, 8½x11 paper, no price listed.

Nu Wirdz by Michael Sheridan (Self-Published, MCS) unpaginated, 8½x11 paper, no price listed.

Boomer: Railroad Memoirs by Linda Niemann (Cleis Press, POB 8933, Pittsburgh, PA. 15221, 1990) 252pp. \$12.95 paper.

Duel in Peru: A 3-Act on the Shining Path by S. Colman (Dawn Press, POB 02936, Detroit, MI. 48202, 1993) 125pp. \$12.95 8½x11 photocopied in binder.

Tekscourse by Derek Chisholm (Self-published, Derek Chisholm, POB 281, Chattanooga, TN. 37401, 2nd Ed. 1993) 40pp. pamphlet, no price listed.

On Gogol Boulevard

VICTORIES

In *Anarchy*, Spring '93, OGB reported on repressed Moldavian anarchists Tamara Burdenko and Igor Hergenreorder. She had been fired and they were having many troubles. We received word that their case has been resolved.

Imprisoned Polish military resister Roman Galuszko has been unconditionally freed (*Anarchy*, OGB, Summer '93).

Simple letter writing campaigns, like for the above, do often work.

MACEDONIAN ANARCHISTS ORGANIZING

The first issue of *Naradna Volia* newspaper, representative of the Macedonian anarchists, was published in Blagoevgrad. The newspaper continues the same named magazine edited in London, UK. Its 8 pages include articles on the Macedonian question, the situation on the Balkan peninsula nowadays, and the war in ex-Yugoslavia. Four of its pages are occupied by an article dedicated to the life and activities of the Bulgarian revolutionary Nary Gotze Delchev.

For a copy write: J.K. "Oktomvry," Bl. 36, Ap. 17, Blagoevgrad 2700, Bulgaria, Tel: 359-73-2-63-36

(Thanks to *Action* #4, English zine of the Bulgarian Federation of Anarchist Youth)

CUBAN DISSIDENTS REJECT WASHINGTON/MIAMI CONTROL

By Bill Weinberg

Rolando Prats Paez of the Havana-based dissident group *Corienta Socialista Democrática* (Democratic Socialist Current) recently scored a media coup with a *New York Times* op-ed piece calling for lifting the US embargo of Cuba—a view which is heresy for the monolithic Miami-based right-wing exile establishment dominated by Jorge Mas Canosa's Cuban American National Foundation. But Prats says what his group stands for is "*ni Castrismo ni MasCanismo*"—they reject the autocracies of both Fidel Castro and his rightist arch-rival.

The Democratic Socialist Current finds harsh challenges to this iconoclastic position from both sides. Their literature is produced and copied entirely by typewriter, and distributed by a hand-to-hand network, as samizdat was in Eastern Europe. Yet the group sees accepting support from foreign governments or outside

interests as a threat to its basic principles.

In 1991, members of the Democratic Socialist Current launched the General Cuban Workers' Union (UGTC by its Spanish acronym) to provide legal and political support for employees in dispute with state managers. Among the founders was Vladimiro Roca, a Cuban Air Force fighter pilot and economist who is also the son of Blas Roca—longtime head of Cuba's Communist Party and a titanic figure in the nation's history. Vladimiro's 1991 press conference announcing that he was joining Democratic Socialist Current sent shockwaves throughout Cuba's political establishment.

Within a year, the UGTC leadership had been hijacked by a group working in cooperation with both the Cuban American National Foundation and the American Institute for Free Labor Development, the AFL-CIO's international wing which has already gained control over worker and peasant movements in El Salvador, elsewhere in Latin America, and now ex-Communist countries. But Roca and others who remained loyal to the Democratic Socialist Current would have none of it. They split and formed the UGTC-I. The "I" stands for "*Independiente*". Independent from what? "The United States government," chuckles Rolando Prats.

Democratic Socialist Current founder Elizardo Sanchez is also president of the unofficial *Comision Cubana de Derechos Humanos y Reconciliacion Nacional* (Cuban Commission for Human Rights & National Reconciliation). His human rights activities landed him a two-year prison term in 1990—and won him recognition as a "prisoner of conscience" by Amnesty International. Released three months before his term expired, Sanchez was recently allowed to leave Cuba for a speaking tour in Europe and the Americas—a move which can be credited to international pressure. However, since his release, Sanchez has been targeted for violent harassment in Havana by the pro-government "spontaneous" street mobs known as the Rapid Reaction Brigades.

More radical anarchist and anti-militarist groups linked to the semi-taboo punk youth culture also exist in Cuba—such as *Movimiento Pacifista Solidaridad y Paz* (Solidarity & Peace Pacifist Movement), several of whose members were sentenced to prison after a protest at the Department of State Security in 1991. However, the absence of a scene in which young people can meet and network in a free atmosphere has prevented such small and marginal groupings from developing into a real movement. With Cuba's deep economic crisis—the result of both the US embargo and the collapse of the Soviet bloc—even bars, clubs and restaurants have been shut down. Virtually the only ones which continue to function are those which cater to the tourist trade—which only take foreign currency and are effectively off-limits to Cubans. Meetings in people's homes are promptly reported to the authorities by the state-controlled neighborhood watch groups, the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution (CDRs).

UGTC and UGTC-I continue to exist as rival alternatives to the official state-controlled

workers' organizations in Cuba. Both remain small and marginalized. Prats calls UGTC-I an "auxiliary force for groups trying to open a political space in Cuba."

Unfortunately, the US left is as blind as the elites of Havana and Miami to the existence of Cuban political forces outside of the two ossified opposing blocs. This blindness is likely to play into the hands of Mas Canosa and his ilk when cracks finally start to emerge in Fidel's grip in power. Elements such as UGTC-I and the Democratic Socialist Current which insist on charting an autonomous course deserve the solidarity of like-minded stateside activists.

Democratic Socialist Current can best be reached through their Miami contact: Tony Santiago, 1040 SW 27th Ave., Miami, FL. 33135.

ANARCHISTS IN THE CZECH REPUBLIC: TWO REPORTS

(Both edited for clarity. Both groups are also at odds with one another and we chose to edit out the various charges of which we know nothing. -OGB)

A-KONTRA: ZINE OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK ANARCHIST UNION

A-Kontra is a monthly anarchist zine published by people from CAS (Czechoslovak Anarchist Union). A-Kontra has published for nearly 2 years. Since then we are trying to set up an anarchistic information distribution site, involving everything from politics to culture.



A-Kontra has changed several times. The first numbers were published "on our knees" with neither a financial nor material basis. Only a typewriter and the will to do something after the revolution in 1989. (Which actually changed nothing. The power has remained intact, only the people who used to be the dissidents have become dangerous—they are drunk with fame and power. The underground has become the establishment.)

Alternativists from before the revolution published an underground magazine, *Vokno* [Windows—very famed -OGB], going back 12 years. As a newsletter they published irregularly a newspaper called *Voknoviny*. After the revolution it changed into *Kontra*. In a years time A-Kontra was born at the beginning of 1991.

So we grew. We had to move for the first time because of our political opinions. Too many activities were organized to list (from demos to concerts, book publishing, and political activities with the Left Alternative group). People came together, the movement grew, and we became dangerous. We had to move again and ended in a squat (which is now near closure). During 1992 the police

On Gogol Boulevard (OGB) is the bulletin of New York City Neither East Nor West, networking East and West alternative oppositions and printing news and documents unavailable in the corporate or 'left' media. We also bring Third and Fourth World activists into these efforts.

This regular OGB section in *Anarchy* will serve the same function. We encourage all those involved in "Neither East Nor West" type activity to regularly contribute to this section. Please address letters, reports, documents, debates, graphics, photos, etc. directly to OGB. This is not a section for anarchists only. We are interested in all things promoting freedom, such as workers', women's, minority, and gay rights, environmental and anti-militarist issues, and anything pursuing paths other than the capitalist and state bureaucratic models.

By the way, Gogol Boulevard is a noted hang-out for Moscow's counter-culture—see you there!

On Gogol Boulevard/Neither East Nor West
528 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, NY. 11215 (718) 499-7720

started tracing us, listening into and cutting phone calls, and cutting electricity. At the end of 1992 big changes approached. The squatted house which we use for publishing the mag was assaulted and cleared by the police and skinheads working hand in hand. Nearly all the people left the house after this assault (the biggest of many). Strangely, on the same day one of our editors, P.W., was accused of assaulting the chairperson of the Communist Party. It became clear that this was a build up process against the anarchist movement. But due to solidarity and the support of many people, PW had to be released after more than 2 weeks in prison. The trial continues.

But we are alive!!! Since then we managed 20 issues, which makes over 50 for A-Kontra. Please help us. We will try to help you too.

PS: Late news. Somebody (probably nazis) broke into our squat. They took all of our tapes (incl. DOWNCAST original!), most floppy disks and a cassette-recorder. Please! Spread this! Help us...

A-Kontra, POB 552, 170 00 Praha 7, Czech Republic, Tel/Fax: 02-43-58-945

AUTONOMIE: ZINE IN ANARCHIST FEDERATION

Autonomie publishes anarchist classics of the 19th century and concentrates mainly on theory. In the Czech Republic more than 10 anarchist fanzines are published. Under the last regime there were no anarchist publications so now there is an effort to fill in the gap.

Here's a list of important anarchist actions:

- 1/5/90 - MAY DAY "under black flags"
- 5/90 - Concert against racialism and fascism
- 6/90 - Night procession with lit candles to China's embassy on the anniversary of the massacre. 1000 participants.
- 6/10/90 - Occupation of a train protesting a price increase
- 17/11/90 - For 45 minutes 200 anarchists stopped a column of cars carrying presidents Bush and Havel who were to talk to an open air gathering. We wanted to read our speech and weren't successful. [This was a protest against the Gulf War. -OGB]
- 15,30/6/91 - Two demonstrations against the "Ceskoslovenske Vseobecne Vystave" (Little Czech Expo - a capitalist fair). This was the first great conflict with nazi-skinheads.
- 7/90 - Demonstration against racialism and fascism - 1,200 participants
- 1/5/91 - MAY DAY "under black flags" - 600 participants
- 1/9/91 - Demonstration against military service - 300 participants
- 10/9/91 - Demonstration (700 participants) and concert (2000 participants) against the army
- 3/92 - Founding of the Anarchist Federation
- 1/92 - Demonstration and attack on upper

class ball - 2000 participants

13/3/92 - Demonstration against racialism and fascism - 500 participants

1/5/92 - MAY DAY "under black flags" demonstration against manipulations by political parties - 700 participants (our greatest conflict with nazi-skinheads)

3/10/92 - 60-70 anarchists stopped for 30 minutes a festive march commemorating America's 500 year anniversary with banners saying "500 Years of Ethnocide is Enough," and "Racialism - An Inseparable Part of America"

4/10/92 - 5 anarchists got into the "American Ball." They displayed a banner over the US flag saying "A Disgraceful Celebration of Genocide" and distributed leaflets.

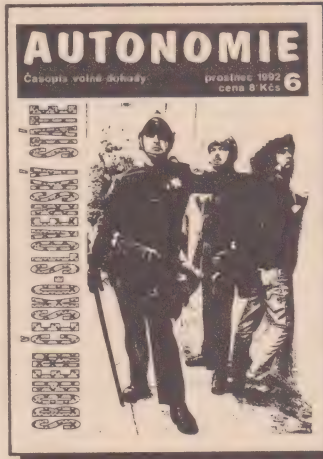
9,10/10/92 - 2 days of lectures on Indian culture and ethnocide organized for the public. A silent, candlelit procession took place to the Spanish and US embassies after the lecture.

20/10/92 - A demonstration was held in support of a squat (the only political squat in Prague) - 200 participants

2/93 - Demonstration against new anti-squatter laws

13/3/93 - Demonstration against racialism and fascism - 1000 participants

Autonomie, POB 223, 111 21 Praha 1, Czech Republic



"THE ZITZER SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC" SERB VILLAGE REBELS AGAINST THE MILITARY

By Henrik Farkas

Oromhegyes (Serbian name: Tresnjevac) is a little village in Vojvodina, Serbia, with about 2000 inhabitants. Even a year ago, it was a peaceful, prosperous, calm place.

In May '92, 200 men of the villagers got their call-up papers. This started a protest movement against recruitment and against the war. On May 10th, women organized a demonstration. About 700 participants demanded: the withdrawal of the call-up orders; the return of soldiers from the front lines; and the free return of people who had left their homeland to escape recruitment. They also declared that they would not disperse until their demands were met.

During the demonstration tanks surrounded the village, but there was no attempt to use force to disperse the demonstration. The participants stayed together for a month, day and night, in the Zitzer Club. They received visitors and support from other parts of Serbia. The international press and some foreign peace organizations also gave them moral support.

On June 26th, some of the participants of the protest established the "Zitzer Spiritual Republic." This republic has citizens, a president, a constitution, a hymn (Ravel's Bolero), and a coat of arms (a symbolic pizza between 3 billiard balls), but of course, it does not possess territory. Since then, a few hundred people from several countries joined the Zitzer Spiritual Republic, which is actually an interna-



Belgrade's Women in Black at a demonstration on December 10th (U.N. Human Rights Day). Sign reads: "Human rights are the rights to freedom of individual choice, a safe life, and love without national borders. Women in Black demonstrate every Wednesday in Belgrade and Pancevo, demanding an end to the war."

On Gogol Boulevard

tional peace organization.

The protest was successful in one respect: the planned recruitment of the reservists was not carried out until this January. However, on January 30th the police searched for 40 men who had formerly made a formal declaration: They—as reservists—refused to join the armed forces. Instead they chose alternative (civil) service. Serbian laws allow the choice of civil service.

The police captured 5 men: Bela Bicskei, Rudolf Utasi, Attila Magossy, Karoly Feher, and Pal David. They were transferred to the army and forced to take the military uniform. Some of them were beaten.

"Headquarters" of the "Republic": Zitzer Club, Oromhegyes, Horvath Janos u. 10., Vojvodina, Yugoslavia, Tel: 38-24-883-016

Info thanks to: Alba Kor - Non-Violent Movement for Peace, H-1461, Budapest PF. 225, Hungary: Fax: +36-1-180-45-46: Email: H6551FAR@huella.bitnet.

Neither East Nor West-NYC has offered to be the "American Embassy" of the "Republic." If any other any Americanos wanna join our "Embassy" send your official request to: NENW-NYC, 528 5th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215

ASIAN STUDENTS REASSESS SOCIALISM

The following is an excerpt from the article "Critical Reflections" by C.W. Hang in *Asian Student Association News* September '92. The article was culled from a summer '92 Asian Students Association Executive Council meeting in Ketari, Malaysia. Participants included stu-

dents from India, the Philippines, Nepal, Palestine, Hong Kong, Australia, Pakistan, Thailand, Malaysia, Sri Lanka, plus "Trotsky," a participants dog, "who joined us whenever the issue of Marxism was raised."

SOCIALIST CONFUSION

In the '70s, students dreamt of socialism as an alternative to the capitalist and imperialist systems.

In Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, millions of people died under the hands of Uncle Sam's troops. Agent Orange was sprayed all over the country, killing plants, deforming babies. This genocide was to force the Vietnamese people to accept US imperialism. The US failed, and students in Asia celebrated—Long live socialism!

To the north of Vietnam, Mao Zedong of China inspired millions of young people—not only in China but all over Asia with such slogans as: "It Is A Right To Revolt," "Down With Bureaucracy," "Struggle With The Masses, The Workers And Peasants And Learn From Them!"

No wonder, his pictures were seen and his books were read not only in China, but also in Thailand, India, Japan, and the Philippines, because his calls for anti-authoritarianism and anti-imperialism had a ring of truth in them.

In a world which faced the sheer violence of imperialism, both in the form of imperial wars against liberation struggles and in the form of support of military regimes in Asia, Mao was inspiring.

However, at the turn of the '80s, confusion over socialism set in. People witnessed the ruthlessness of the Khmer Rouge on televi-

sions, and condemned it as communist terror. The victory of Vietnam over an imperialist power was followed by its own invasion of Cambodia. And added to this was a war fought between two Asian countries: China and Vietnam.

In China, leaders of the Cultural Revolution—the "Gang of Four"—were arrested and denounced as traitors. Mao was criticized. The new Chinese communist leaders adopted an "open door policy" to entice western investments. What was supposedly the better alternative turned out to be not without its own problems.

Meanwhile, capitalist forces adopted more subtle forms of oppression. In the '80s, rather than launching large scale wars against the Third World, imperialist forces relied more on direct control: economic imperialism. This tactic included the economic blockade of socialist states and supporting client states in the Third World - often military regimes, and collaborating with local elites to implement pro-western policies, protecting and enhancing the powers of multinational corporations.

In response to these changes, many leftist and progressive student activists in Asia shifted the focus of their struggle which was internationalist in nature, to one of a more national-centered in character.

Despite the problems of existing socialist states, students generally concluded that these problems came from a misguided practice rather than from socialist theory itself. Therefore, they tend not to go into deeper discussions of the causes of these problems but retreated to fighting at the local front, against the ruling class.

The priority was thus the removal of the local repressive regimes rather than the destruction of the global capitalist system.

Asian Students Association, 353 Shanghai St. 4F, Kowloon, Hong Kong, Tel: 852-388-0515, Fax: 852-787-5535

FREE CHINESE PRISONERS

(Readers: Little to no info comes our way regarding China, whose Communist Party remains quite intact and in control. Please send us any info and grafix that come your way.)

Lin Gang was a postgraduate student and a leader when the democratic protests broke out in Beijing in 1989. He has been incarcerated for more than three years and has been tortured.

Lin Gang was one of the 21 most wanted student leaders. He was arrested in June 1989 in Baoding, in Hebei province. From there he was taken to Beijing and then to jail in Qinching where it was reported that he was mistreated.

In February 1991 he was found guilty of "conspiracy to overthrow the government" and sentenced to six years in prison. He was given a reduced sentence because he "displayed a desire to reform himself." In April 1991 Lin Gang was transferred to a prison in the Liaoning province. There he was beaten and tortured by electrical shock. In November 1991 he went on hunger strike in protest. This act brought him a new round of torture. He was last seen by political prisoners in April 1992 and hasn't been heard from since.



Summer '90 demo at NYC Soviet Mission. Neither East Nor West and New York Direct Action Correspondence (high school anarchist group) teamed up to protest the death of Russian anarchist Piotr Siuda (murdered by Soviet death squad), anarchist political prisoner Sergei Troyanski (of the Free Initiative) and imprisoned Trust Group draft resister Oleg Gorsky.

Please sent letters of protest to Li Peng asking for the immediate release of Lin Gang and an investigation into the charges of torture.

Premier Li Peng, Quowuyuan 9 Xihuang Schenggbijiel, Beijing 10032, Peoples Republic of China

SOUTH AFRICA: APARTHEID, COMMUNISTS AND ANARCHISTS

Dear Comrades,

Greetings from South Africa. Recently we set in motion actions which will hopefully result in the formation of the Anarchist Revolutionary Movement which, to our knowledge, will be South Africa's first anarchist organization to operate in the open.

Due to our severe lack of experience, we are sending out a plea for any form of aid we can receive. We urgently need advice, literature, and if possible, funds. We hope that you will be able to assist us or to put us in contact with someone who can.

We apologize for the impersonality of this letter, yet we feel that in order to obtain a reasonable response, it is best for us to contact as many groups as possible.

Thanking you in advance, yours in solidarity,
Renato and Elli, POB 51465, Raedenem 2124, Johannesburg, SA

Following are our thoughts on South Africa:

Perhaps the most influential of these developments has been the unbanning of certain political parties, among whom can be found movements as infamous as the African National Congress (A.N.C.).

Essentially the concept of free speech is relatively new in South Africa. The last 40 years have been dictated to us by the National Party. Everything from their Christian National Education policy to their secret police has been designed to suppress and oppress. It is only recently the cracks have begun to appear in their Armor. In all honesty they have at most another three or four years of power before disappearing like so many of their enemies mysteriously did.

As Anarchists they pose us little threat as we should in fact be looking ahead to the inevitable dictatorship which is to be constructed by the African National Congress.

Right from the beginning the A.N.C. has made it crystal clear they will sell out both their ideals and supporters to obtain power. When the A.N.C. first re-entered the political arena they openly allied themselves with the South African Communist Party. Once threatened with losing the support of big business they quickly embraced capitalist ideals.

Today, while Mandela sits inside his \$250,000 house and reminisces over his daughters recent \$10,000 wedding, his "brothers" sleep in tin shacks. While they catch buses or walk 25 miles to work, he rides in one of his two Mercedes Benz's...but that's politicians for you. And that is truly who the A.N.C. is there for, money-grabbing megalomaniacs like Mandela.

Oddly enough recent revelations of A.N.C. torture camps have done little to tarnish their image. In all honesty they are the lesser of two

evils but surely we deserve better.

So now the question arises, who else is there to represent the South African people in this farce some would call a democracy?

Surely not the ineffective stagnant liberal Democratic Party who represent the free market ideals of the rich. If shove comes to shooting let's hope we don't have to turn to the extreme right Afrikaaner Weerstand Beweiging or their black counterparts the Azanian Peoples' Liberation Army.

If ever there has been a need for an anarchist solution it is here in South Africa. However, massive problems face our movement. How do we break through to people of color who tend to distrust us? The National Party has ensured that this will be no easy task. Unfortunately in the current political climate it is not possible for us to take our message onto the streets without facing prison terms on charges as ridiculous as treason. And then of course there are the problems of funding and our lack of knowledge. Even with all this against us we are hopeful that we will overcome in the long-run. If not, South Africa is destined to remain a puppet of the first world as conditions steadily deteriorate.

LETTER: IREAN RESPONDS TO CRITICISM

(Perhaps we shouldn't have printed what IREAN is responding to. But we did and so are now obligated to print a rebuttal. We'd rather not be printing back and forth infighting. In the future if our collaborators would like to send in text critical of other anarchists please consider whether it's really necessary to make charges, and if so, please back it up with even-handed fact from all sides. In fact, if Moscow's IREAN and KAS could sit down together and write out their differences than this would be a more helpful type of thing to print. OGB will invite both groups to do this.)

Dear friends,

Laure Akai's accusations against us in "Report From Moscow" (Anarchy Spring '93) are completely tendentious and false. The real facts are the following:

1. The Initiative of Revolutionary Anarchists (IREAN) doesn't make any political blocs or unity, and doesn't have any programmatic or organized agreements with non-anarchist, authoritarian or pro-state groups (including Trotskyists). But we aren't afraid of public polemics and discussions (also during street actions), because we are conscious of the force and superiority of anarchist ideas and our possibility to show the justness of those ideas. In our oppositional direct actions (against governmental actions, human rights violations, ecological pollution, fascism, etc.) it is of course possible to hit on not only us, but also other diverse leftists—we are for workers unity from below on a non-party basis.

2. It's not true that IREAN hasn't syndicalists. Although IREAN is not an exclusively anarcho-syndicalist organization, within us exists a group of the friends of the International Workers Association (IWA). We make anarcho-syndicalist propaganda in our papers and leaflets and publish in common with the IWA AS-Info bulletin for East and Central Europe. Comparatively, the majority of Confederation of Anarcho-Syndicalist (KAS) groups don't want to join the IWA and don't organize anarcho-syndicalist unions. Those groups (especially in Moscow) support the concept of "market socialism" or "syndical capitalism" and work jointly with the old official trade union bosses. The pro-KAS newsagency "KAS-KOR"—whose foreign representative is a French Trotskyist—has contacts with the AFL-CIO and Voice of America and supports police repression against us.

3. On Nov. 7th (anniversary of the Russian Revolution) we didn't join the Stalinist and nationalist demonstrations, but made an alternative action. Like May 1st actions it is a general left-wing demonstration, in which the anarchists make a special bloc. There we distributed our leaflets and papers explaining that we don't celebrate the Bolsheviks seizing power, but celebrate a larger peoples movement with strong anarchist participation, that led in Nov. (Oct.) 1917 to the temporary extinction of the state and the sweeping away of the foundation of the capitalist economy, "but was enveloped by the new Bolshevik state power." (G. Maximoff)

4. The action with the Brezhnev portrait wasn't organized by IREAN but by another group of people (including one former IREAN member) as an "Orange action"—i.e., as a satire against political norms and customs (the term comes from Polish anarchists). Brezhnev was and is an object of many wits and anecdotes and nobody takes him as a serious political figure. His portraits today mock the nostalgic or pro-Yeltsin idolatry of leaders.

5. The action on Oct. 24th was organized parallel to anti-racist demonstrations in West Europe but was against fascism and racism in the ex-USSR.

It is clear that Laura Akai doesn't sufficiently understand Russia and the situation in our country. She has close personal contacts with KAS. This group in Moscow is very small and the members do nothing, except write articles in official papers, have nostalgic parties, and defame anarchist/libertarian organizations (IWA, IREAN, etc.).

SALUTE and ANARCHY,
For IREAN, Vadim Damier, 107285 Moscow,
Per. Alymova 13, Kv. 24. Russia

(Both Laure Akai and the representative of KAS have written and objected to the points made by IREAN. NENW has decided that those and any further letters we receive on this particular squabble will be handed over to the Anarchy letters section.)

Stupid Soviet Jokes

The teacher was saying that communism is already on the horizon. He was asked: "What's the Horizon?" "It's an imaginary line over which the sun goes down which keeps getting farther away from us as we try to get closer to it."

What's a Soviet string trio? A string quartet returning from tour abroad.

Letter from Greece

Support Mazokopos!

Comrades,

This letter concerns the case of the anarchist fighter K. Mazokopos, who, as you might already know, was sentenced to 17 years imprisonment by the first court decision. We would like to remind you briefly that K. Mazokopos was arrested at the hospital to which he had resorted after an explosivemechanism had accidentally gone off in his hands, thereby causing him the loss of his left eye and his left hand up to the wrist. The next day (8 Nov. '90), the police discovered guns, ammunition and printed matter in the warehouse where the above incident had taken place. K. Mazokopos was immediately charged with theft and possession of explosives, explosion by negligence, as well as participation in the execution of the psychiatrist of the Athenian penitentiary (Korydallos Prison), on sole evidence of a pamphlet found in the warehouse, for which the armed organisation Revolutionary Solidarity had claimed responsibility. As was known to us and was proved later in court, the pamphlet had in fact been mailed to the Union of Anarchists of Athens, where Comrade Mazokopos was correspondence attendant.

Two significant developments followed upon the excuse of this tragic incident:

(a) A "criminal hunt" was released among the anarchists and the extreme left, resulting in the arrest and imprisonment of the fighters Koyannis, Bouketsidis and Bergner, allegedly members of the "Mazokopos group," who were finally reprieved after a long hunger-strike.

(b) The enactment of the anti-terrorist Act was accelerated. The purpose of this act is to annihilate visibly, morally, politically and socially either those who have made the choice of armed struggle, or those whom the police or the Secret Services occasionally consider necessary to present as such, that is, every time their force of social control and repression is challenged or questioned. The latter is the least apparent but most frequently used feature of the Anti-terrorist Act: its very endorsement was based on constructed evidence and the inflation of facts concerning our comrade.

It is indeed notable that since the reestablishment of parliamentarism (1974-5), respective laws and unjustified arrests were not the outcome of tactical victories of the State against armed organizations. Quite contrarily, they were enforced either because the State would feel threatened by social unrest, or for the psychopath's monomania which one of the gangs that control it would use to distinguish itself from the rest and perform "counter-terrorist services."

This also explains the disproportion between

Our aim is to climax our struggle at the second trial, whenever this is appointed. We invite you to support this struggle by all means.

constructed evidence and factual truth: In twenty years of armed struggle in Greece only two guerrillas have become known, the revolutionaries Ch. Tsoutsouvis and Ch. Kasimis. They were both assassinated by the police (1985 and 1978 respectively) in confrontations that were brought about by chance rather than preparation and plan.

As for comrade Mazokopos, the security forces charged him with as many accusations as could be squeezed out of the warehouse in a highly arbitrary way. In the trial, our comrade admitted having rented the warehouse in 1983 with a forged I.D. for the storage of an archive of anarchist printed matter. On leaving the warehouse in 1988-89, two other persons took over, the names of which he never got close to disclosing. The unlucky incident occurred during the last withdrawal of his own archival material.

For his outright stance and his refusal to become a traitor, the court convicted him for a devastating 17-year prison sentence. He was nevertheless discharged of the accusation of the psychiatrist's murder and the three were completely acquitted, as Mazokopos had also

asked for in court.

We, as friends and comrades of K. Mazokopos, do not accept any of the accusations against him and continue our support (a significant part of which is financial, political and moral). *Our aim is to climax our struggle at the second trial, whenever this is appointed. We invite you to support this struggle by all means.*

We believe that this case should become known in a wider radius than we could handle, for K. Mazokopos is one of the purest and most honest Greek fighters for Anarchy. There is also need for his financial support, given the conditions of his health and his proletarian background. Moreover, we should coordinate our actions in such a way that the issue of solidarity to K. Mazokopos acquires international status. We will inform you about the date of his second trial at the Appeal Court (around which our struggle will reach a peak), as soon as we know. *Greek consulates and embassies* are some of the sites where internationalist Anarchist Solidarity can be demonstrated.

If you wish, you can contribute financially to the following account number: National Bank of Greece 251/940054-08

With comradely regards,
Anarchist Initiative
of Thessaloniki
POB 11251
54110 Thessaloniki
Greece

The anarchist scene

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

RADIO FREE DETROIT is a new pirate radio "Voice of Rebellion" broadcasting from Detroit's Cass Corridor at 106.3 FM from 8PM to 11PM "on whatever day we feel like it."

LEFT BANK DISTRIBUTION's "Summer 1993 Update" lists about a hundred new arrivals to the incredible selection of anarchist and related books and periodicals. Updates, as well as the main catalog, are free, although donations of \$1.00 or stamps are always appreciated when asking for the catalog. Write to Left Bank Distribution at 4142 Brooklyn Ave. NE, Seattle, WA. 98105).

THE VANCOUVER ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS "dissolved as a collective, anti-authoritarian project a few years ago. As of January 1993 it officially no longer exists at all. [Former members] will try to answer the correspondence that's been received to present. [They] ask people who still want prison solidarity/abolition contacts to pursue other projects that are active. Check the anarchist press...."

BLACKOUT BOOKS (POB 20181, Tompkins Square Station, New York, NY. 10009) is a new all-volunteer anarchist book collective operating out of the alternative community space ABC No Rio in New York. The collective hopes to open a storefront in later this year. Check it out.

THE POWER AND THE PROPHET (on the Waco massacre) is the latest BAD Broadside (#9) from the Boston Anarchist Drinking Brigade (BAD Brigade, POB 1323, Cambridge, MA. 02238).

THE HARRISON AND TURNER BOOK CO. (404 S. Washington St., Olympia, WA. 98502; phone 206-754-2151) has allotted three shelves for a collection of anarchist books for sale on consignment by local anarchists.

"PERMANENT TAZs" is the title of a new broadside from Hakim Bey by way of Dreamtime Village (Route 2, Box 242W, Viola, WI. 54664). I'd suggest sending a SASE or a contribution for a copy.

TEATIME ANARCHY get-togethers are now at 7 PM on the 1st & 3rd Tuesday of the month at 317 Union Ave. #1, Olympia, WA. 98501; phone 206-534-9588.

A FEW BACK ISSUES OF ANARCHY: A Journal of Desire Armed (C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446) are still available in bulk for free distribution at the cost of postage & packaging. We now have extras of several issues including #19, #20-21, #25 & #31, along with a very few extras of other issues. For those living in the U.S. we suggest you send about 15¢ to 25¢ each (depending on the size of the issue[s] requested and your distance from Missouri) for 50 to 150 copies. (Unless you live in the Midwest—where postage will be cheaper, send a minimum of \$7.50, and make any checks out to "C.A.L." only. Those outside the continental U.S. need to send much more to cover the higher costs of postage.) All copies will be marked "FREE" on the covers. To order bulk copies for resale, see the terms listed in the box on page 2.

If you have announcements concerning anarchist gatherings, new publications, or other anarchist activities or projects which our readers might find of use, you can send them to: Attn. Anarchist Scene, c/o C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446. Please remember, for more information, or for ordering materials listed in this column, you must write to the addresses given above and not to C.A.L.

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Anarchy #8 (12pp. tabloid) [Oct.-Nov.'85] Contents include Bob Black's "The abolition of work."

Anarchy #9 (12pp. tabloid) [Dec.'85-Jan.'86] Includes Gerry Reith's story "Foreign Policy."

Anarchy #10 (12pp. tabloid) [Feb.-Mar.'86] Contents include the first installment of "The Papalagi."

Anarchy #11 (12pp. tabloid) [April '86] Includes Gerry Reith's story "Winning hearts and minds."

Anarchy #12 (12pp. tabloid) [Summer '86] Includes "Notes on playing for keeps" by Alf Sprack.

Anarchy #13 [Weekly World Anarchy Issue] (20pp. tabloid) [Fall-Winter '86] Includes Murray Bookchin's "Theses on libertarian municipalism."

Anarchy #14 (28pp. tabloid) [Summer '87] Includes John Zerzan's "Vagaries of negation," & "Intervention in Vietnam and Central America" by Noam Chomsky.

Anarchy #15 (32pp. tabloid) [Winter '88] Includes "The realization and suppression of religion" by Ken Knabb & "Anarchy & religion; a dialogue."

Anarchy #16 (32pp. tabloid) [Summer '88] Includes Holly's "My life in the porn biz," Paula Webster's "Pornography and pleasure" & more "Anarchy & religion."

Anarchy #17 (32pp. tabloid mag.) [Fall-Winter '88-89] Includes "Who killed Ned Ludd?" by John Zerzan & "The freedom of biocentrism" by Lone Wolf Circles.

Anarchy #18 (32pp. tabloid mag.) [March-April '89] Includes "Bigger cages, longer chains" and two reactions to the Toronto gathering's "Day of Action."

Anarchy #19 (32pp. tabloid mag.) [May-July '89] Special Issue on "Children's Sexuality."

Anarchy #20/21 Double Issue (48pp. tabloid mag.) [Aug.-October '89] Includes Richard Walters' "Whatever happened to the sexual revolution," "Jealousy" by Isaac Cronin & Kevin Keating's "The Man in the Box."

Anarchy #22 (32pp. tabloid mag.) [Nov.-Dec.'89] Includes "In search of the New Age" by Janos Nehek.

Anarchy #23 (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Jan.-Feb.'89] Includes "The population myth" by Murray Bookchin & Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda American-style."

Anarchy #24 (36pp. tabloid mag.) [March-April '90] Includes "Misinformation and manipulation: An anarchist critique of the politics of AIDS" by Joe Peacock.

Anarchy #25 (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Summer '90] Includes "Anarchy in Eastern Europe" by Stefan Wray & "The mass psychology of misery" by John Zerzan.

Anarchy #26 (40pp. tabloid mag.) [Fall '90] Includes "Take things from work" by bp ummfafik & Kevin Keating's "The Good, The Bad and The Angry."

Anarchy #27 (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Winter '90-91] Special "Free the Kids" issue.

Anarchy #28 (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Spring '91] Includes Charlatan Stew's "Myths of the anti-war movement" & James Koehnline's "Great Dismal Maroons."

Anarchy #29 (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Summer '91] Special Issue on "The Situationists and Beyond...."



Anarchy #30 (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Fall '91] Includes Laure A's "The rebellion that never had a chance" & John Zerzan's "The catastrophe of postmodernism."

Anarchy #31 (44pp. tabloid mag.) [Winter '92] Special issue on "Women, Gender & Anarchy."

Anarchy #32 (44pp. tabloid mag.) [Spring '92] Special issue on "Libertarian Fiction."

Anarchy #33 (88pp. magazine) [Summer '92] Special issue on "Abandoning Civilization."

Anarchy #34 (88pp., magazine) [Fall '92] Includes Nick DiSpoldo's "Postcards from prison" & Max Anger's "We all hate the cops."

Anarchy #35 (84pp., magazine) [Winter '93] Includes M.A. Jaimes' "The stone age revisited" & Manolo Gonzalez's "Life in revolutionary Barcelona."

Anarchy #36 (84pp., magazine) [Spring '93] Includes Michael William's "Bisexuality" and part 2 of Manolo Gonzalez's "Life in Revolutionary Barcelona."

Anarchy #37 (84pp., magazine) [Summer '93] Includes Freddy Perlman's "The Continuing Appeal of Nationalism" and John Zerzan's "Rank and File Radicalism in the KKK of the 1920s."

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#38

International Squatting

An Interview with Pixie and Miranda

Compiled by Anders Corr

Anders: What have your experiences with squatting been?

Miranda: I broke a squat twice. Once I got away with it and once I got caught. I have had other people break a squat and then just lived in it with them. I have lived in about three squats. In Berlin, Pixie lived in a squat and I did for awhile as well. We have been squatting all around the world, but not on a long-term basis.

A: What are the different places that you squatted?

Pixie: Chronologically, I came over to Europe from South Africa, and went directly to Berlin where I started to live in a squat, and then Miranda went to London and her and some other South Africans broke a squat in North London, which was quite amazing because it was six or seven women, all very powerful women, and we were all from South Africa where you can't squat. It is impossible because there is no extra housing because the population is so high. People don't even know about squatting. They were squatting in London, and I and another girl were in Berlin living with punks in a squat. I came over, and there was space in that squat. We stayed there and then broke another squat. The squats were quite short-lived. You do have rights. It was a council house, which was quite a sound thing to do if you are living in a council house which is unoccupied.

Laws Against Squatting

M: Except now there is a law going through which is going to make squatting illegal because at the moment it is a civil offense and not a criminal offense to squat in England. Along with taking out the sites and cities for travellers and their vehicles and making parking your vehicle on public land illegal, they are trying to bring through a law which makes squatting illegal.

P: If you are travelling or have no fixed abode, they are just clamping down. Before you had rights as a squatter. You had rights to be on land. We lived in a vehicle for awhile. Now they are passing through these laws which make it impossible.

M: They will introduce these slowly. The law will go through and it will be illegal. They obviously can't put all 70,000 squatters in London alone into jail.

P: There is a huge amount of people squatting.

M: They will leave people there, but slowly but surely tighten the law, so it will not be a radical thing, but squatters are going to be squeezed out. It is historical as well, going right back to the vagrancy laws in England.

P: It is completely iniquitous because there are so many homeless people and there are places that are derelict that people have left because the mortgages are too high to pay for their land, so they abandon their house. You can go

around to certain areas and all the houses are boarded up, so if you are squatting, you can be chucked out anytime. You always have a couple of squats in mind that you can break in a night. They can get you for stealing electricity or water before they can get you on occupying the house. The best squat is if you get a house with hot water and electricity, then you are fine. In one house we had electricity upstairs and only cold water. You can make do though. It was in winter. It is really exciting.

M: The electricity man comes around and you can't deny him entry because he has to be able to look at the meter. Although the police cannot evict you, the electricity man can come in, then he can say to the police "They are stealing electricity," and then the police have an entry right and can kick you out.

P: So they have a way around it. They have a squatters manual which squatters and anar-

chists have put together. There are organizations that you can go to that help you legally, so that if you get evicted or get shit from the land-person, then you know what to say in court and how to put eviction off.

Breaking the Squat

P: We got evicted from this house and there was another squat down the road. When you break a squat you should go one or two, change locks, occupy it and then you are fine. [You stay in the house. —M] There were quite a few of us, ten, we made a bit of noise and the woman upstairs freaked out. "No way are you squatting here, I have had enough..." She wouldn't talk to us. We said "We don't want to bother you, we're gonna live here quietly." She went and called the police, but meanwhile she put her washing machine drainage outlet

through the floor, and we were squatting underneath, and it just flooded, a huge, huge waterfall. It must have been three or four upstairs. She must have been completely crazy. [And messing up the house, you can't live there. —M] And then the police came. We had changed the locks and said "We know what our rights are, you can't come in, etc., etc." and the cops just started to kick the doors down with their boots, these boots kicking, kicking. There is nothing you can do. Supposedly you can take it in to court, but you can't. They are doing something that is uncivil, unjust. The same night we got chucked out of one, then chucked out of another, then we went back to the first squat and suddenly we were surrounded by cops again. Flashlights everywhere, there must have been six or seven cops. Then the land person was there and they let us stay a bit longer in that one.

M: We made an agreement with the person who was in charge of



Moscow squatters. OGB Photo

the house. Basically what is happening is squatters are being evicted and then someone else moves in and re-squats. That is what happened with that house. It was a really easy house to squat because someone had squatted it and been evicted when we moved in. When we spoke to the owner, it was like, "You guys can stay here, but will you leave when we ask you to?" We said, okay, we will leave when you ask us to, and that will be about three months time. He said, "Yeah, in three months time." We struck up an agreement with him, which he broke.

P: You can't trust them, and you can't extend it in the court by saying "We don't have our legal evidence together, we want another week or two." Basically that was a done-house, so we left.

Brixton and Acrelane

P: We knew people in Brixton, which is South London. Certain areas of London are squatting scenes. The info-shop is in Brixton, it is anarchist, there are animal rights people, and a lot of squats because it is relatively low-echelon economically. There are a lot of derelict houses, but a lot of very together people. There is also

a squatting organization and people helping you out, living for skiffs [dumpsters]. We met these people who were squatting a clothes shop, and a whole lot of people had been living there for awhile. We were welcome to stay there. That place got evicted, but it took three or four months so they had their home all that time.

M: Every squat has a different story. There was a big development in Acrelane, with thirty-seven people living there. The police raided the place, they were completely out of their legal rights. They kicked everyone out, you had to pick up your stuff and go. If you weren't there and didn't have a friend there, they chucked your stuff out on the street.

P: It was obviously housing a lot of illegal people from Czechoslovakia and South Africa. We weren't illegal, but that is the cover, the police come and want your identity.

Solidarity

P: There is a very good feeling in London, the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of squatters. If you get chucked out and need a place to stay and there is a squat, it is an open house, a home, and people respect it as their home. With

squatters there is a really tribal feeling about them. [squatting was amazing from that perspective. —M] If you met a squatter you knew you had something in common. You are fucking the system and you are going to look after each other.

M: It was a really positive thing because you are bringing life into a house that is being left dead and taking people off the streets. We did a lot of planting vegetables, and cleaning and painting the house, cleaning up the garden, a lot of really good things in one squat. [Except that we trashed it afterward. —P] Then we were evicted so we trashed it.

P: We didn't do it personally, but it got trashed because there were black fancy fireplaces and light fixings. There were about fourteen of us living in one squat. It was a semi-detached house that we knocked through, so it was a really big house. All over Brixton there are these big houses with communities living in them. It is really an amazing feeling that you get from the whole thing. There is a big difference of feeling from squatting there and in Amsterdam or Berlin. In Berlin the biggest squats are more established, and they are very politically active, as much as London, but London was smaller. The one I stayed at in Berlin was thirty-six people. They were hardcore punk anarchists, they weren't politically active, except for beating-up fascists. I suppose that is active. We had just arrived and didn't speak the language, when we met them on the street they said, "Come, stay in our squat." We lived there for a couple of months. We had never squatted before, having just come from South Africa, but they were really good to us.

Police Repression

P: It was crazy, us coming from white South Africa and how we were treated by the law. In South Africa you could do anything really and you were still kind of protected. When you squat in London, suddenly you were given the same prejudice that we have seen the white South African police force give the black people. Treating them like scum. We have black cops chasing us into our squat and arresting us for nothing and treating us like complete shit. The cops know where your squat is. They know who is doing what and who is not abiding by the laws. [Especially in Brixton, because it is very political. —M] Yes, and the cops are really quite hardcore. One time we went for a drink at the pub, but we weren't drunk or anything, and the guy who was driving wasn't drunk. The cops were circling around the pub and once he went around the corner we jumped into our car and drove off to our squat. When we got there a cop was waiting for us, and then they called back-up and suddenly there were eight or nine police and riot cars. We just drove home from the pub. Then their sirens carried on, basically riling us and everyone came out of the squat and wanted to know what the fuck was going on, why we were being treated like this and then they were making us angrier and angrier so they would push us, then they arrested us. They took us somewhere and dropped us off and we had to walk home at four o'clock in the morning through one of the most dangerous areas of London. They were playing with us.

Continued on page 29

San Diego National Love and Rage Conference

By Mark E.

The 1993 Love and Rage Network met in San Diego at the Che Cafe from July 7-11. The Che Cafe is a dynamic vegan collective, meeting area and place where bands play. During the conference volunteers, fully enjoying themselves, cooked yummy vegan meals (and lots of green beans) three times a day. Many people slept in the cafe's tree/plant sanctuary or on the nearby beach.

The Love and Rage Network has primarily consisted of a national newspaper produced in New York and Mexico City and of loosely-affiliated groups around North America, and has coordinated some national actions.

Amidst discussions friendly but divisive controversy surrounded the interest of some in a membership category within Love and Rage. Membership would include: 1) receiving Love and Rage publications 2) a negotiable \$25 fee to pay for this communication 3) some representation in Love and Rage decisions (through council delegates). Approximately one half of the group supported this proposal to build a national organization for future coordinated national actions. The other half in attendance wanted to maintain the loose network and thus thought a membership category would be too much "politicking" for them. Ultimately the anti-organization people (about 15) left to allow the pro-membership group to succeed in their proposal. Many anti-membership folks said they would continue to work with Love and Rage but not be members.

Opinions varied with this non-consensus membership decision. Some saw it as the first step in building a stronger, more organized anarchist movement and felt fully justified in

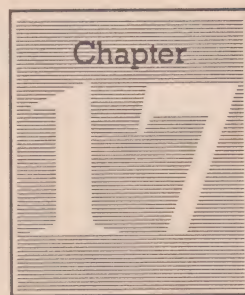
ignoring the consensus process in favor of continuing the work of building an organization into which they had already placed much time and energy. Several viewed it as the latest in a series of Love and Rage dissenters being frustrated and pushed out of the network and newspaper production group. Many production group people have left because of "backroom politics" and because a small group was always forcing its agenda, according to several conference participants. Others accused Love and Rage of "party-building" and "top-down organizing" because the "exclusionary elitists got their agenda as usual." Further the Neither East Nor West group stated they would not petition for the reinstatement of "On Gogol Boulevard" in the Love and Rage newspaper because of other outlets for "OGB" and because of Love and Rage's instability and "leninist strain."

Love and Rage is attempting to counteract these accusations of vanguardism by acknowledging this centralism and by shifting many network function to the Bay Area (POB 3606, Oakland, CA 94609).

With the pro-network people leaving, the dozen or so left at the meeting decided not to choose permanent council delegates and to change the name of the network to the Love and Rage Revolutionary Anarchist Federation. Earlier the group decided to concentrate on working against anti-immigration sentiment and continuing anti-racist actions. Mexico City anarchists will continue producing *Amor y Rabia*. Political prisoner campaigns, poster printing, the May 9, 1994 action against immigration controls and phone trees are the latest work of the post-conference federation.



The Revolution of Everyday Life



by
Raoul
Vaneigem

Up until now men have merely complied with a *system* of world-transformation. Today the task is to make the system comply with the transformation of the world.

The organization of human societies has changed the world, and the world in changing has brought upheaval to the organization of human societies. But if hierarchical organization seizes control of nature, while itself undergoing transformation in the court of this struggle, the portion of liberty and creativity falling to the lot of the individual is drained away by the requirements of adaptation to social norms of various kinds. This is true, at any rate, so long as no generalized revolutionary moment occurs.

The time belonging to the individual in history is for the most part dead time. Only a rather recent awakening of consciousness has made this fact intolerable to us. For with its revolution the bourgeoisie does two things. On the one hand, it proves that men *can* accelerate world transformation, and that they *can* improve their individual lives (where improvement is understood in terms of accession to the ruling class, to riches, to capitalist success). But at the same time the bourgeois order nullifies the individual's freedom by interference; it increases the dead time in daily life (imposing the need to produce, consume, calculate); and it capitulates before the haphazard laws of the market, before the inevitable cyclical crises with their burden of wars and misery, and before the limitations invented by "common sense" ("You can't change human nature," "The poor will always be with us", etc.). The politics of the bourgeoisie, as of the bourgeoisie's socialist heirs, is the politics of a driver pumping the brake while his accelerator is

Survival and false opposition to it

Survival is life reduced to economic imperatives. In the present period, therefore, survival is life reduced to what can be consumed (seventeen). Reality is giving answers to the problem of transcendence before our so-called revolutionaries have even thought of formulating this problem. Whatever is not transcended rots, and whatever is rotten cries out for transcendence. Spurious opposition, being unaware of both these tendencies, speeds up the process of decomposition while becoming an integral part of it: it thus makes the task of transcendence easier—but only in the sense in which we sometimes say of a murdered man that he made his murderer's task easier. Survival is non-transcendence become unlivable. The mere rejection of survival dooms us to impotence. We have to retrieve the core of radical demands which has repeatedly been renounced by movements which started out as revolutionary (eighteen).

Survival Sickness

Capitalism has demystified survival. It has made the poverty of daily life intolerable in view of the increasing wealth of technical possibilities. Survival has become an economizing on life. The civilization of collective survival increases the dead time in individual lives to the point where the death forces are liable to carry the day over collective survival itself. The only hope is that the passion for destruction may be reconverted into a passion for life.

jammed fast to the floor: the more his speed increases, the more frenetic, perilous and useless become his attempts to slow down. The helter-skelter pace of consumption is set at once by the rate of the disintegration of Power and by the imminence of the construction of a new order, a new dimension, a parallel universe born of the collapse of the Old World.

The changeover from the aristocratic system of adaptation to the "democratic" one brutally widened the gap between the passivity of individual submission and the social dynamism that transforms nature—the gap between men's powerlessness and the power of new techniques. The contemplative attitude was perfectly suited to the feudal sys-

tem, to a virtually motionless world underpinned by eternal gods. But the spirit of submission was hardly compatible with the dynamic vision of merchants, manufacturers, bankers and discoverers of riches—the vision of men acquainted not with the revelation of the immutable, but rather with the shifting economic world, the insatiable hunger for profit and the necessity of constant innovation. Yet wherever the bourgeoisie's action results in the popularization and valorization of the sense of transience, the sense of hope, the bourgeoisie *qua* power seeks to *imprison* men within this transitoriness. To replace the old theology of stasis the bourgeoisie sets up a metaphysics of motion. Although both these ideological systems

hinder the movement of reality, the earlier one does so more successfully and more harmoniously than the second: the aristocratic scheme is more consistent, more unified. For to place an ideology of change in the service of what does not change creates a paradox which nothing henceforward can either conceal from consciousness or justify to consciousness. Thus in our universe of expanding technology and comfort we see people turning in upon themselves, shrivelling up, living trivial lives and dying for details. It is a nightmare where we are promised absolute freedom but granted a miserable square inch of individual autonomy—a square inch, moreover, that is strictly policed by our neighbors. A space-time of pettiness and mean thoughts.

Before the bourgeois revolution, the possibility of death in a living God lent everyday life an illusory dimension which aspired to the fullness of a multifaceted reality. You might say that man has never come closer to self-realization while yet confined to the realm of the inauthentic. But what is one to say of a life lived out in the shadow of a God that is dead: the decomposing God of fragmented power? The bourgeoisie has dispensed with a God by economizing on men's lives. It has also made the economic sphere into a sacred imperative and life into an economic system. This is the model that our future programmers are preparing to rationalize, to submit to proper planning—in a word, to “humanize.” And, never fear, they will be no less irresponsible than the corpse of God.

Kierkegaard describes survival sickness well: “Let others bemoan the maliciousness of their age. What irks me is its pettiness, for ours is an age without passion...My life comes out all one color.” Survival is life reduced to bare essentials, to life's abstract form, to the minimum of activity required to ensure men's participation in production and consumption. The entitlement of a Roman slave was rest and sustenance. As beneficiaries of the Rights of Man we receive the wherewithal to nourish and cultivate ourselves, enough consciousness to play a role, enough initiative to

acquire power and enough passivity to flaunt Power's insignia. Our freedom is the freedom to adapt after the fashion of *higher animals*.

Survival is life in slow motion. How much energy it takes to remain on the level of appearances! The media gives wide currency to a whole personal hygiene of survival: avoid strong emotions, watch your blood pressure, eat less, drink in moderation only, survive in good health so that you can continue

“We must be economical
with survival for it wears us
down; we have to live it as
little as possible for it
belongs to death.”

playing your role. “Overwork: the executive's disease,” said a recent headline in *Le Monde*. We must be economical with survival for it wears us down; we have to live it as little as possible for it belongs to death. In former times one died a live death, one quickened by the presence of God. Today our respect for life prohibits us from touching it, reviving it or snapping it out of its lethargy. We die of inertia, whenever the charge of death that we carry with us reaches saturation point. Unfortunately there is no branch of science that can measure the intensity of the deadly radiation that kills our daily actions. In the end, by dint of identifying ourselves with what we are not, of switching from one role to another, from one authority to another, and from one age to another, how can we avoid becoming ourselves part of that never-ending state of transition which is the process of decomposition?

The presence within life itself of a mysterious yet tangible death so misled Freud that he postulated an ontological curse in the shape of a “death instinct.” This mistake of Freud's, which Reich had already pointed out, has now been clarified by the phenomenon of consumption. The three aspects of the death instinct—Nirvana, the repetition compulsion and masochism—have

turned out to be simply three styles of domination: constraint passively accepted, seduction through conformity to custom, and mediation perceived as an ineluctable law.

As we know, the consumption of goods—which comes down always, in the present state of things, to the consumption of power—carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction and the conditions of its own transcendence. The consumer cannot and must not ever attain satisfaction: the logic of the consumable object demands the creation of fresh needs, yet the accumulation of such false needs exacerbates the malaise of men confined with increasing difficulty solely to the status of consumers. Furthermore, the wealth of consumer goods impoverishes authentic life. It does so in two ways. First, it replaces authentic life with *things*. Secondly, it makes it im-

possible, with the best will in the world, to become attached to these things, precisely because they have to be consumed, *i.e.*, destroyed. Whence an absence of life which is ever more frustrating, a self-devouring dissatisfaction. This need to live is ambivalent: it constitutes one of those points where perspective is reversed.

In the consumer's manipulated view of things—the view of conditioning—the lack of life appears as insufficient consumption of power and insufficient self-consumption in the service of power. As a palliative to the absence of real life we are offered death on an instalment plan. A world that condemns us to a bloodless death is naturally obliged to propagate the taste for blood. Where survival sickness reigns, the desire to live lays hold spontaneously of the weapons of death: senseless murder and sadism flourish. For passion destroyed is reborn in the passion for destruction. If these conditions persist, no one will survive the era of survival. Already the despair is so great that many people would go along with the Antonin Artaud who said: “I bear the stigma of an insistent death that strips real death of all terror for me.”

The man of survival is inhabited by pleasure-anxiety, by unfulfillment: he is

a mutilated man. Where is he to find himself in the endless self-loss into which everything draws him? He is a wanderer in a labyrinth with no center, a maze full of mazes. His is a world of equivalents. Should he kill himself? Killing oneself, though, implies some sense of resistance: one must possess a value that one can destroy. Where there is nothing, the destructive actions themselves crumble to nothing. You cannot hurl a void into a void. "If only a rock would fall and kill me," wrote Kierkegaard, "at least that would be an expedient." I doubt if there is anyone today who has not been touched by the horror of a thought such as that. Inertia is the surest killer, the inertia of people who settle for senility at eighteen, plunging eight hours a day into degrading work and feeding on ideologies. Beneath the miserable tinsel of the spectacle there are only gaunt figures yearning for, yet dreading, Kierkegaard's "expedient," so that they might never again have to desire what they dread and dread what they desire.

At the same time the passion for life emerges as a biological need, the reverse side of the passion for destroying and letting oneself be destroyed. "So long as we have not managed to abolish any of the causes of human despair we have no right to try and abolish the means whereby men attempt to get rid of despair." The fact is that men possess both the means to eliminate the causes of despair and the power to mobilize these means in order to rid themselves of it. No one has the right to ignore the fact that the sway of conditioning accustoms him to survive on one hundredth of his potential for life. So general is survival sickness that the slightest concentration of lived experience could not fail to unite the largest number of men in a common will to live. The negation of despair would of necessity become the construction of a new life. The rejection of economic logic (which only economizes on life) would of necessity entail the death of economics and carry us beyond the realm of survival.

The complete text of the Left Bank/Rebel Press edition of Raoul Vaneigem's Revolution of Everyday Life is now out of print. We hope to have copies of the upcoming new edition available from C.A.L. (POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446) for \$12.00 postpaid later this fall.

International Squatting

Continued from page 25

M: Recently just before we left the squatting scene, because of this law, there has been a blitz going on with the coppers. When our last squat was evicted at the same time there were five or six of our friends in different squats all being evicted at the same time. It was really hardcore. [It was a surge. —P] Evictions are going on more and more, they are not being done legally either. The cops are tired of playing the squatters' rights game because it goes through the courts and everything. So they are being more and more illegal about it, forcing their way, making it look like the squatters are being disruptive and then evicting them.

Anarchistic Attitudes

P: One has to consider that most of the squatters are anarchistic, fucking the system. [What percentage are anarchistic? —A] All of them. [All of them. —M] Maybe not terminology-wise, but definitely in London none of them are towing the line in terms of the system. They may not call themselves anarchists. A lot of them are into petty-crime, nothing that we would have thought of as crime. We used to live a lot out of skiffs, you call it dumpster diving. We had a skiff behind one of the shops. It is illegal, they can get you for shoplifting if you take food that has been thrown away. People are caught for that. We lived out of the skiffs, because you got no money. Then they tell you you are living off the system because they are giving you the dole, and you should stop fucking them over. Meanwhile they are making you apathetic and giving you the dole and then making you angry and then silencing you. It is a continual political struggle. I definitely found in London the squats are much more friendly than in Holland or Germany. In London they take you in immediately. I have heard quite a few people say that the solidarity of squatters in London is quite amazing.

Witch's Squat

A: You were talking about the house you moved into with seven women. How did you meet together and decide to squat?

M: There were five women and ourselves. They were South African girls and I didn't know them in South Africa. [We went to the University together. —P] I didn't know them, but because we were all in the university together, I knew someone who knew someone and we met because we were South African ex-pats in London and got together to see each other. We got along really well. I chose to hang out with them because I could identify with them. There was a lot to learn from those girls. It was an excellent squat. It was really nice to see women getting it together and doing it and breaking into the house and changing the locks, holding the fort. When the squat was broken and all the locks had been changed, because it was an enormous three story house, we were all exhausted and really scared. It was a dark and dingy house. We all went into one bedroom and laid down and went to sleep. We hadn't

been asleep for more than half an hour when we heard this banging on the roof and scampering around. We thought, "Oh, God, who is here?" What has happened in the past is heavies have come in, bashed down the door, beat you up and ejected you. Who knows who they are working for and why they are doing it. That is a danger. We didn't know what was happening and we sat upright and there was a guy on the other side of the door who happened to be squatting the house completely alone, a lone ranger. We spoke through the door, negotiated, and agreed to let him into his own home which we had taken possession of. We ended up living with him, which was really cool because he was a Londoner and he knew the ropes. [He was a real squatting-man. —P] He had been squatting for years and years. He has five squats going at a time because he is on the run from the cops. He has different homes to go to, so he was delighted to have one of his homes brought to life. It was a really good community. He taught us a lot and we taught him a lot and we were really busy with womanly workshops and spirituality in the house. It was nice. [What kind of stuff? —A] We explored the Gnostics at the time, we were going to a workshop in a place in London and we were trying as a group to apply what we heard. [All philosophical readings, Tarot, I-Ching, Crystal reading. —P] Exploring lots and lots of things. [Things that we didn't have access to in South Africa. There was more reading matter and people working in London. South Africa is a bit behind. —P] We didn't interact with men at all. [We used to draw on the walls and play together. We were right next to a park and we played tennis, showered and danced and went to Stonehenge together, yoga. It was actually brilliant. —P] Wasn't it wonderful? All women. [Yea, it was completely wonderful. —P] It was really nice because there was no one to tell us how to do it except Stan-the-man. [He didn't really have much to do with it. I think when men came there they were quite intimidated. It really felt like a clan of witches. The energy in the house was very witch-like. *This is our space.* It was nice. —P] Bloody nice.

Sexism

A: What is the sexism within the anarchist squatting movement? What are your experiences with that?

M: It differs from place to place.

P: Mostly we were involved with people who were completely correct. In London there was very little sexism within the squatting scene. You were a woman and you were a man. It was just a gender thing.

M: I never felt sexually harassed by any squatter. Never, ever. [No. —P] I think we may have harassed some boys once or twice. [Feminism was just a basic given, an understanding. —P] Since I have come here I have been amazed at the sex workshops and how they have been received with such awe. "We need this and we haven't spoken enough about this." In England it was easy, though they were just the people we were involved with, there is obviously still a lot of sexism in England itself.

Who the Fuck Can Own This Tree?

A: How do you feel about the abstract concept of ownership of land and property in land?

Continued on page 52

FOR A WORLD

*Translator's note: the following text first appeared in the theoretical anti-state communist journal **La Banquise**, which was published in the early to mid-1980s. Copies of **La Banquise** and **Le Brise-Glace** (mid to late 1980s) are still available by writing to **Mordicus**, a more recent journal in which some former **La Banquise** and **Le Brise-Glace** members are participating. Write to: **Mordicus**, B.P. 11, 75622 Paris Cedex 13, France.*

T

his introduction to a critique of social customs is a contribution to a necessary revolutionary anthropology. The communist movement possesses a dimension which is both a class and human one. It is a movement which is based on the central role of workers *without* being a form of workerism, and *without* being a humanism it moves toward a human community. For now, reformism thrives on separation by piling up demands in parallel spheres without ever questioning these spheres themselves. One of the proofs of the potency of a communist movement will be its capacity to recognize, and in practice to supersede, this gap and contradiction between the dimensions of class and community.

It is this gap and contradiction which flourish in the ambiguities of emotional life, making the critique of morality more delicate than other critiques.

What follows is not a text about "sexuality," which is an historical and cultural product in the same sense as the economy and work. Along with work and the economy, "sexuality" came into being as a specialized sphere of human activity during 19th century capitalism, when it was finalized and theorized (discovered). It was then banalized by capitalism in the 20th and is something we can go beyond in a totally communist life.

For the same reasons, this text is not a "critique of daily life." Such a critique expresses only the social space which is *excluded from work* and is in competition with it. "Customs," on the contrary, include the entirety of human relations from a viewpoint of the sentiments. These customs do not exclude material production (the bourgeois morality of the family, for example, is indissociable from the work ethic).

Since in its own way capitalism sums up the human past which produced it, there can be no revolutionary critique without a critique of the customs and lifeways which preceded capitalism, and *the way they have been integrated by it*.



Johann Human Being

Without MORALITY

LOVE—ECSTASY—CRIME

Love

According to Marx's *1844 Manuscripts*, "The most natural relationship between man and man is the relationship between man and woman." This formula is comprehensible and can be of use as long as we keep in mind that humanity's history is the history of its emancipation from nature through the creation of the economic sphere. The concept that humans are anti-nature, that they are completely external to nature, is clearly an aberration. Humanity's nature is at the same time a purely biological given (we are primates) and the activity, within and outside of themselves, of people modifying what is a purely natural given.

People are not external to natural conditions because they themselves are one of them. But they wish to understand these conditions and have begun to play with them. There is room for discussion about the mechanisms which have brought this about (the extent to which it resulted from difficulties of survival, especially in the temperate regions, etc.). But what is certain is that, by transforming their environment, and being transformed in turn by it, people find themselves in a situation which radically distinguishes them from other known states of matter. Stripped of all metaphysical presuppositions, this capacity to play to a certain extent with the rules of matter is in effect human freedom. This freedom, from which people have been dispossessed in the process of creating it (since it is what has nourished the economy), is the freedom that must be reconquered. But without entertaining any illusions about what it is: neither the freedom of expansive desires which do not run into obstacles, nor the freedom to submit to the commands of Mother Nature (who could decipher them?). It also means giving full rein to our freedom to play with the laws of nature, a freedom which is as much one of re-routing the course of a body of water as it is one of making sexual use of an orifice which was not naturally "intended" for this use. It is a question of finally realizing that only risk guarantees freedom.

Because it must give human freedom full rein, the critique of human customs cannot single out one practice as opposed to another as a symbol of their misery. It is sometimes said that in today's world, the freedom to be found in people's lifestyles is simply a masturbatory activity (alone, two people, or more). To limit oneself to this given is to misapprehend the essence of sexual misery. Must the self-evident be belabored? There are solitary jerk-offs which are infinitely less miserable than many embraces. Reading a good adventure novel can be



a lot more lively than organized excursions. What is miserable is to live in a world where the only adventures are in books. It is not the daydreams eventually followed by results which someone makes us experience that are disgusting. The disgusting part is the conditions which must be fulfilled in order to make it possible to meet the person. When we read a want ad in which a man with a beard invites the old woman and her dog who live upstairs over to have some fun, it is neither his beard, her age nor the zoophilia which disgust us. What is repugnant is that, by putting an ad in *Libération* [a leftist daily], his desire becomes a means to market a particularly nauseating ideological commodity.

When someone is alone in a room writing a theoretical text, to the extent that the text provides insight into social reality, he or she is less isolated from people than at work or in the subway. Although the predominance of one of them may be symptomatic, it is not in one activity as opposed to another that the essence of sexual misery is to be found; it resides in the fact that, whether there are ten people, two, or if you are alone, individuals are irremediably separated from each other through relations of competition, exhaustion and boredom. Exhaustion from working; boredom with roles; the boredom of sexuality as a separate activity.

Sexual misery, in the first place, signifies social constraint (the constraints of wage-labor, and its cortege of psychological and physiological miseries; the constraints of social codes). These social constraints exert influence in a domain which is presented by the dominant culture

and its dissident version as one of the last regions in the world where adventure remains possible. To the extent that capitalist Judeo-Christian civilization has been imposed upon people, sexual misery also signifies their profound disarray with respect to how the West has handled sexuality.

From Stoicism, the dominant outlook during the Roman Empire, Christianity adopted the double concept that: 1) sex is the basis of pleasure; 2) therefore it can and should be

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controlled. The Orient, for its part, through an open affirmation of sexuality (and not just the art of making love), tends towards a pan-sexualism where sexuality must of course be mastered but in the same sense as everything else; it is not given a privileged position. The West does not control sexuality by ignoring it but by thinking of nothing else. Everything is sexualized. The worst aspect is not that sex is repressed by Judeo-Christianity, but that Judeo-Christianity was dazzled by it. And not that Judeo-Christianity kept a lid on sexuality, but that it organized it. The West has made sexuality the hidden truth of the normal conscience. But of madness (hysteria) as well. Just as a crisis of morality was getting underway, Freud discovered that sexuality was the big secret of the world and of civilization as a whole.

Sexual misery comes from an interaction between two moral orders, the traditional and modern ones which cohabit, to a greater or lesser extent, in the minds and glands of our contemporaries. On the one hand we suffer from constraints of morality and work, which keep us from attaining the historical ideal of a sexual blossoming and of a blossoming of love. On the other, the more we free ourselves from these constraints (in our imaginations in any case), the more this ideal appears unsatisfactory and empty.

A tendency and its transformation into a spectacle should not be taken as a totality. If a relative liberalization has occurred during our era, the traditional order has far from disappeared. Just try being openly "pedophile." The traditional order functions and will long continue to function for a lot of people living in the industrialized countries. In many parts of the world it is still dominant and on the offensive (in the Islamic countries and in the Eastern Bloc). Its representatives, priests from Rome or Moscow, are far from inactive in France itself. The suffering caused by their misdeeds is still weighty enough that we should hardly be prevented from denouncing them with the claim that the underpinnings of traditional morality are being undermined by capital. Not every revolt against this order necessarily tends toward neo-reformism. Just as easily revolt can be the oppressed person's cry, a cry which contains the kernel of the infinite variety of possible sexual and sensual practices which have been repressed for millennia.

We are not, it should be clear, against "perversions." We do not even oppose lifelong heterosexual monogamy. But when *littérateurs* or artists (the surrealists for example) wish to impose *l'amour fou* ("mad love") as what is most desirable, it must be stated that this is a recycled version of the great modern Western reductionist myth. The object of this myth is to provide a spiritual bonus for couples—those isolated atoms which constitute the capitalist economy's best basis. Among the riches of a world free of capital will be the infinite variations of a perverse and polymorphous sexuality and sensuality. Only with the blossoming of these practices will the love praised by André Breton and Harlequin novels¹ appear for what it really is—a transitory cultural construction.

The traditional moral order is oppressive and merits being criticized and combatted as such. But if it finds itself in a state of crisis it is not because our contemporaries prize freedom more than our ancestors. It is because bourgeois morality has been unable to adapt to modern conditions of producing and circulating commodities.

The bourgeois morality conceived in its full scope during the 19th century and transmitted through religious channels and



Collage by Johann Humyn Being

secular schools arose from a need for ideological conduits towards the domination of industrial capitalism at a time when capital was not yet entirely dominant. Sexual morality and the morality of work and of the family went hand in hand. Capital was based on bourgeois and petit bourgeois values: property as the fruit of work and saving; hard but necessary work; family life. In the first half of the 20th century capital reached a point where it occupied the entire social space, making itself indispensable and inevitable. Because there is nothing else, working for a salary becomes the only possible activity. Thus, even as it imposes itself on everyone, wage labor is able to present itself as a non-constraint and guarantee of freedom. Since everything becomes a commodity, each aspect of morality becomes outmoded. Through credit people gain access to property *before* saving. They work because it is practical, not out of a sense of duty. The extended family gives way to the nuclear family, which is itself thrown into disarray by the constraints of money and work. Schools and the media challenge parents with respect to authority, influence and

education. Everything announced in the *Communist Manifesto* has been accomplished by capitalism. With the disappearance of community places to get together (cafés ...) and their replacement by places to consume which lack feeling (discos, malls), too much is asked of the family at a time when it has less than ever to offer.

More profoundly, beneath the crisis of bourgeois morality lies a crisis of what is known as capitalist morality. It becomes difficult to make "customs" permanent, to find ways of relating and behaviour which go beyond the bankruptcy of bourgeois morality. What morality, then, does modern capitalism offer? The submission of everyone and everything, since capital's omnipresence theoretically makes previous relay systems superfluous. Fortunately this doesn't work. There is no purely, wholly, uniquely capitalist society, and never will be. Capitalism, for one thing, does not create something from nothing; it transforms people and relationships which come into being outside it (peasants who come to the city; *petit-bourgeois déclassés*; immigrants). And something from the old

sociability, at least in the form of nostalgia, always remains. As well, capital's functioning itself is not harmonious. The promises of the dreamworld of commercials are not kept, causing a reaction, a falling back upon traditional values like the family which on the whole are outmoded. Which results in the phenomenon of people continuing to marry although three out of four marriages end in a divorce. Because it is obliged to order about, push around and constrain wage workers, capital has to permanently re-introduce relay values of authority and obedience even though its present stage has made them obsolete. This is why the old ideology is constantly used in conjunction with the new one (participation, etc.).

Our era is one of a coexistence of moralities, of a proliferation of codes, not their disappearance. Guilt (being afraid of violating a taboo) is juxtaposed with anguish (a sense of a lack of guideposts with respect to "choices" to be made). Narcissism and schizophrenia, the maladies characteristic of our period, replace the neuroses and hysteria of the previous era.

What guides people's behaviour today is less and less an unquestionable ensemble of dictates which is transmitted by a father or a priest than a sort of utilitarian morality of personal improvement that utilizes a fetishization of the body and a frenzied psychologization of human relations. An obsession with interpretation replaces confessional rites and the examination of conscience.²

Ahead of his time, de Sade simply announced our own, one in which, *until* people become themselves, there is no moral *guarantee*. The intolerable boredom the reader of the Marquis' monotonous catalogue sooner or later experiences is recaptured when you read the want ads, where the traits of a communicationless pleasure are infinitely repeated. Sadeian desire aims to reify other people completely, to make them a soft dough which can be moulded by one's fantasies. This is a deadly attitude: to annihilate otherness, to refuse to be dependent on the desire of someone else, means repeating the same thing, and death. But whereas the Sadeian hero smashes social impediments, modern people, with their logic of individual self-improvement, have become their own fantasy dough-to-be-kneaded. They are not overcome by desires; they "achieve their fantasies." Or rather they attempt to, like they jog instead of running for the sake of it or because they have to get somewhere quickly. Today people do not lose themselves in other people; they activate and develop their capacity for pleasure, their ability to have orgasms. Insignificant trainers of their own bodies, they tell them: "Come!", "Better than that!", "Run!", "Dance!", etc.

For people today, the need for work is replaced by the need to make leisure time a success. Sexual constraints are replaced by a difficulty in affirming a sexual identity. This narcissistic culture goes hand in hand with a change in the function of religion. Instead of invoking a transcendence, religion becomes a means of making it easier to handle life-crisis periods (adolescence, marriage, death). Also, not only religion is helping to keep people up-to-date: the family is invoked as well! "Not a family which is omnipresent, as in the previous century, but one that is omni-absent. A family no longer defined by the work ethic or by sexual constraints, but by an ethic of survival and by sexual promiscuity," according to psychologist Christopher Lasch. (*Le Monde*, April 12, 1981).

In the midst of the crisis of morality that dominates Western society, people are more poorly equipped than ever to resolve

the "question of sexuality." And it is precisely when this question is posed most directly that the chances of noticing that it is not a "question" are best.

People today are panicking. They are all the more lost, as everything alive turns into a commodity, when this commodification concerns a sexuality which has been repressed for 2000 years, only to resurface as a commodity. It then becomes apparent that relentless sensuality (e.g. the film *La Grande Bouffe*), in a world of commodities, isolates individuals even more from humanity, one's partners and oneself. Since they end up with the impression that the idea of sexuality is deadly and alienating, people ultimately readopt a Christian outlook.

For example, the work of someone like Georges Bataille reveals a lot about Western evolution since the beginning of the century. Going against the grain of the history of civilization, Bataille starts with sexuality and ends up with religion. From the fiction piece *L'Oeil* until the end of his life, Bataille searched for what was implicit in *L'Oeil*. On the way his trajectory crossed that of the revolutionary movement, only to veer away all the more quickly and easily when the movement almost completely disappeared. Nevertheless, during the last years before World War Two, he defended positions with respect to anti-fascism and the threat of war which lucidly cut through the verbiage of the vast majority of the extreme left. This is why his work remains ambiguous. It can be used to illustrate the religious impasses where the experience of the limits of unleashed sexuality ends up:

"A brothel is my true church, the only one that leaves me unquenched."

But if, in the above, as in most of his work, he limits himself to going against the grain of accepted values, to refining a new version of Satanism, he has also written sentences which reveal a profound intuition about essential aspects of communism: "taking perversion and crime not as values which exclude, but as things to be integrated into the totality of humanity."

T Ecstasy

Through the cultural constructions to which it has given birth (love as it was practised by the ancient Greeks, courtly love, kinship systems, bourgeois contracts, etc.), emotional and sexual life has constantly been the stakes, a matrix of passions, a zone of contact with another cultural sphere: the sacred. In trances, in ecstasy, in feelings of communion with nature, the desire to go beyond the limits of the individual expresses itself through states of paroxysm. This desire to become one with the species which has been channelled towards the cosmos or a divinity has until now worn the prestigious rags of the sacred. Religions, and monotheistic ones in particular, have circumscribed the sacred, assigning it a leading role while at the same time distancing it from human life. In contrast to primitive societies, where the sacred is inseparable from daily life, in statist societies it has become more and more specialized. Capitalist civilization has not eliminated the sacred; it has kept a lid on it, and its various residues and ersatz manifestations continue to encumber social life. In a world in which obsolete religious ideas and commodity banalization coexist, a communist critique is double-pronged: it gets rid of the sacred, that is, it flushes out the old taboos from the places where they have taken refuge,



Cheri Coppick and Josh Flowers display their "True Love Waits" cards, an abstinence program concocted by the Southern Baptist Convention. Participants pledge to remain "sexually pure until [they] enter a covenant marriage relationship."

"It will become a thing to do," predicts Lara McCalman, 17. "It's positive peer pressure."

More than 10,000 Southern Baptist churches have asked for information about the program, and 14 other denominations and youth groups are interested, according to Richard Ross, a Southern Baptist "youth ministry consultant." —**Michael William** (ex-Baptist)

and at the same time it begins to go beyond the sacredness which capitalism has only degraded.

The sacred aspects of the zones where the old obsessions such as the pubis have taken refuge must therefore be removed. To counter adoration of the penis, its conquering imperialism, the feminist ideology has come up with nothing better than fetishizing women's genitalia, and, backed by piles of pathos and literature, making it the headquarters of what makes them different; the obscure fold where their being is located! Rape thus becomes the crime of crimes, an ontological attack. As if violently inflicting a penis' penetration were more disgusting than forcing a woman into wage slavery through economic pressure! But it is true that in the first instance it is easy to locate the guilty party—an individual—whereas in the second it is a question of a social relationship. It is easier to exorcise fear by making rape a blasphemy, an invasion in the holy of holies—as if being manipulated by ads, innumerable physical aggressions at work, or having the apparatus of social control start a file on you did not constitute forms of intimate violence which are just as profound as an imposed intercourse!

Ultimately, what makes a Somali rip out his wife's clitoris and what animates the feminists flows from the same concept

of human individuality as the object of property relations. Convinced that his wife is one of his belongings, the Somali believes that it is his duty to protect her from feminine desire, which is seen as parasitically dangerous to the economy of the group. But in so doing, he profoundly reduces and impoverishes his own pleasure and his own desire. In the clitoris of his wife it is the human desire of both sexes which is symbolically targeted. The mutilated woman *has been amputated from humanity*. The feminist who shouts that her body belongs to her wants to keep her desire for herself.³ But when she desires, she becomes part of a community in which appropriation dissolves.

The demand "My body belongs to me" supposedly gives concrete content to the "Rights of Man" of 1789. Has it not been often enough repeated that these rights only concern an abstract person and have only ultimately benefitted the bourgeois individual! Bourgeois, male, white, adult, it is said nowadays. Neo-reformism claims to correct this by giving real content to this hitherto abstract "man." The real "rights" of the real "man," in short. But the "real man" is simply the woman, the Jew, the Corsican, the gay, the person from Vietnam, etc. "My body belongs to me" follows directly in the footsteps of the bourgeois revolution which these feminists are attempting to complete and perfect for ever and ever by requesting democracy to cease being "formal." What is being criticized here are effects which are said to be their cause!

The demand to control one's body is a restatement of the bourgeois demand for property rights. To escape the secular oppression of women who were previously treated as objects to be possessed by their husbands (and who still are today in other ways), feminism has come up with nothing better than expanding property rights. By becoming an owner in turn, women will be protected: to each her own! This pitiful demand reflects the obsession with "security" which the media and all the political parties are doing their utmost to make contemporary people adopt. This demand arises in relation to a horizon which is blocked off: to master something (in this case one's body), private appropriation is the only means which can be envisioned. Our bodies, though, belong to those who love us—not because of a legally guaranteed "right," but because, as flesh and feelings, we live and evolve only through them. And to the extent that we are able to love the human species, our body belongs to it.

At the same time that it strips away what is sacred, a communist critique denounces the capitalist utopia of a world in which people are no longer able to love to death, a world where, since everything has been levelled, everything is equal and everything can be exchanged—playing sports, making love and working would take place in the same quantified, industrial time frame chopped into pieces like a sausage. Sexologists will be around to cure any libidinal letdowns, psychotherapists to avoid mental suffering, and the police, with the help of chemistry, to prevent any excesses. In such a world there

would no longer be a field of human activity which would create a different temporal rhythm by making questioning everything the stakes.

The ahistorical illusion which is the basis of mystical practices is a dangerous one. The only important thing about these practices is what, by definition, they don't really possess: what can be communicated. We cannot escape from history, but the history of individuals or of the species is also not a purely linear unfolding which capitalism produces (and convinces people that it produces). History includes high points which go beyond and are part of the present, orgasms where people lose themselves in other people, in society, and in the species.

"Christianity has substantialized the sacred. But the nature of the sacred (...) is perhaps the hardest thing to pin down which takes place between people. The sacred is simply a privileged moment of communal union, an instant of convulsive communication which is usually snuffed out." (G. Bataille, *Le Sacré*, Works).

Today this instant of "communal unity" is to be found at concerts, in the panic which grips a crowd, and, in its most degraded form, in the great patriotic outbursts and other manifestations of the "union sacrée" ("sacred union")⁴—whose manipulation allows every dirty trick. As opposed to what is taking place in backward capitalist countries like Iran, it can be presumed that in modern war only a minority would participate; the rest would *watch*. But nothing is for certain. The manipulation of the sacred still has sunny days ahead,

perhaps, because until now it is the sacred which has represented the only high point where people's irrepressible need to be together has manifested itself.

If they have provided a more or less imaginary nook sheltered from class struggle, mystical practices have also cemented revolts. This has been demonstrated for example in Taoist trances in resistance to the central powers in ancient China, in voodoo during slave revolts, and in millenarian prophecies. If contemporary mystical quests play a counter-revolutionary role because they are just a way for bourgeois individuals to withdraw into themselves, the fact remains that commodity banalization of every aspect of life tends to empty existence's passionate content. Today's world asks us to love just a jumble of individual inadequacies. Compared to traditional societies it has lost an essential dimension of human life: the high points when people are united with nature. We are condemned to watch harvest festivals on TV.

But we are not interested in a ridiculous longing for the past, a return to the joys whose repetitive, illusory and limited nature history has made plain. At a time when capitalism tends to impose its reign without sharing, searching for "communal unity" and "convulsive communication" elsewhere than in revolution becomes purely reactionary. Since capitalism has banalized everything, this gives us an opportunity to free ourselves from sexuality as a specialized sphere. The world we desire is one in which the possibility of going beyond oneself exists in every human activity, a world which proposes that we love the species and individuals whose insufficiencies will be



Collage by Johann Humyn Being

ones of the species and no longer those of existence. The stakes today—what is worth risking one's life for and what could impart another rhythm to time—is the content of life in its entirety.

“T” Crime

he meaninglessness of history is delightful. Why torment ourselves about destiny's happy ending, a final party that can only be earned through our sweat and disasters? For future idiots prancing on our ashes? In its absurdity a vision of a paradisiacal culmination surpasses hope's worst wanderings. The only pretext to apologize for Time is that some moments are found to be more profitable than others—accidents without consequence in an intolerable monotony of perplexities.” (E.M. Cioran, *Précis de décomposition*)

Communism is not a paradise-like culmination.

Calling communism a paradise, in the first place, allows accepting *everything* in the meantime. In the event of a social revolution, not changing society from top to bottom will be accepted: a society without a state or prisons—fine, but for later, when people are perfect. Until then, everything becomes justifiable: a workers' state, people's prisons, etc., since communism is only fit for a humankind of gods.

Next there is the soothing vision of a desirable society which would disgust us if it were achieved. Any community, whatever its size, obliges its members to renounce a part of themselves. And, in the sense of positive desires—ones whose bringing to fruition would not compromise other people—to leave certain positive desires unfulfilled, for the simple reason that these desires are not necessarily shared by others. What makes such a situation tolerable is the certainty that there remains the possibility of withdrawing if someone finds that giving these things up threatens their personal integrity. This would not take place without suffering. But to feel fully alive, is not the risk of suffering and death indispensable?

The fact that humanity threatens to wipe itself out by playing with the laws of matter, and with it all life on the planet, is not what upsets us. What is intolerable is that humanity is doing so entirely unconsciously. And because it has created capital, which imposes its own inhumane laws, in spite of itself. It is true, though, that as soon as people began to alter their environment they risked destroying it and themselves with it, and that this risk will probably remain despite the forms of social organization in place. One could even conceive of a humanity which, having initially fought and then tamed and loved the universe, decides to disappear and to reintegrate into nature in the form of dust. There can be no humanity without risk in any case, because there can be no humanity without other people—which is also just as evident in the game of passions.

If we can easily imagine that a less harsh society would give women and men (men who have been condemned to wear only work clothes since the bourgeois revolution!) a chance to be more beautiful, to practice relations of seduction which are at the same time simpler and more refined, we are also unable to stifle a yawn when a world in which everyone pleases everyone else is evoked, one where making love is like shaking hands and does not imply any kind of involvement. This, however, is the world promised by the liberalization of

customs.

So it would appear that Karl will continue to please Jenny more than Friedrich. But one would have to believe in miracles to imagine that if Friedrich desired Jenny, she would automatically desire him. Communism in no way guarantees that all desires will be complementary. And the very real tragedy of unshared desire would appear to be the unavoidable price to pay to keep the game of seduction exciting. Not because of the principle “anything obtained without effort is useless,” but because desire includes otherness and thus its possible negation. No human and social games without stakes and risks! This is the unique and seemingly unavoidable norm. Unless, by remaining in hock to the old world, our monkey-like imagination makes us unable to understand human beings.

Aside from its very poetic and extensive list of possibilities, what makes Fourier's system less tedious than those of most other utopians is that his system integrates the necessity of conflicts. We know that virtually all the accidents the old world considers crimes or offenses are just sudden changes of owners (theft), accidents due to competition (the murder of a bank teller), or products of the misery of human social customs. But in a stateless world it is not unimaginable that exacerbated passions could make someone kill someone else or make them suffer. In such a world the only guarantee that people would not torture other people would be that they feel no need to. But if someone needs to? If the person enjoys torturing? With the old eye-for-an-eye and blood price etc. representations swept away, a woman whose lover was just assassinated or a man whose lover had just been tortured would find it completely idiotic (in spite of their sorrow) to kill someone or to lock them up in order to compensate for the loss suffered in such a weird way. Perhaps ... But if the desire for vengeance gets the upper hand? And if the other person continues to kill?

In the workers' movement the anarchists are undoubtedly among the few people who have concretely considered the problem of social life without the state. Bakunin's response is not really convincing: “The complete abolition of all degrading and cruel sentences, of corporal punishment and death sentences which have been blessed and carried out by the law. The abolition of all indefinite sentences or ones which are too long and leave no possibility for rehabilitation: crime must be considered a sickness, etc.” You would think you were reading the Socialist Party program before they took power. But the passage which follows in the text is of more interest: “Any individual who is condemned by the laws of any society, commune, province or nation will retain the right to refuse to accept the sentence which has been imposed by declaring that he or she no longer wishes to be a member of the society in question. But in this case the society, in turn, will have the right to eject the person from its midst and to declare that society's protection is not guaranteed to the individual. Since the person is thrown back into a situation where the usual eye-for-an-eye laws are in place, at least in the territory occupied by the society, someone who refuses to submit can thus be pillaged, mistreated or even killed without the society becoming perturbed. Everyone can rid themselves of the individual as if he or she were a harmful beast. However, never must the person be forced into servitude or enslaved.” (Bakunin, *La Liberté, Pauvert*)

This makes one think of the solution of primitive peoples: individuals who violate taboos are no longer taken seriously; they are laughed at every time they open their mouths. Or they are obliged to leave and go into the jungle. Or they become invisible, etc. Expelled from the community, in any case, that death will shortly occur is assured.

If it is a question of destroying prisons in order to rebuild ones which are a bit less harsh and better ventilated, count us out. We will always be on the side of those who are unwilling to submit. Because what is a sentence that is "too long"? It is hardly necessary to have wasted away in prison to know that, by definition, any time spent in one is too long. But don't count on us either if you want to replace prisons with an even more extreme distancing. As for treating crime like a sickness, this opens the door to a tranquilizer-ridden totalitarianism or to the discourse of psychiatrists.

"It is curious to state that one only has to *lighten up* (and in this sense someone not prematurely old cannot help but rival the most unruly child) in order to find the sleaziest thieves charming. Is the social order only a burst of laughter away from becoming unglued? (...) Life is not a laughing matter, teachers and mothers affirm, not without the most hilarious gravity, to children who are astounded by the news. In the unfortunate mind clouded by this mysterious training, however, I can imagine a still-gleaming paradise which begins with a resounding crash of broken dishes. (...) Unimpeded fun has all the products of the world at its disposal; each object is to be tossed in the air and smashed like a plaything." (Georges Bataille, *Les Pieds Nickelés*)

What to do with the dish smashers? Today it is impossible to answer this question and it is not certain that there will be a satisfactory one even in a stateless society. That there will be people who refuse to play the game, who smash the dishes, who are prepared to risk suffering and even death for the

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simple pleasure of rupturing social bonds, such is the no doubt unavoidable risk any society will run if it refuses to expel anyone at all, however asocial they might be. The damage such a society undergoes will always be less than the damage it exposes itself to by turning asocial people into monsters. Communism must not lose its *raison d'être* in order to save a few lives, however "innocent" they might be. Until now, the mediations conceived to avoid or soften conflicts or to maintain internal order in societies have caused oppression and human losses which are infinitely greater than those they were supposed to prevent or limit. In a communist world there will be no substitute state, no "non-state" which would still remain a state.

"To repress anti-social reactions would be as unimaginable as it would be unacceptable on principle." ("Letter to the Insane Asylum Head Doctors," *La Révolution Surréaliste*, no. 3, 15 April 1925)

It is not only with respect to the distant future that this question is pertinent. It is also at stake during periods of social unrest. Consider the fate reserved for looters and thieves during 19th century riots and the moral order which was reproduced in these riots. In the same sense, during the first years of the Russian revolution a "Bolshevik marriage code" whose title is an entire program in itself was juxtaposed onto a powerful movement which was transforming social customs. Any more or less revolutionary period will witness the appearance of groups which are halfway between social subversion and delinquency, as well as temporary inequalities, hoarders, profiteers, and above all, an entire spectrum of nebulous conduct which will be hard to label "revolutionary," "counterrevolutionary," "survival tactics," etc. Ongoing communization will resolve this, but in one or two generations, perhaps longer. Until then, measures must be taken—not in the sense of a "return to law and order," which will be one of the key slogans of the antirevolutionaries—but by developing what is original in a communist movement: for the most part it does not repress, *it subverts*.

This means, in the first place, that a communist movement uses only the amount of violence which is strictly necessary to reach its goals. Not out of moralism or non-violence, but because any superfluous violence becomes autonomous and an end in itself. Next, it signifies that a communist movement's weapons are above all the transformation of social relationships and the production of social conditions of existence. Spontaneous looting will cease to be a massive change of owners, a simple juxtaposition of private appropriations, if a community of struggle is formed between the looters and producers. Only on this condition can looting become a point of departure for a social reappropriation and use of riches in a perspective which is broader than one of simply consuming. (Which is not to be condemned in itself. Social life is not only productive activity but also consumption and consummation. And if the poor wish to offer themselves a few pleasures first, who but priests would think of holding it against them?) As for hoarders, if violent measures will be necessary at times it will be to reappropriate things, not to punish. In any case, only when a world without price tags begins to spread will the possibility of harm being done by hoarders be completely removed. If money is nothing more than pieces of paper, if what is hoarded can no longer be exchanged for money, what would be the point of hoarding?

The more a revolution radicalizes, the less it needs to be repressive. We are all the more willing to affirm this since human life, in the sense of biological survival, is not the supreme value for communism. It is capitalism which imposes the monstrous scam of an assurance of maximal survival in exchange for maximum submission to the economy. But isn't a world where you must hide to choose the hour when you die a world that is extremely *devalued*?

Communism does not use values people adopt as a starting point; it uses the real relations they are experiencing. Each group carries out, refuses, allows and imposes certain acts and not others. Before having values, and *in order* to have them, there are things which people do or don't do, which they impose or forbid.

In contradictory class societies what is forbidden is set in stone and simultaneously subject to be outmanoeuvred or violated. In primitive societies, and to a certain extent in traditional societies, what is forbidden does not constitute a morality as such. Values and taboos are constantly produced in every activity of social life. It is when work and private life became more and more radically opposed that the question of social customs imposed itself, becoming acute in 19th century Europe with the rise of what the bourgeoisie called the dangerous classes. It was necessary for workers to be said to be free to go to work (in order to justify the capitalists' freedom to refuse to provide it to them). At the same time morality had to be kept in good working order and people were told not to drink too much and that work equals dignity. There is morality only because there are social customs, that is, a domain which society theoretically leaves up to individuals against whom it at the same time enacts legislation *from the outside*.

Religious law, and, later, the law of the state, have presupposed a separation. This is the difference compared to communism, where there will be no need for intangible laws that everyone knows will not be

respected. There will be no absolutes, except, perhaps, the primacy of the species—which is not to say its survival. There will be no falsely universal rules. Like the law, every morality rationalizes ideology *after the fact*; they always wish and claim to be the basis of social life while at the same time wishing to



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be without a basis themselves since they are based only on God, nature, logic, or the good of society ... That is, a basis which cannot be questioned because it does not exist. In a

Yesterday

(pre-capitalist societies)

the social connection is not developed enough for people to locate their humanity in themselves: they recognize themselves as human beings through belonging to a particular community.

the coexistence of partial communities

people/god dialogue

unity is experienced as something assured by an external factor: the necessity of privileged moments to affirm unity

festivals

a concentrated sacred, which is contrasted with the profane

people go beyond themselves through transcendence

people live outside themselves

territorial war, with frequent religious and ritual motivations

tradition

Today

(capitalism)

the development of a universal commodity society which brings together people as individuals: individuals acknowledge each other through the exchange of objects and signs

the generalization of a community of isolated people linked together by things

an absence of gods; an abstract humanity; conflicts between people and society

unity is assured by the universality of commodities and guaranteed by the state

an end to festivals, which take refuge in rare moments: in archaic capitalism (fascism, Stalinism), they become an instrument of the state; in other cases, festivals represent a longing for the past, or are mistaken for the revolutionary movement

generalized profanation; pre-eminence is accorded to entities which are all the more powerful because they are intangible: the state and capital

the immanence of objects; transcending oneself through things

people live inside objects

economic war; the Sacred Union; humanitarianism

social customs/mores

Tomorrow

(communism)

the development of a social interaction where people's humanity is based only on themselves

the multiplication of specific communities which interpenetrate in a human community

people interact in multipolar groups which fuse together

unity through the contradictory interaction of practices and needs

an end to nostalgia for festivals

the sacred is dispersed and no longer has to be organized or animated

each person and group transcends itself through other people and groups

an end to the transcendent/immanent and external/internal antagonism

human violence

life

(Jacques Rigaut, testimony in the "Barrès Affair," *Ecrits*)

An entire body of nihilist literature has set out the viewpoint of the "dishbreaker," of people who resist any social connection (with a death urge as a compulsory corollary). But the attractive music of the nihilist thinkers has not prevented most of them from losing themselves in the hum of daily life until they reached a respectable old age. This incoherence supports the contention that these purely refractory people are just a literary myth. For the rare individuals who, like Rigaut, have chosen the last resort of suicide, or have really tasted misery like Genet, this myth was lived passionately. But the fact that sincere intransigent mystics have no doubt existed hardly proves the existence of god. These "refractory people" foster an elitism which is a false approach from the very start. The worst part is not that they believe that they are superior, but that they are *different* from the rest of humanity. They would like to think that they are observing a world from which they have distanced themselves. People, however, can only understand what they are participating in. When they believe that they are lucid because they are on the outside, they fall into the worst trap. In Bataille's words:

"I have never been able to consider existence with the distracted scorn of a man who is *alone*." (*Oeuvres*, II, p. 274)

"For it is the tumult of humanity, with *all* the vulgarity of people's big and little needs and their flagrant disgust with the police who hold them back—it is the activity of everyone (except the cops and the friends of the cops) which alone conditions revolutionary mental forms as opposed to bourgeois ones." (*Oeuvres*, II, p. 108-9)

At times this refractory people myth has encumbered revolutionary theory, as in the case of the Situationists' fascination with outlaws in general and Lacenaire in particular, a fascination which reached its high point with Debord's last appalling film.⁵ But if this myth must be criticized, it is also because it simply represents the flipside of the coin and thus tends to assist class society's production of fascinating monsters.

At times a shudder of passion passes through the ocean of zombies we are swimming in. It is when citizens are served up a being which is completely foreign, a thing which looks like a person but to which any real humanity is denied. For the Nazi it

is the Jew; for the antifascist, the Nazi. For today's crowds it is terrorists, criminals or child killers. When it is comes to tracking down these monsters and determining their punishment, passions surge again at last and imaginations that appeared dead race. Unfortunately, this type of imagination and its fine-tuning is precisely what is attributed to that other guaranteed-non-human monster: the Nazi executioner.

It has never been possible to force everyone to respect laws which are in contradiction with the way social relationships really work. Nor has it been possible to prevent murder when there have been reasons to kill. Nor to prevent theft when there have been inequalities and as long as commerce is based on theft. So an example is made by homing in on one case. And what is more: this exorcises the part of you which would like to execute the defenceless bodies or the child killer/raider too. The element of envy in the crowd's cries of hatred is obvious. Even to those who are naturally blind, like journalists.

communist world, the rules which human beings will adopt, in ways we cannot predict, will flow from communist social bonds. They will not constitute a morality in the sense that they will claim no illusory universality in time and space. The rules of the game will include the possibility of playing with the rules.

"Revolt is a form of optimism which is hardly less repugnant than the usual kind. In order to exist revolt implies that people must envisage an opportunity to react. In other words, that there is a preferable way of doing things which we must strive towards. When it is a goal, revolt is also optimistic; change and disorder are considered satisfactory. I am incapable of believing that there is something satisfactory.

(...)

Question—In your opinion, is suicide a last resort?

—Precisely, and one which is hardly less antipathetic than a job skill or a morality."

Communism, on the contrary, *is a society without monsters*. Without monsters because everyone will finally recognize, in the desires and acts of others, the different possible shapes of their own desires and being. "Human beings are the true being-in-its-totality of man" (Marx). The words being-in-its-totality, or collective being, expresses our movement even better than the word communism, which is primarily associated with collectivizing things. Marx's sentence is worth developing extensively, and we will return to it. For now it will be sufficient to grasp the critique of bourgeois humanism contained in this sentence. Whereas the Montaigne-type honest individual can become everyone thanks to the mediation of culture, communists know from practice that they only exist as they are because everyone exists the way they do.

Which hardly signifies that no desire should be repressed. Repression and sublimation prevent people from sliding into a refusal of otherness. But communism is a society with no guarantee other than the free play of passions and needs, whereas capitalist society is gripped by a frantic need to guarantee against every mishap of life, including death. Every conceivable danger and risk, except "natural disasters"—war and revolution, etc.—must be "insured against." The only thing which capitalism is unable to insure against is its own disappearance.

When one is after a critique of the totality of this world, there is no question of remaining at a level of pure theory. There are times when subversive activity is *almost* entirely reduced to writing texts and an exchange of viewpoints between individuals. It is this "almost" that bothers us: to continue to view the world lucidly you have to possess a tension which is hard to keep up because it implies a refusal, a certain marginalization, and a profound sterility. This refusal, marginalization and sterility contribute to maintaining passion just as much as they tend to congeal it into misanthropic mean-spiritedness or intellectual frenzy. Those who refuse a world organized by capital know that none of the acts of social life are unquestionable. Even the manifestations of biological givens do not escape their torment! To accept to procreate appears suspect: how can someone have kids in such a world when there is not even a gleam of a possibility of transforming it?

However, beyond a few simple principles—no participating in attempts at mystification or repression (neither cops nor stars), and no careerism—there is no way that precise and definitive forms of refusal can be pinned down. There are no good social customs as far as a radical critique is concerned; there are just ones which are worse than others, and there is behaviour which turns theory into a mockery. To be a revolutionary in a non-revolutionary period ... What counts is less the unavoidably fragmented and mutilating results of this contradiction than the contradiction itself and the tension of refusal.

Why criticize the misery of social customs if this misery will persist? Only in relation to communism does our behaviour make sense. For, with respect to the Cioran quote which opened this section, the response must be that the sweat and disasters which do not belong to us and that the world imposes are the ones that are really intolerable. When time is killing us, the only excuse at our disposal

is that history will avenge us. The meaning of what we do is the possibility that *the social connection is guaranteed only by itself*. And that it works!

If the social crisis worsens, there will be less and less room for half choices. Calling for "a few less cops" will become less feasible. More and more the choice will be between what exists and no cops at all. It is then that humanity will really have to demonstrate whether it loves freedom or not.

* * *

**Those who
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unques-
tionable.**

Love, ecstasy, crime: three historical products through which humanity has lived and lives its practical and emotional relations. Love: the consequence of indifference and generalized selfishness; taking refuge in a few people who, by chance or out of necessity, have been given a privileged role. Love is the impossible love of humanity which is fulfilled in a few individuals, for better or worse. Ecstasy: a voyage beyond the profane, the banal, and into the sacred; an escape which is immediately cut off and circumscribed by religion. Crime: the only way out when the norm can no longer be respected or circumvented.

Love, the sacred and crime are ways to escape the present and to give it meaning. Positive or negative: each of them include attraction and rejection and enter into a relationship of attraction and rejection with respect to each other. Love is put on a pedestal but people mistrust it. The sacred inherently contains the threat of being profaned; it evokes profanation in order to exclude it and in so doing reinforces itself. Though punished, crime fascinates.

These three means of going beyond daily life are neither generalized nor abolished by communism. All life (collective or individual) implies boundaries. But communism will be amoral in the sense that there will be no fixed norms which are external to social life. Not without clashes or violence, ways of behaving will circulate, and will be transmitted, transformed and produced along with social relationships. As an absolute separation between an interior and an exterior the sacred will melt away. Thus there will be no more room for religion—those of yesteryear or modern religions which no longer recognize gods, just devils which are to be ejected from the social body. People's freedom, their capacity to modify nature, will project them outside themselves. Until now, morality—any morality—and, even more insidiously, those which do not present themselves as ones, turn these places beyond oneself into entities which crush people's being. Communism will not level the "magic mountain"; it will make it possible to avoid being dominated by it. It will create and multiply distant places and the pleasure of losing oneself in them, but also the capacity to create what is new, what subverts a "natural" submission to any type of worldly order.

Translated from La Banquise #1 by Michael William.

¹ Author's note: romantic stories.

² Author's note: *Examen de conscience*: A Catholic religious rite imposed on believers from time to time, especially before confession.

³ Author's note: this sentence and the following two paragraphs have been understandably attacked by many readers since they were based on our biased understanding of a famous slogan of the free abortion movements of the 70s: "My body belongs to me." This slogan did not mean what we said it did ("I am the property-owner of my body") but was just an easy way to say "My body (the right to give birth or to have an abortion) is my business and not that of politicians, doctors, or priests." If re-written today, this part would have to be entirely different.

Translator's note: Several people who read or proofread this part (and the preceding paragraph) had trouble with it too.

⁴ Author's note: *Union sacrée*: term used at the beginning of the First World War when the parties in France worked together against the German threat. We witnessed a broader "union sacrée" (worldwide this time) at the beginning of the Gulf War.

⁵ Translator's note: *In Girum Imus Nocte et Consumimur Igni*. A translation of the script recently became available from BM Signpost, London WC1N 3XX, England. Also see the review in this issue by John Zerzan.

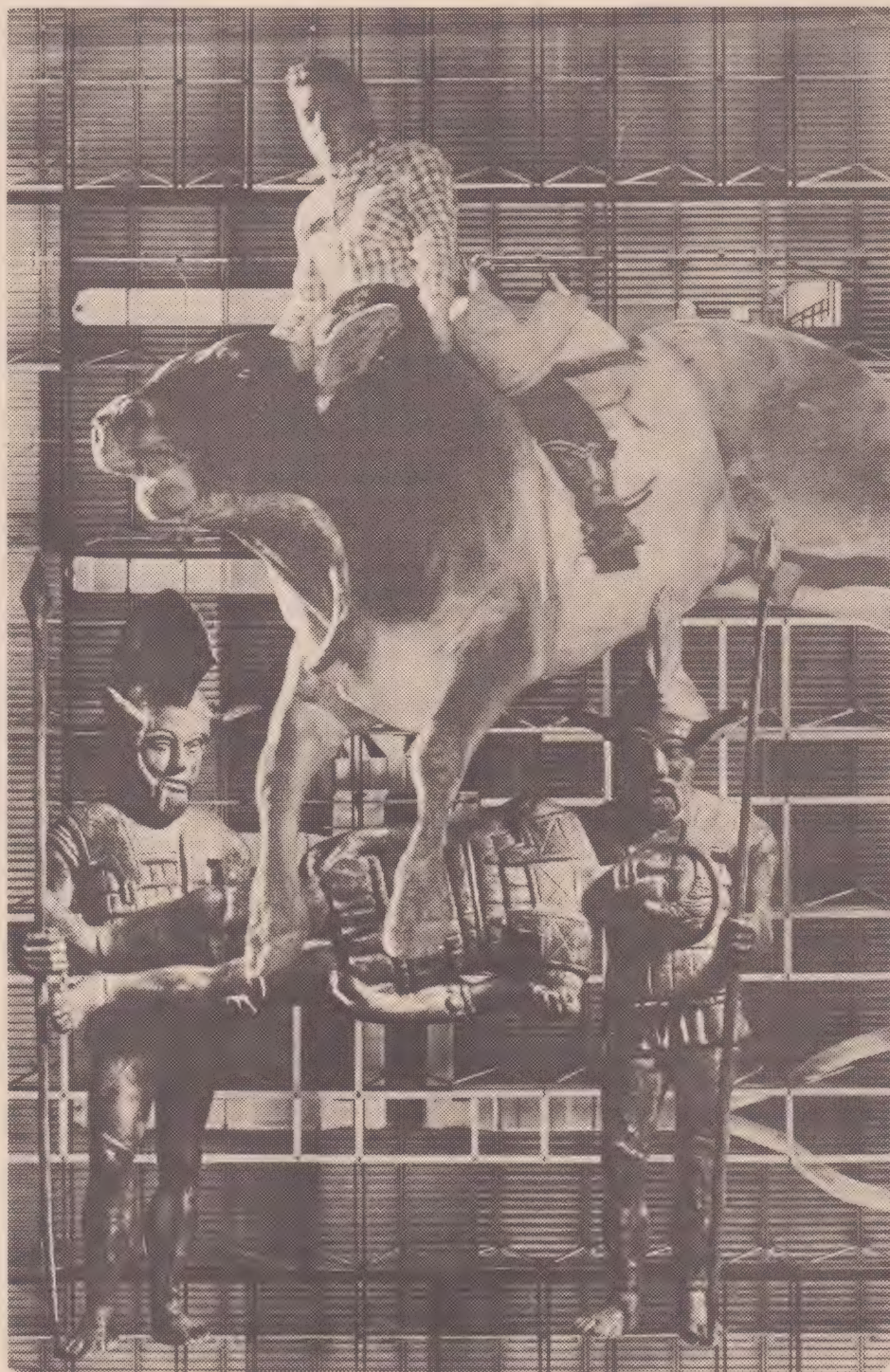
A Critique of Half-Assed Radicalism

by Hème

Author's note: This text was written during the winter of 1990-91 when—as stated in the first sentence—I was involved with the journal Interrogations. This may seem anecdotal for those who weren't readers of this publication, which folded several months later (Summer '91). I mention it primarily because I have not judged it necessary to rework the critique in order to bring it more up-to-date. The footnotes, on the other hand, did not appear in the original version (September 1992).

Although I am involved with *Interrogations*, what follows does not flow exclusively from how I experience this activity. Nor is it independent of it. Rather, I would like to attempt to define what underlies an uneasiness I have felt in the last few months while reading texts from what, to simplify, I will call the radical milieu.¹ My intention is not to tell people what to do; it is to outline what to me would seem the degeneration of an outlook to which I remain attached. This would appear necessary vis-a-vis:

- ▶ the integrity of individuals participating in this current and of those who might be seduced by their positions.
- ▶ the possibility of encouraging a renewal of critical thinking which would eventually take the form of people in already existing groups coming together to form other groups, or in the creation of new ones—groups which would take the critiques below into account.
- ▶ an opposition to doing our bit to build a new ideology based on a desire for a “spiritual bonus” and a commodified New Age.



Collage by Johann Humyn Being

1. From a Definition of Radicalism to Half-Assed Radicalism

Over forty years ago, in *The Root of Man*, which was published in the American journal *Politics*, Dwight MacDonald suggested that we abandon the old separation between left and right (the progressives) and that the category "radical" be contrasted to them. For MacDonald, the word radical applies to those who "reject the classical notion of progress and judge things according to their meaning and their effect in the present; they believe that science's capacity to serve as a guide in human affairs has been exaggerated, and that to re-establish a balance, the moral and political side should be emphasized. They think—or rather, we think—that whether people's increased mastery of nature has had a good or bad effect on human life remains an open question; we are in favor of adapting techniques to people rather than adapting people to technical progress, even if this means (as it may well) a technical regression." In general the above project already dovetailed with the project of those I am presently addressing. Today, as was then the case, this project is based on a serious critique of the progressive ideologies from which the radicals came (Marxism, anarchism or others) or which influenced individuals who took part in their reflections. But a critique is not as easy as the proverb would imply. And here it is a question of rejecting the schematization of ideologies and of analyzing debated problems with clarity, without fudging their complexity or contradictions.

In the past, an extreme left emerged from the left, taking up more extreme positions but ones which were based on the same premises as the left. In turn this favored the emergence of an ultra-left. I won't go into similar splits in other milieus I am less familiar with, such as the anarchist and ecology milieus. On the whole contemporary radicals who have extricated themselves from these milieus in the last twenty years have been able to come up with neither a guiding concept nor a major project. Among a variety of reasons for this are:

► *A belief in the power of the word.*

Inherited from a certain intellectual tradition incarnated in particular in situationism, this approach tends to confuse the glitter of words with depth of thought. The vacuousness of a slogan such as "Take your desires for reality" is an example. Modern desires are such an accurate reflection of reality that this has now become a way of life in the kingdom of France. Following this logic, the fact of being misunderstood is the ultimate stamp of radicalism, as is verbal extremism. I'm not certain but it seems to me that, for some, the language of Orwell in 1984² flows from the same logic. Writing "War is Peace" becomes a trademark which guarantees the purity of the radical product, even in the absence of any kind of project to share with others.

► *How the eclectic nature of their influences has contributed to the evolution of contemporary radicals.* The difficulty that currents developing a materialist critique have had in applying it to progressivism has led to a search for elements in milieus which, for lack of a better word, I would call dubious: spiritualists, people marketing various types of natural lifestyles, etc. But rummaging in garbage pails is not always without risk, and it seems the hardly appetizing but necessary process of sorting has not been thoroughly carried out.

2. From Dialectical Materialism to Charlatanism

Radical critiques of "dialectical and historical materialist" ideology have generally outlined well in what senses—faithfully reflecting its 19th century origins—this ideology was based on a mechanical and progress-oriented vision. This critique concerns not only (ex-)Marxists: the same mechano-progressivism is to be found in other revolutionary ideologies (e.g. Bakunin, and in the book *La réaction en Allemagne*), and it is also found in certain individuals to whom it had simply contagiously spread. Seeing how this ideology has led to justifying capitalism has not been a wasted effort for contemporary radicals. But it remains equally necessary to grasp in what sense 19th century "philosophical inquiry" corresponded to a desire for a rigorous approach in theoretical reflection. Without making any concessions to the gigantic

historical mechanisms they have erected, or to Russian doll games, it remains crucial to avoid abandoning what is to be gained from a materialist approach to problems. I fear that it is the materialist rather than the mechanical aspect of mechanical materialism that modern radicals are tempted to reject. I also fear that these folks will be easy prey for various charlatanisms.³

But what kind of charlatanisms do I mean? The act of comparing, for any goal (serving a cause, making money), true or credible facts on the pretext of apparent similarity—or simply because everything is linked to everything else—and, from this, deriving laws, predictions or anything which is said to influence people. Let's take a few simple examples.

Anyone who claims that the mythical heavens of the astrologers are a representation of the reality of constellations is an ignoramus or a joker. Anyone who asserts there is a deterministic relationship between this fantasy and the future of humanity is a charlatan. And there will be an inhibiting effect on anyone who, instead of looking for causal relationships between phenomena, bases his or her critique of the world on relationships of analogy or correspondence without perceiving the difference between correlation and causality.⁴ In so doing, voluntarily or not, such a person tends to become a charlatan. A radical one no doubt, but a charlatan just the same. This radical charlatanism is all the more dangerous because it is simultaneously seductive and reassuring. Seductive because, on demand, exactly what one was hoping for can be demonstrated—like the fairy tales of our childhood which offered to make our deepest desires come true. Reassuring because it dispenses with having to really think about things "according to their meaning and their effect in the present."

The scientific socialism which made it possible to prove everything (and the contrary of everything) since "objectively," "in the final analysis" material conditions forced us to be what we have to be, is quite dead. Thanks to radical charlatanism anything remains possible, but this time individuals' whims are in control since "everything is equal" and "everything is a part of everything else."

3. From the Domestication of Nature to its Deification

In this text I will not again deal with calls to domesticate nature and to transform non-human living species into things, calls which are to be found in revolutionary ideologies and in progressive ones more generally. Once again, a lively analysis of this has been developed by "our current." But this critique has used a variety of sources, which at times have tended to appropriate it, for example:

- neo-paganism, which all the more rapidly resurfaces since it is deeply rooted in our popular culture (resistance to Christianization) as well as in our intellectual culture (poetry, literature). It is no accident that some members of *Interrogations* have (re)discovered Giono. Personally I'm grateful to have done so, but the pleasure I am able to derive from Giono the writer or pacifist does not reconcile me to his agnosticism and his paganism.

- certain ethnological currents, which are the basis of primitivist ideology. I have already gone over this point in my letter to Michael William which appeared in *Demolition Derby* #2.⁵ The undeniably attractive aspects of certain traditional (not primitive!) communities have kept them from being considered in their globality and, specifically, in what sense their spirituality is not only alienating but heralds other alienations which have been developed by today's world. This point has been fleshed out better than I could in a series of texts which appeared in the American journal *Anarchy*. All this material should undoubtedly be translated...if someone had the time! In order to put this debate in context, I will just give a quote from Lev Chernyi which appeared in "Anarchy and the Sacred: an Exchange with *Fifth Estate*":

"For me, the continuities between religion and scientific ideologies are more meaningful than their differences. Why reject scientific ideology only to embrace the idiocies of religion, of spiritualism and the sacred? Isn't it clear that your critiques of reification and worship with regard to technique in no way diminishes the importance of a



critique of reification and of worship with regard to nature...

"...The concept of the sacred is the foundation of all religion, spiritualism, ideology, cult, faith, belief. It implies logically (and inevitably) the existence of the profane. Despite the fact that it can be transformed into many other dualities ...good or evil, spirit and matter, god and devil...which all fulfil the same insidious role of dividing all the experience that we have naturally of our world into two conceptual and arbitrary spheres."

Ultimately, this radical deification of nature boils down to the assertion that all living beings are equal. But if, for most of us, our reflections have led to certain changes of attitude (with respect to food, for example), it is necessary to remain wary of scams—which thrive particularly well on this terrain. Although some may well find it shocking, as a human being I deny that a vegetable, a bacterium and an animal are

equal; or an animal without an evolved nervous system and a vertebrate with a brain; or an HIV virus and a rough-coated fox terrier. Horror of horrors, I would like to state that if I like to view and approach trees, it is not because we are playing a part in a cosmos⁶ or something or other; it is because, for one, I find them attractive on a sensual level, and because, as well, I am aware of their importance in the ecological equilibrium which allows our survival. I admit to having repeatedly used weed killer to combat weeds I did not feel in communion with; and even occasionally insecticide against our little winged brothers. And for those who can fathom it, I adore rabbits (which doesn't keep me from eating them on occasion), but I detest pigeons (even with green peas).

To remedy the frustrations that this world imposes on me, I am in no way interested in attempting to believe in a spiritual "grand totality"—nature, life,



god, etc.—which would transcend our so-called little human problems.

“Religion is the sigh of the creature overwhelmed by unhappiness; it is the soul of a heartless world, the spirit of a spiritless epoch.” (a 19th century German philosopher)

Translated by Alison Gross (Paris) and Michael William (Montréal) from *Le Point d'Interrogations*, Autumn, 1992. To correspond with the journal, write to the following address without mentioning *Le Point d'Interrogations*: Hème, c/o I.S., B.P. 243, 75564 Paris Cedex 12, France.

Notes

1. This is a simplification in appearance only, since the “radical current” in question is hard to define. In this respect see Dwight MacDonald’s definition which is quoted in the first part of the text, as well as a longer version in *Le Point d'Interrogations* 1991/2. One could attempt to define it as all the groups and individuals which are attempting to use a critique of capitalism which attacks its roots, and not just its most blatant injustices. Although they do not share a program of defined positions, “radicals” generally reject electoralism and syndicalism and challenge wage labor, money and modern society.

2. This is a reference to George Orwell’s novel 1984, in which the key slogans of the state and the party are: “War is Peace”; “Freedom is Slavery” and “Ignorance is Strength.” Numerous texts and tracts adopted these slogans as titles or subtitles, particularly around the year 1984, and then during the Gulf War.

3. For some of these folks, I more than fear it! Modern radicals are into everything, from believing in horoscopes to Oriental esoteric practices! This inclination toward charlatanism is not always easy to discern because generally it does not manifest itself openly. This is not to say that we should become thought police, but simply that we should remember that fighting for a free and critical way of thinking has always implied fighting against superstition and religiosity as well. Just because it would appear that politicians and statesmen are the title-laden clients of sorcerers and fortune tellers is no reason to mimic them! An entire critical reflection should undoubtedly be undertaken in this area. Today the critique of religion has essentially been abandoned to P.C. rationalists, and the critique of parallel beliefs maintains autonomy from scientism only with difficulty. A certain reappropriation of the best aspects of these critiques, however, should not be overlooked. Of interest on this subject are works which appeared in the *Collection Zététiques* (L’Horizon Chimérique, 7, rue Leytaire, 33000 Bordeaux), and in particular *Incroyable...mais faux* (essai critique sur l’obscurantisme moderne) by A. Cuniot, and *Médecines parallèles et cancer (modes d’emploi et de non-emploi)*, by O.Jallut.

4. There is nothing very revolutionary about “reasoning” by analogy or coincidence, since this is the way the occult has functioned from the very beginning. This type of thinking would have us believe that individuals born the same day will have similar character traits and destinies (!) and, more generally, that if two events take place at

the same time, one flows from the other (and vice versa). There are numerous examples of these types of hardly rigorous deductions. One will suffice—a text on AIDS that has been brought to our attention which attempts to be ultra-radical (and winds up ultra-pitiful). Follow closely! (a) One of the immediate consequences of May ’68 was the liberation and availability of means of contraception and abortion. (b) The first cases of AIDS appeared in New York in the spring of 1979. Conclusion of (a) plus (b): The HIV virus was perfected by the American army to put morality back into social customs—conclusion of the conclusion: therefore, to protect themselves, they must have created an antidote or a counterpoison. Thus a vaccination or anti-AIDS medicine exists. End of story!

5. The label “primitivist” has been primarily used in North America to describe a current of thought which has critiqued the logic of progress, civilization and modernity. This milieu is anything but monolithic: some people posit a pre-language golden age, while others accentuate community and defend past and present indigenous groups.

The only weapons we presently possess are a confidence among those who compose our small “community of thought” and an absence of compromises in our critique.

Still others want something new, something which, to our knowledge, has never existed. It was this group as a whole (with nuances) that I was referring to above when I was speaking of “our current.” The *Fifth Estate* is this outlook’s most typical journal. In recent years it has influenced a number of other journals: *Anarchy* in the U.S., *Demolition Derby* in Canada, and *Interrogations* in France.

My letter to Michael William, which was published following “Petite analyse de la différence” (in the publication section), was an attempt to distance myself from this label, which I considered and continue to consider harmful to our thinking and its clarity. My letter concluded in the following manner:

“Our vision is often deformed and idealized ...everything is grist for the imagination’s mill. If, on the other hand, the imagination chooses a model, a reference, a whole world of possibilities is closed off; it even becomes difficult to understand those who imagine another kind of life in a different manner.”

“It is no easy task to radically criticize this world while living in it at the same time, to conceive of the possibility of another life

which has no model one can attach oneself to and at times no words to express it; to feel a sense of affinity with others who are sometimes thousands of kilometers away—without being able to put a label on it which could help us to recognize each other and be recognized by others. The only weapons we presently possess are a confidence among those who compose our small ‘community of thought’ and an absence of compromises in our critique. These few remarks should therefore in no way be considered an attempt to distance myself or to search for differences between us, but as an element of our common reflection.”

This idea was completed in a letter I sent to a friend from the *Fifth Estate* in January 1990:

“I did not want to go back over the question of primitivism, which I don’t consider a major one, but I have the impression that a few misunderstandings persist:

► I am not critiquing ‘primitivists’(?). In fact I don’t believe any primitivists exist, and simply regret that some people accept this label, which only masks their true aspirations and refusals. In short, I feel that the label primitivist is the enemy of the so-called primitivists, who, luckily, are something else entirely. I was not, therefore, attacking these individuals.

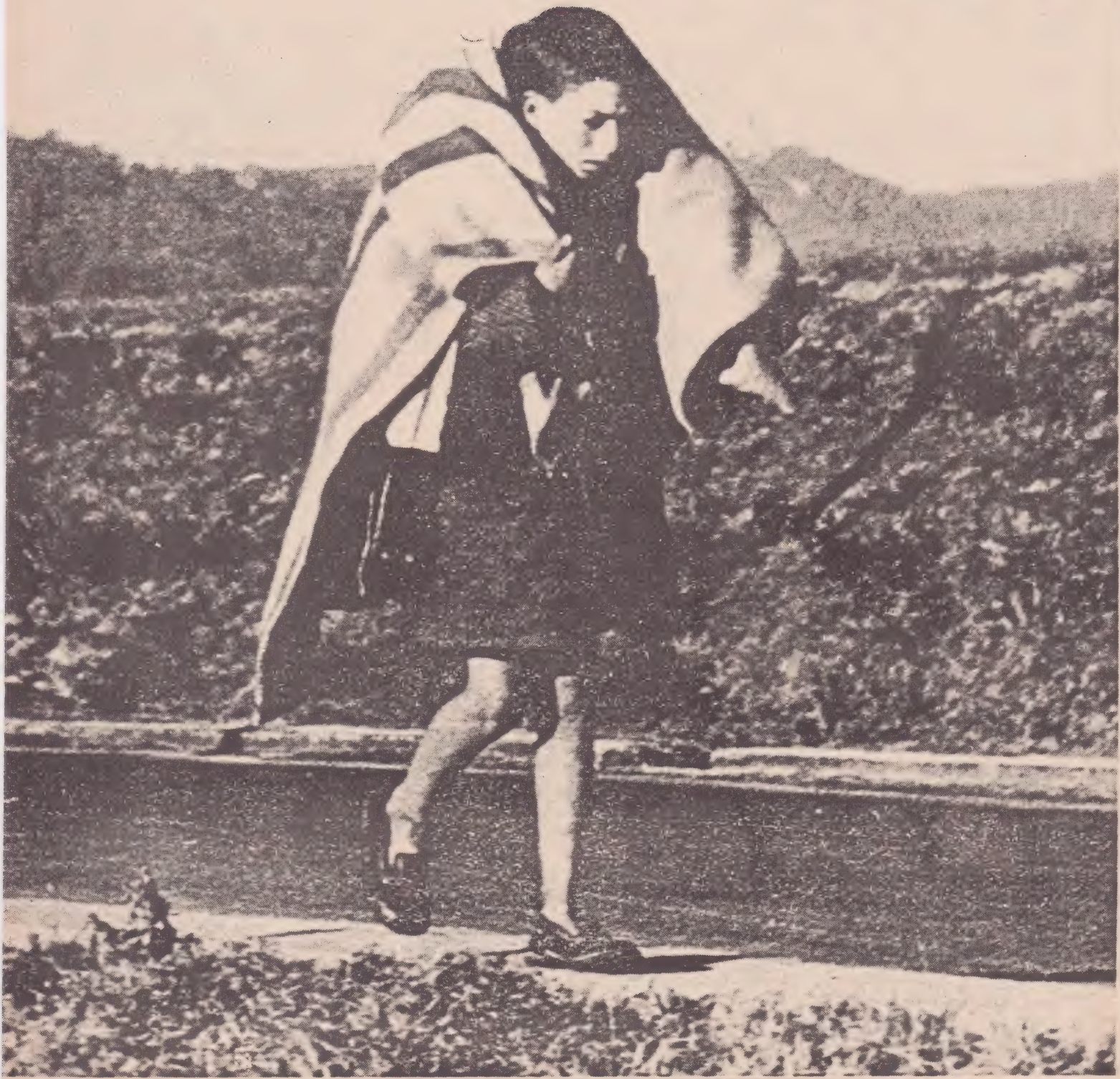
► I think it is as ridiculous to label certain contemporary non-industrial societies primitive as it is to label them savage or pre-capitalist. All these terms express the same West-centeredness.

► I was not attacking being interested in falsely labelled primitive societies (I don’t believe they can be called ancient ones either). From these societies I think that we can learn that the mentality and customs of contemporary people in the West are not inevitable. But we must preserve the same critical attitude toward these societies as we do toward the milieu we are living in. This is why I stressed the question of Africa, which doesn’t appear to be the same as the native American example (I reiterate that there is nothing which demonstrates that primitive tribes exist in Africa). This reminds me of a letter I received from a friend who has been living in Africa for many years. He writes: ‘I believe that the Bantu philosophy is hell for thousands of blacks who are stuck in it with no chance to escape. It is hell in the literal sense of the word. In the Congo, for example, I saw people who were mentally and even physically suffering from it...’

Much could also be said about traditional Asiatic societies.”

6. In radical spiritual language, one does not often speak of the cosmos (the world, the universe). Instead it is the Cosmos with a capital C, a term all the more esoteric since it refers to nothing precise. *A propos*, it is worth citing *Réflexions sur l’individualisme* (1910), by the anarchist Manuel Devaldès: “By capitalizing the article and noun in this text we express the sanctity of ideas, according to the spirit of mystical or positive religions.” Right on, and let’s keep it in mind with respect to every discourse on Nature, the Earth, Science and Progress.

Adios,



IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

Catalonia!

By Manolo Gonzalez

In 1939, 350,000 Spaniards went into exile. Many Anarchists took refuge in Latin America—in Mexico, Argentina and Chile. Here is a personal memoir of an Anarchist family escaping Franco's fascists and the horrors to come.

At last we were ready to embark. We would leave Catalonia, Europe. We had been notified by the Greek Shipping Company that our ship "Artemiss" would be sailing out of Marseille in the next 12 hours. My father called Anselmo Palau and they agreed to mobilize our people in three hours. Probably the Basque were already boarding. Then he called our friends in the Jewish Emigration Agency and gave them precise instructions to get the children onto the pier and keep them together until they boarded the ship. We were very careful of our arrangements for fear of Nazi spies, or that Franco's agents would prepare a trap as we passed the coast of Spain on our way out of the Mediterranean.

My mother was worried about our luggage. It contained our new French clothing, our only possessions. She had found a silk Russian peasant shirt for me; my father had dressed me in it and taken me to a professional photographer for a commemorative photo before we left Paris. Now when I see that photo, in sepia, 45 years later, I notice how old and tired I looked for my age.

We embraced Otilia and Josep Marinet. During our wait in Marseille we had been staying in their house.

Otilia cried as she gave me a little bundle with sweet rolls. "I will see you again, Otilia. I will always come to see you!" I promised as she kissed me. My mother and Otilia hugged each other. The men shook hands. "Good luck, Commander." "Thank you for everything," my father responded.

It was about two in the morning. A taxi, driven by a Spaniard, arrived silently. Inside, the car smelled of garlic, tobacco, and oil. Fog hid the houses. The streets were wet. I saw last the lights of the Zoco.

Sudden blasts of the fog horns told me we were near the docks. A grey, cold, damp mass of mist enveloped the pier and the warehouse where, already, many of the refugees waited to board. We could not see beyond the pier, but the lights of the "Artemiss" cast soft, white beams across its structure. The ship looked small, but tough. Its white funnel had two blue lines, and on the bridge we could make out the Captain supervising the embarkation.

Gusts of wind pushed heavy salty balls of fog. We were shivering, but we had to wait until the French authorities approved our papers. Several men, still in bandages, came walking slowly, supported on the arms of their families. All the children looked pale and were trying to keep warm under layers of woolen sweaters and gloves. We were alarmed by two approaching trucks. A band of fierce and extremely young-looking men and women got out. They saluted with military precision and shook hands with my father and the Basque leadership. Then in clear Spanish one of them said, "Salud, comrades." I was struck that they all had pistols in their belts. Then I

realized they were the escort to the contingent of refugee Jewish children. Now the children were coming down. They formed a column. A young girl, no older than 14, carried a white and blue banner; the first time I saw what was to become the flag of the State of Israel. Stark in the odd light they marched, each with a knapsack. At the end of the column several youngsters carried the smallest of their warrior platoon on their shoulders. A French officer came down from the ship.

Saluting everyone, he started checking his passenger list. A line formed. I saw Coco and his parents. We both looked for Pilar. She was with her mother. Pilar waved to us. We blew back big spectacular kisses and jumped up and down like clowns to make her laugh. People started climbing the metal ladder onto the ship. A rare excitement came over me when it was our turn to board the "Artemiss." There were over 200 persons, and they filled the two decks and even the cargo compartment. Food supplies were already aboard.

From the top deck I kept track of my friends. They moved fast and soon we were together looking down at the Jewish children saying farewell to their armed escort. No military precision. Now there were tears. We heard painful exclamations in an unfamiliar Eastern European language. The girl with the banner dropped it and embraced and kissed with passion one of the boys in their guard. Aboard they tried to resume their resolute formation, but it was impossible. We realized then how alone these children were. Their only family, perhaps for months, had been the young soldiers of a secret army of antifascists.

The Spaniard men and women rushed to embrace the Jewish children. Following what was probably their last instructions, the youngsters drew together and sang a slow, deeply stirring hymn in Hebrew. It was not a farewell, but an expression of hope, of victory. The Greek sailors closed the rails. The ship was moving. Down on the pier the young men and women of the Hagganah raised their fists. Spontaneously from the ship we began singing the International, in Euzkadi, in Spanish, Coco, Pilar and me in Catalan. The ship's horn blew several times. We were still singing as we disappeared into the fog, the pier a flickering of lights. Then it was dark.

We were too excited to go to sleep. While our parents made arrangements in the cabins, we went looking for the Jewish children. They had been given one of the largest rooms, formerly a recreation, social area when the ship cruised tourists between the Greek Islands. Cots and partitions were efficiently distributed. The older girls were accommodated on the upper deck, practically in the open. Some of the supervisors of the mission were American Quakers. I was surprised to see these religious workers aboard. We were used to the indifference of the western world to the plight of the victims of Fascism all over Europe.

It was not difficult to communicate with the Jewish children. Most of them spoke French or English, and soon we were all exchanging names and misadventures. I shared my sweet rolls with Chris, a Czech boy. Rapidly we discovered something in common; we liked books. My heavily accented French made him laugh. Coco introduced me to a blonde girl from Silesia. She told us, to our surprise, that her father had been in the Thaelman Battalion that fought in Spain with the International Brigades. By now he was probably in Palestine, the final destination of all the Jewish children.

It was about five in the morning, still dark and foggy, that we felt heavy and sleepy. There were people all over the ship. We separated, looking for our cabins. Finally, I found my parents. They were having coffee in what had been the bar, now an improvised food station for everyone.

"There you are," my mother exclaimed, while urging my father to get to our cabin. I had no sense of location.

Everything was grey, and only the vibration of the ship's engines gave any indication we were moving. Our very small cabin had only two bunk beds and a cot for me. The porthole was wet, big drops of condensed humidity hung everywhere. I was tired and cold. Fortunately, the cot was warm with an extra blanket my parents had gotten for me.

I awoke in a pale yellowish light that illuminated the cabin. I found a note, "Come to lunch. Kisses, Your Mother." She always left me kisses. What time was it anyway...?

I felt somewhat dizzy; my stomach grumbled. I wanted to drink something cool and refreshing. I found my pants—still short and stupid—my white shirt and, just in case, my blue pullover. Now was the time to wear my tennis shoes. Well, I was ready, but as I opened the door I was taken aback to see nothing but the greenish ocean and a pale sun struggling to pass through the mist. The air was damp, warm, and, in a few moments, I felt all sticky. The moving sea made me rather cautious. I walked close to the wall and held on to every available piece of support, pipes, rails, a chair. A large number of people had gathered at the stern of the ship, just sitting, perhaps enjoying the open air, the freedom, the mystery of the sea.

The mess hall was full of men and women in animated conversation. Laughter and the clatter of dishes and silver dominated the place. The vibrations of the engines were very noticeable here, but everybody was happy to be on the move. We were aiming to cross the Mediterranean and, hugging the coast of North Africa, rush into the open Atlantic. The Fascist Navy had a blockade, including Spanish and Italian war ships, but the intense traffic of all kinds of merchant vessels made it possible to escape detection. The British, implementing their doctrine of "freedom of the sea," managed to keep the hostilities close to Spanish ports.

I could not tell what time of the day it was. The "Artemiss" was still in a cocoon of fog, and the sun was weak and pale. Only the fresh, pungent, biting breeze gave me a notion of reality. This was the open sea! We were actually escaping Europe.

In one of the little rooms next to the mess hall I found two huge marmites with coffee and tea. I chose tea, using a metal cup, and a strange looking bread

roll with poppy seeds, tasting of anise. I came upon a lively group of the Jewish youngsters. At least four chess games were in progress. Onlookers were waiting patiently for their turn to play, all in profound contemplation, observing the moves in ritual silence. Two of the competitors were girls, looking happy and playing with zest. Obviously winners. When someone noticed me, I was silently admonished to be quiet. The etiquette was to be impartial, immobile, detached. The enjoyment of the confrontations was to be experienced only in an inner, secret realm; the observations to be accumulated preparatory of future encounters.

I moved away from this enclave of cerebral titans and went looking for Chris or the blonde girl I had met the night before. The first friendly face I found was Anselmo. He was on top of one of the bulkheads with a group of men and women I was sure was already a Committee, reviewing passports and compiling a list of all the passengers. I asked him for Pilar. "She's still sleeping," he responded busily. "That's it," I thought. Coco was sleeping, too. He had always had the same habits as Pilar. It had always been most mysterious to me. They went to sleep at the same time, woke up at the same hour, and they certainly got hungry at unusual hours, but always simultaneously. Sometime I intended to discuss this with them.

It was fun to explore the ship; people looked more content. Only once in a while would the fear of encountering a Fascist raider flare up, when we would see the distant smoke of passing ships.

"Hello! There you are. I've been looking for you all over the ship."

I turned around. It was the blonde girl. I was pleased to meet her all by myself.

"Well,...it's you. Tell me your name again, please."

"Annelise. Want to lunch with me?" she asked.

"Lunch? is it that late? I haven't had breakfast, but lunch is all right. Where?"

"Not at the mess hall. I saw and smelled the food. It's abominable! Let's get some kosher sausages, cheese, black bread and pickles, and a beer, all right?" It took me by surprise. I knew of religious diets. After all, in Barcelona even we during Holy Week ate dry cod with garbanzos as an expiatory food. But this was bold, exotic.



Anti-aircraft gunners watch for Franco's air force. Photo courtesy of F. Baer

"Well, all right," I responded, "but where are we going to get all that? Not on this ship, are we?"

"Of course, on the ship. One of the agreements the Refugee Agency made with the Navigation Company was to stock kosher food for us. Toby—you know, that lanky chap—he is the food commissar for us. He sees that all the Jewish children get a strict kosher diet."

It was an education for me. I was fascinated. Kosher food. What a revelation. Annelise started to walk. "Coming?"

"Yes, of course," I said eagerly, following after her.

We went to a corner room next to the kitchen, below the main deck. There it was, installed with a sign in Hebrew, German and Czech: "Refectory." Toby was there, with a young girl as a helper.

"You're late," he told Annelise, smiling, "but who can refuse anything to lovely Annelise, the Rabbi's daughter!" Annelise laughed.

"Oh now, stop that. I have a guest, Palitos, one of the Barcelona kids."

"Is he a Communist?" asked Toby suspiciously.

"No, I'm with F.A.I. (International Anarchist Federation)," I said, fast and proud of my political affiliation. I was somebody among these warriors, chess champions and religious gourmets.

"Welcome, comrade," said Toby, extending his arm. We shook hands with vigor and total commitment to our common struggle.

"Well, well, it's back to the International Brigades," Toby was a talker, just like me. He could go on and on.

"Toby...Toby, we are hungry," interrupted Annelise.

The young man organized our lunch in a small cardboard box with the business logo of "Davy's," a well known delicatessen in Marseille.

"See you later, Toby," I said. He raised his fist and responded with a friendly, "Later, comrade."

Annelise and I climbed back to the fore of the ship, and, among ropes, vents and chains, found a spot where we could eat. The sun was now high over us. The

delicious breeze played with our hair and Annelise's skirt. She tucked it firmly between her legs, and we sat munching our lunch.

Under the sun, Annelise's blonde hair shone. Cut short, it revealed her neck so that she resembled a Medieval angel or a page in a fairy tale about a remote Nordic kingdom. Her arms were golden white with a tinge of pink around the elbows. She was observing me, too. Her blue eyes were wide, attentive, alert to every expression on my face. She laughed at my faulty French, and we decided to use English to avoid embarrassing mistakes.

We had placed the bottle of beer under the shadow of a funnel vent so that it wouldn't get warm. We were silent, just eating and smiling at each other. Annelise asked, "How are we going to open the beer?"

"Don't worry, I have a Swiss Army knife," I responded.

With a little flair I removed the metal cap. A small piece of ice was still stuck to the neck. It wet my hand. Annelise

took a long sip and invited me to drink. The beer was a Pilsener, with a colorful, elaborate label showing a robust peasant girl offering a large stein of beer. It flowed bitter and harsh down my throat. If it had not been so very cold I would have thrown-up from the abominable taste.

"I'm sorry, Annelise, I'm not used to beer. We drink mild red wines mixed with a little water." Immediately, I recalled my friends, the good times we had in Marseille and, with unexpected intensity, I remembered Sara Ponty.

"Wine, eh, like the Hungarians. My dad wrote me about the wine in Spain. He said it was sweet and generous...and made you drunk with less than a bottle. You can drink a lot of beer and not get drunk!" pronounced Annelise in her worldly-wise way.

Happily she did not insist that I drink more of the obnoxious beer. I was just about ready to throw overboard all the leftover boxes, bottles and napkins, when Annelise stopped me.

"No, wait, wait," she cried in alarm. "We should put our trash in the container at the end of the kitchen."

"But it will end up going into the sea just the same!" I protested.

"It doesn't matter. That's the way they want us to do it, okay?"

"All right," I agreed meekly.

Annelise wanted to talk. She was interested in something about me, just as I was fascinated by her.

"Do you know where you are going in Chile?" I asked as we walked toward the deck.

"Yes, we're going to get visas to Palestine, through a deal with the British."

"Oh no, not the British!" I exclaimed.

"Those fellows never keep their agreements. Look what happened to Czechoslovakia!"

"Well, it so happens that England wants our trained pilots. Many of them are Jews. So the deal is us, for the cooperation of what remains of the Czech air force!"

"I see. Clever...just right!" We

laughed. We were mature, realistic. We understood adults.

As we walked along the deck, I noticed that few passengers were around, only sailors on duty. Most of the Spaniards were in their cabins or in the compartments below deck.

It was time for siesta. To my great embarrassment I, too, felt sleepy. I



Francisco Franco with Hitler.

wanted to take my "nap" and, perhaps later in the afternoon, after tea, to see a movie.

"Annelise, would you believe that I must take a nap? Will you excuse me?" I felt childish, like a kindergarten pupil, although I knew that Coco and Pilar were already tucked away in some cool corner of the ship, sleeping, close together. I was jealous.

"Oh, go ahead, don't worry. I'll visit Toby, and maybe see you later."

I went looking for my cabin. My parents were sleeping. The room was cool and silent. Only the vibrations of the ship's engines could be noticed, no human noises. As the breeze crossed the rails it produced a small humming sound. My mother's clothes were draped over a chair. I touched her silky underwear and lay down on my cot.

After a few days of cautious navigation we approached the coast of Africa. The ship's captain, Demetriopoulos—we called him just Demetrio—advised us he wanted to take on more provisions and spare parts and was radioing for permission to dock in Oran. Algeria was, at that time, one of the most valuable colonial possessions of France and of great strategic importance in the struggles of the next 15 years. One of the generators was failing. The problem became evident the night the lights dimmed all over the ship and then kept going on and off. I was just a little annoyed, because it interrupted the after-dinner movie in the dining room, but many feared the blinking would attract the attention of Fascist vessels in these essentially-enemy waters. Now there was open alarm that the Captain would risk the radio, in addition to the lights, and bring the enemy directly to us.

Actually, it was more than that. Captain Demetrio had an exuberant social interest in both women and men. He favored the handsomest young men and the loveliest of the girls with invitations to his table where food and wine were exceptional and generous, as were his appreciative touches and caresses.

Our cavalier captain had aroused the fiercest distrust latent in our group. After all, our people were not all cosmopolitan radicals, but a mix of different cultural backgrounds. All of us had just disengaged from desperate warfare and were still in jeopardy a common cause and certainly a common enemy, there were the conservative and less worldly among us. A few believed they had put their lives and children in the hands of a corrupt predator. So, at first, the leadership of our group had its hands full coping with both this Greek and the effect he was having on our group. Coco and Pilar's attempts to enlighten me were not reassuring. My new friend's casual observation, "Well, classical Greece is still alive!" only served to surround the captain in my mind with an aura of historical significance and special dispensation. Finally, though, it was his

very exuberance that manifested itself in his sure handling of every aspect of running the ship in these waters, together with the cool heads of our leaders, who focused attention in this way, that overcame the terrible anxiety of those most fearful.

We noticed the weather changing. No more heavy fog, just a morning mist, and, after a little while, the sun shone. It turned hot in the afternoons. We were on the ocean. We saw no other ships except at a great distance but encountered many North African fishing trawlers with juvenile crews who jumped up and down when we passed close to them. Some screamed for cigarettes, and once we managed to float a bundle of "Gauloises" in an empty cookie tin to a fast swimmer.

Pilar, Coco, Annelise and I often found ourselves together. Then a young man, Eric Topf, joined us. He was Austrian. His father was in prison in Vienna for participating in the 1934 attempt to stop the Nazis. Eric's mother had managed to escape Austria and was now waiting for him in Haifa. Eric was a very handsome fellow with dark curly hair, a full face, piercing eyes and impeccable European manners. He spoke a crisp, clear English and a diplomatic French. His father had been an art dealer; his mother an illustrator of children's books. Eric was very well-educated, and, unlike some of us, he was as comfortable talking about sports as discussing art, politics, and religion. Mystical, with a fine memory, he recited Old Testament passages, Baudelaire, Donne and Whitman, the words accompanied by delicate gestures of his pale, marvelous hands. We were mesmerized by him. He was the favorite young man among the Spaniard girls.

My most vivid memory of him brings back a Saturday afternoon dancing party. My friends and I were eager to attend. Pilar loved dancing, and I considered myself a master of the fox-trot. Coco was an expert in rhumbas, and we all had a passion for the exotic art of tango. The loudspeakers of the ship were connected to the radio which could pick up a famous dance music program

from Marseille. When we arrived about 30 or 40 young people were already dancing. Some of the Jewish and Spaniard girls were dancing with each other, waiting for the timid young men to summon the courage to ask them to dance. When Annelise saw me, she just said, "Dance with me," and we were away. But it was not easy to dance with her. She had the heavy style of Eastern Europeans, sliding her feet and making turns to the right with difficulty. She held me too tightly and tended to bend



Francisco Franco embraces Eisenhower.

her legs at the most unexpected moments. It was not like dancing with Pilar.

When the music finished, Annelise kissed me on the cheek and walked around holding me by the hand. I was embarrassed. She was too beautiful, too blonde, and about two inches too tall.

"Annelise, ask Toby to dance. He looks lonely," I told her.

She saw him in a corner, talking with one of the Basque girls.

"You think so?" she asked, incredulous.

"Just look at him," I insisted, "He's talking with one of those boring intellectual Basques."

In spite of her doubts, Annelise went over to talk with Toby.

I sidled closer to one of the doors, just in case. Then I saw Pilar with Eric. He has holding her hand, looking into her eyes with total absorption. She was close to him, waiting for the music to start again. When the announcer's mellifluous voice told his listeners the next number was "pour nous amis, les

Englais, 'The Lambeth Walk'," couples lined up, eager to trot the silly novelty steps. I looked for a partner and almost bumped into a refined Catalan girl. I knew her name was Julia and that, for a reason unknown to me, everyone called her Moncha. She smiled and said, "It's me or Annelise." The last words of an advertisement for Coty perfumes were fading away, so I just nodded and we got into position. We strutted around the room together with an enthusiastic bunch of other boys and girls. I liked the

way this girl danced. She was fast, light and let herself go, moving her body away from me, then closer to me. In the midst of all the kicking and shouting I saw Pilar and Eric at the head of the columns. She was wearing a light green blouse and a white skirt. Eric in his pioneer white shirt and khaki military shorts looked so romantic, so heroic. They matched each other's beauty. Pilar was happy, playful, and followed Eric in every comic movement. They pantomimed a pair of raggedy dolls. The music became sillier, a little hysterical, and we shouted with tremendous joy, "Doing the

Lambeth Walk, Yeah!" The raucous noise attracted the attention of many adults, and some, peering through the doors and portholes, shook their heads, incredulous at the antics of the younger generation.

We finished dancing in a frantic burst of energy. My partner held my fingers and, with infinite grace, gyrated around me with a flair of her skirt, ending in my arms. Pilar and Eric ran into each other's arms and embraced. He kissed her on the forehead, and she reclined her head on his chest. For a few seconds they stood together with their eyes closed. As the radio blared a litany of advertisements, we reassembled. My partner was going to leave me, but I begged her, "Please stay. Let's talk. Would you dance some more with me?"

"Oh, all right. Why not? After all, we Catalonians must stick together." I could no longer see Pilar and Eric. Then I noticed that Coco was not around either.

"Moncha, have you seen my friend

Coco? You know, the fellow I'm often with."

"Yes, he's playing chess, on the lower deck," she answered, waiting for the next song.

"What do you mean?" I asked her impatiently.

"I mean chess. You know, rook takes horse; bishop kills horse; checkmate!" she responded, annoyed by my slow mental process.

The music started again. This time it was a French waltz with lots of soulful accordions, painful violin solos and a dark feminine voice proclaiming her loyalty to a man who betrays her, abuses her and demands more money. I immersed myself in the dance. I liked Moncha. She had a natural way of accommodating her body with my movements. Once again I caught sight of Pilar and Eric. The four of us were moving closer, but we did not acknowledge each other's presence. Pilar, just as I had seen my mother dancing in Marseille, had her arms around Eric's neck, and he had his hands on her waist. Moncha rested her head on my chest. Her hair smelled clean, with a vague aroma of roses. I felt warm and tender towards her. I dared to bring her slightly closer to me, and she responded by dancing just a little slower and resting her nails on my hand, without hurting me. It felt delicious, intimate, a little wicked.

Then Moncha was asked to dance by someone else, taller than I. He was one of those rather aristocratic Basque, who smoked and smelled of English tobacco. Moncha asked me with her eyes if it was all right. I winked at her. I felt magnanimous, adult. Pilar and Eric were ready to dance again, but this time they saw me.

"Palitos, where you been?" Pilar asked. "Where's Coco?"

"He's playing chess," I told her.

"Well, let's go find him."

"My goodness, chess!" exclaimed Eric in disbelief.

As we left the improvised dance hall, we found that most of the adults were either in the prow of the ship or down on the lower decks, possibly out of discreet respect for the young, but probably just to escape the irritating mating rituals of adolescence.

The air was nice, balmy, and the afternoon sun was still hanging above the horizon. In the tiny library a group of

bridge players had taken refuge, oblivious to the tumultuous party on the upper deck. My parents were among them.

Going down one of the metal stairs, we found the chess players. They, too, had escaped from the noisy crowd and were engaged in silent combat. Coco was playing one of the Basque girls and was in trouble. He was folded into himself, his knees high on his chair, his arms knotted around them, ferocious concentration in his eyes. Two of the Greek sailors from the ship's crew had taken on a pair of young opponents. The smoke of their big Turkish cigars was just the right thing for the occasion. Suddenly, Coco moved one of his pieces. The girl responded quickly and confidently. Then Coco roared like a tiger. The Basque girl looked again in disbelief. She had lost. We could not actually see the final positions, but the young woman, flustered, extracted from her blouse a wad of money and gave Coco a 100 Franc bill. He said, "Thanks, your game is great." One by one, the other games ended. The losers complimented their triumphant opponents. One of the Greek sailors, with some embarrassment, was playing for his defeat. The winner was a very young boy with glasses. They shook hands. It was an agreement to meet again.

In some way, though, we were disappointed. Was this like gambling?

"Not really," explained Coco. "You see, we agreed to play only among equal ranking players. That way the rather weak chaps don't get taken." We smiled politely, unconvinced.

"I'm hungry," exclaimed Coco.

"How much did you win?" asked Pilar.

"Oh, about 500 Francs."

"Well, it pays to have brains," commented Eric.

"I lost two games, though. But now I have the money for my project," Coco told us happily, pushing ahead towards the kitchen to get sandwiches and strawberry sodas for all of us.

From that day on, we were a group. Intimidated by Annelise, I wooed Moncha to be our pal. The attraction was Eric who gave dimension and magic to our friendship.

"Adios, Catalonia" will continue in the next issue of Anarchy with Manolo Gonzalez's account of "North Africa, Freedom and Much More."

International Squatting

Continued from page 29

P: I think the craziest thing capitalism ever has done is to allow people to buy and sell land. I think it is completely sinful and evil. Who the fuck can own this tree? [Who put a price on anything? It is completely elitist that land belongs to some people and not to others. —**M**] There is so little you can do about it because you just get hurt every time. [Everyone can walk across a piece of land and just by walking across it you surely own it. —**M**]

Arrest and Solidarity

M: If someone goes to prison or gets nicked for something by the cops all the people are with him completely. They go to the jail and wait. The Earth Firsters call it an "affinity group." If a person is in trouble, you're completely there for them. If they get nicked for shoplifting or anything, immediately someone gets the word out and it brings the energy and they work with the people. Two weeks before we left, which was about a month ago, they were having a party and there were a lot of French and Hungarian people there illegally. The coppers came and tried to break in. We said "You can't break in, we're having a party. We'll turn the music down if that is what you want." They called back-up and stormed the house and hectically beat up the squatters. They arrested about eighteen of them and kept eleven in custody. They beat up the squatters and then accused them of assault. They had to stay in prison and then give them two thousand pounds to get parole and they had to check in every single night at the prison to sign on. They weren't allowed out of the Brixton area. They were fucking with these people with laws.

P: One British person and eleven people from Czechoslovakia and France were kept in the system. The British person was set free, but he has to sign in at the Brixton police station every day, which means you can't leave London at all. Because you can't go anywhere in one day. You aren't allowed out anyway. All the others had a thousand pound bail in order to come out. The court case was set for six months time. They were going to be held in remand for six months if they didn't get a thousand pound bail. We knew only a few of them personally. We squatted only with the one guy, who was a really good friend of ours, but he is chased by the police everywhere he goes. The other people we didn't know so well, but everyone in the whole area was pooling. There were benefits every weekend. The people we were squatting with wrote up pamphlets and passed them around at demos. The amount of money raised was unbelievable. At every festival they sold beer or cider and profits were donated. Suddenly all their energy went to saving their people, all ten of them. [Ten thousand pounds was raised by people who have nothing. —**M**] If they had wanted to go travelling, they wouldn't have made the money because they wouldn't have had the passion to do it. They didn't do it for themselves, but they suddenly put out all this energy and got the people out of prison, which was absolutely phenomenal. They have one set of clothes, don't have cars or houses, but they have money to get people out of jail. I am feeling very positive now.

The Iconoclast's Hammer

By Feral Faun

Radical Theory: A Wrecking Ball for Ivory Towers

It seems to have become a given among many anti-authoritarians that radical theory is an academic pursuit. On the one hand, there are the ideological activists who accuse anyone who attempts to critically analyze society or their own activities in a way that goes beyond the latest hip anarchist sloganeering of being armchair intellectuals or academics. On the other hand, there are those who supplement the income of their academic/intellectual professions by writing tracts criticizing society, the left or even their own professions, but in such abstract and insubstantial terms as to be meaningless in relation to their own lives. These intellectual "radicals" and anti-intellectual activists remain equally enslaved to society's discourse. Radical theory is elsewhere.

Radical theory springs from the energy of insurgent desire first as a basic recognition that the social context in which we find ourselves impoverishes our lives. Because we have been educated not to *think*, but rather to *have thoughts*, it is very easy to fall from this basic recognition into accepting one or another "radical" ideology, mouthing the appropriate slogans and participating in the mindless activism (better called reactivism) which jumps and dances for every cause and issue, but never attacks society at its root. I've heard "class war" anarchists (many of them from upper middle class backgrounds) justify such stupidity by declaring any attempts at more precise and critical thinking to be an expression of classist privilege—even when those making the attempts are

high school dropout lumpen. But there is nothing radical about stupidity or "thinking" in slogans even when they're anarchist slogans.

Radical theory is the attempt to understand the complex system of relationships which is society, how it reproduces itself and the individual as a part of itself, and how one can begin to undermine its control and take back one's life in order to become a self-creative individual. It has no place in either the ivory tower of the academy or that of mindless ideological (re)activism. It is rather an integral part of an active insurgence against society.

Having recognized that society impoverishes our lives, it is a very small step to realize that the simplistic sloganeering

Radical theory is thinking becoming sensually integrated into an insurgent life and learning, however slowly, to express itself with precision and fluidity.

that is frequently passed off as radical thought is part of this impoverishment. It belittles us as individuals by substituting itself for thinking and imagination. "Smash authority!" is a wonderful sentiment, but that's all it is. It tells us nothing about the nature of authority, our relationship to it, its trajectories and tendencies or how we can go about destroying it. This is why those for whom this slogan is an adequate analysis of authority continue to repeat the same futile and insipid actions over and over again as signs of their resistance to authority, actions which have long since proven only to reinforce authority by creating easily confined rituals of pseudo-opposition which keep rebellion domesticated.

The small step which opens the possibility of thinking beyond slogans is an about-face, a reversal of perspective. If society impoverishes our lives, if it offers nothing worth having, then there is no reason for any of us to let this absurd

system of relationships into which we have been integrated continue to determine how we view the world either by acceptance of its perspective or by reaction to it. Instead our attempts to create our lives as fully and intensely as possible, which will bring us into conflict with society, can be the basis for an ongoing analysis of society and our relationship to it that challenges and enhances our thinking and imaginations and stimulates an active insurgence against authority as it exists in the interactions that create our daily lives. This analysis can not be a static set of ideas and principles, because it is an integral part of a dialectic of thinking and living as an insurgent, self-creating individual. As such, it is an integral part of action, not a separate

specialization. Written expressions of this analysis (which should not be mistaken for the analysis itself) require the development of a language that is very precise *and* very fluid, very pointed *and* very playful. I am very far from attaining this, but am trying to develop it. The language of the situationists (particularly Debord and Vaneigem in his SI days) was aiming for this.

But those who prefer slogans to intensive analysis frequently accuse those attempting to develop such a language of "intellectualism," yet only by developing such a language can the expression of theory be wrested from intellectual specialists and made into an integral part of an active insurgence.

Radical theory is an aspect of a way of living which smashes all ivory towers. It exposes the theories that spill from the academic ivory towers as lifeless shams. It exposes the actions of the ideologues of activism as mindless reaction. To put it another way, theorists who aren't living an insurgent life say nothing that's worth saying, and activists who refuse to think critically do nothing worth doing. Radical theory is thinking becoming sensually integrated into an insurgent life and learning, however slowly, to express itself with precision and fluidity. When developed it cuts like a well-honed knife.

Have something to say? Write us!

We would like to encourage you to write us in order to continue this dialogue, whether you are sympathetic or critical of anarchist theories and practices. All letters will be printed with the author's initials only, unless it is specifically stated that her/his full name may be used or that s/he wishes to remain anonymous, or the name already appears in *Anarchy*—as in the case of an author of an essay or creator of artwork published here.

We will edit letters that are redundant, overly long, unreadable, excessively boring or contain threats. (Ellipses in italicized brackets [...] indicate editorial omissions.) Limit length to three double-spaced, typewritten pages. Address your letters to C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446.

Give me a break

Dear *Anarchy*,

First some positive comments to prove that I can say nice things on occasion. Manolo Gonzalez' autobiographical article was one of the best pieces to appear in *Anarchy* ever; I hope to read more from him. And Feral's pointed and well-done critique of cybernetics should be required reading for all technophiles.

Now that the good things are out of the way...I don't like the full-color cover. It adds nothing to the zine except a false slickness that reminds me of *Processed World™* or *Utne Reader*. Also it's non-recyclable. I don't see the point, especially since you "have to pinch pennies whenever [you] can."

Adam Bregman's report on the Anti-Columbus Day black bloc action was replete with the inflated self-importance of a street tough. This macho vanguardist and his cronies would have the rest of us ("armchair sitters" all, naturally) believe that with enough ebon-clad JDs at hand they could pose some sort of threat to the "powers that be." Give me a break. (I'm sure all the German politicians and industrialists quake with fear when 10,000 automen rumble with the cops.) Fetishizing one particular strategy as "the best" or "the most revolutionary" makes these dimwits resemble the civil disobedience crowd more than they'd want to admit. Each method of protest is championed with the same sanctimonious self-righteousness of the true believer, as if chest-thumping

and jumping up and down, or sitting still and going limp enough times could make up for the paucity of their practitioners' impact on the smooth functioning of industrial civilization.

The black bloc in S.F. on Oct. 11 broke up because an organizer told people to disperse? Where was the solidarity of the black bloc during the incarceration of one of their own on the charge of attempted murder (with \$500,000 bail)? This isn't revolution, it's just dumb.

If Bregman is irritated that AIM leaders wanted to tell the bloc-heads what to do, how much more irked does he think AIM people would be if he confronted them directly with his opinion of their "wimpy," "unthreatening," "lame" rally? Coming from a young posturing militant, I'm sure they'd be quick to repent their errant ways and make him their field marshal since he knows so much about Geronimo, Crazy Horse, and other famous Indians. He reminds me of the guy from out of town I spoke with at the rally after the arrests who carelessly bragged to me—a total stranger—about preparing eight or so and throwing one molly—they're both dolts.

I want to clear up some things regarding my interaction with Ward Churchill. I sent a copy of my letter to W.C. at the same time I sent it to *Anarchy*. He wrote to me thinking that I was the publisher, deeming the "anonymous critic" too afraid to sign a name and send it to him directly. (Also on the letter was a memo promising that "This exchange will appear in my next

book.") I explained that I was the author and that I had sent a copy to him because it's better to get a critique personally.

When I got his lengthy reply to my original critiques I sent a copy to *Anarchy* because I'd written my letter for the zine. I had no idea that you would delete his provocative and insulting introduction and postscript without ellipses, making his letter seem more reasonable. In fact the nasty tone was set from his initial few curt sentences and spurious assumptions.

By allowing W.C. to respond directly after my letter you give him a voice equal to yours and superior to mine—it makes it appear that you wrote to him and said, "Hey Ward, do you want to respond to this?" when in fact the exchange took place at my PO Box. It's not as though he doesn't have full time access to *Z Magazine* (not known for its relevance to anti-authoritarians), South End Press (leftists to the max), and now Common Courage Press (more expensive than Black Rose Books); now he gets near-editorial privilege in *Anarchy*, too. His letter could have been printed in its entirety or with ellipses in the issue following the one where mine appeared, putting his dispute with me on the same footing as all the other letter exchanges.

The irony of this is that if I hadn't been considerate enough to send any letter to W.C. he'd never have known about it, since he hadn't read *Anarchy* (and why should he, being a nationalist as well as an academic intellectual and a leftist?) So not only did he get the advantage of having a response appear next to a critique of him, but he also attains the appearance of being a regular reader/supporter of *Anarchy* when it's obviously not the case.

You've had no problem exposing the lines of Chomsky as the poseur that he is; why shy away from a few choice comments about W.C.'s leftism, his fetishism of legality and "rights," etc.? You had no problem telling off Barrabbas regarding the "no social concerns" punk band, so why pull punches with an authoritarian like Churchill? This college professor is obviously no friend

to an anarchic perspective or those who have one; why then does he merit the consideration of having his specious innuendos and attacks on me printed?

Meanwhile W.C. and I engaged in a heated exchange of letters; Bob Black also entered the fray. I would be happy to send anyone copies of the unedited corpus if they send me a few dollars to cover photocopying and postage costs.

Lawrence
POB 410681
San Francisco, CA. 94141

Jason comments:

Questions of balance

Regarding our new full-color cover and its relation to our finances, we are assuming that it will quickly pay for itself through the greatly increased number of copies that we will sell of each issue. So far, this assumption seems to be a valid one. All of our major distributors have increased their orders substantially, while many of our other distributors report significantly increased sales. The question then becomes whether or not the increased durability and beauty of the new cover, along with the increased number of people who will read *Anarchy* (who otherwise wouldn't have noticed it on newsstands), is worth the cost of printing with a less directly recyclable paper. There is no perfect answer to this question, but I think the balance of benefits far outweighs the few drawbacks.

Regarding your comments on Ward Churchill's letter appearing in response to yours in the same issue, you are right that had you not sent the letter to him yourself, he would not have responded until the following issue. However, since you did send him your letter, he was able to respond in the same issue. We don't intend to tell people that they can't write letters in response to other letters *they've already seen*, just because those letters haven't yet been printed in *Anarchy*. We always try to maintain a balanced access to the letters column without playing favorites among noneditorial writers.

In the case of Ward Churchill's letter, it also made sense that he had no wish to include his original, mistaken preface and conclusion (to the body of his letter in re-

sponse to you) once he understood to whom he was speaking. Nor did we see any purpose in printing them since they would just have been more confusing for readers who wouldn't know the circumstances in which they were written.

We did not ask Noam Chomsky or Ward Churchill (or anyone else) to contribute to this magazine in order to then put them down. We may have disagreements with Chomsky and Churchill (as with most anyone else, as well), but we also respect the work they have done in exposing the lies of the powers that be. Readers, however, are always free to give their opinions on contributors to this journal. And they usual do.

Who needs Tad Kepley?

For *Anarchy* letters:

Tad Kepley's "Who needs Class War?" (*Anarchy* Winter 1993) might better have been titled "Who needs Tad Kepley?"

He admits to personally having nothing to offer; "I will never contribute anything ...[but will do] my best to destroy the work of others." Uh huh. While in NYC, that consisted of ripping off one anarchist after another and then basically being run out of town with no one left to burn.

Anarchists here could indeed learn from Britain's Class War: they simply would have offed a clown like Kepley. Many of us who were at the San Francisco "Day of Action" had a laugh at Kepley's letter in *Anarchy* concerning that event. He was the one fingered for mouthing "faggot" & "nigger!"

Eric Blake, Albany, NY.

Tyranny of voices past

In the film, "Simple Men," by Hal Hartley, a seasoned radical recites a passage from Malatesta's *Anarchy* while perched above his audience. He holds sway over several followers who are induced to recite along with him. Any perceptive anarchist would quickly find fault with this authoritative situation—the recitation from the physical and psychological position of authority and the unquestioning obedience of the audience (the *followers*). This repulsive and au-

thoritarian situation introduces us to the subtle danger of using quotations in any context, for the quotation is a primal token of devotion and faith.

The quotation comforts—things prepackaged and poetic have always comforted. Only external things are believed to make the whole resonant. And so the external bringer of comforting things comforts.

The quotation transforms—transformation is sought because the whole decays or observes others that appear whole. Only external forces are believed to transform. And so the external possessor of transformation is deified.

Possess an outwardly apparent

great sympathy towards something, relate to those of similar endowment of the past, and garnish with quotations. The social relationship with the reverent audience is sealed. The instrument—faith—ensures the perpetuation of the new social contract.

The hills seethe with those that understand and exploit the faithworks—the quotation is their secret weapon. It is the new cornerstone for coloring speeches, introducing the chapters of popular books, complementing the graphics in calendars, and is the essence of today's little red books. Most of these have a transformational and comforting (spiritual)

subtext.

Those faithful who refer to spiritual and religious dogma—evangelists and acolytes—are notorious for quoting texts. These dogmatists invented the practice of lionizing the voices of the past. Even in the pages of *Anarchy* there are those that capitulate, the zealots, and those that develop a unified and self-assured exposition. Compare the numerous quotations and references (even this propositional aid is suspect in quantity) of the pro-sacred Dogbane Campion with the independent arguments of Lev Chernyi in issue #24.

Should anarchists and anti-authoritarians practice the dogmatist tactics of the reverent?

Should we encumber our audiences with convenient poetics that float endlessly in the historical spectrum, to brandish and then surgically implant them, instead of working towards an understanding of the larger scheme? Must we rely on cheap quotations to make credible and therefore official arguments? Must we aggrandize these folk like religious zealots? No, no, no, and never! Though many valuable ideas have been craftily midwived out of a social consciousness by their authors, they were thoughts that others, then and now, were generally thinking of. The much quoted were only different in that they patiently birthed these archetypical ideas and transformed them into words for the public. An exponent of the author subsequently extracts the quotations to play the role of the highly regarded priest, medium, apostle, or sage; or to a lesser degree, associate or expert. Use the quotation and rivet the fate of a dominator/dominated relationship.

Out of its original context, the quotation is a weapon of psychological seduction to the



Collage by Phillip Lollar

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unsuspecting. It lies tenaciously in the back of the mind like a critic, fending off other ideas with almost no chance of its dislodgment or resynthesis. The especially portable quotation is fodder for a slogan where the above interplay is consciously exploited by the adherents. Now the supplicating masses become captive and hence susceptible to potentially devastating thought-control. The use of slogans (symbols and tokens, too) cannot ever be justified. Considering these dangers, is it ever safe to exhume a quotation?

One might quote or paraphrase sparingly without developing authoritarian constructs if the author is especially not well-known or the quotation is not very popular. For the worn-out

quotation or aphorism, some research may put the item in context. The quotation may be transformed or it may even become impotent. Offer the historical perspective surrounding the author at the quotation's creation. It wouldn't hurt to be thorough and also supply the surrounding text. Fragmentation, isolation, and distortion are tools of the state. One might state that the quotation is anonymous, not attributable to some other "great" figure as the reverent would. Quash the compelling feelings of guilt that force us to bolster authors and diminish ourselves. One might also paraphrase or completely rework the quotation (artists continuously borrow, sample, or steal ideas and constructs from "great" art-

ists without compunction). Treading swirling author-itarian waters, one might quote but not cite it as such.

A simple experiment unmasks the power of the quotation: try quoting yourself. It's plainly awkward and conceited. Only a megalomaniac would ever quote themselves. Why create the same aura by quoting others?

As individuals, we embody the concept of uniqueness of character and experience. Our times embody the same uniqueness. Why relinquish the present, the privilege of genesis, the pleasure of saying something incisive to another voice or another time? Synthesize something new altogether. Retrieval is lazy. Synthesis is work.

J.K., Chicago, IL.

My definition for anarchy

Dear Jason & Toni,

During the past fifty-odd years, I have belonged to various "organized" efforts to deal with and/or resolve humanity's adversarial condition. Those efforts range from the exquisitely esoteric to the grossly political...All manifesting the same liabilities: "Inspired" ideologies carved in stone, administered by self-perpetuating hierarchies. Each of these, with similar goals and "enemies," denounce the others as being in league with or accommodating to "the enemy." The experience evoked the gamut of emotions from hopelessness to rage. I have since risen to the level of amusement.

About a year ago I was over-



A.R.P. (POB 57, Sakyo, Kyoto 606, Japan).

heard repeating one of Ronald Reagan's "truths": "Government is the problem not the solution."

Later, the eavesdropper confided, "...You talk like an Anarchist."

We have since become close friends, and I have been exposed to Proudhon, Bukharin, Kropotkin, Rocker, Emma Goldman and this journal. I can now acknowledge association with that living diversity: Anarchism. For a personal guide-line I like the goal pursued by members of the Mondragon Cooperative in Basque Spain: "Freedom in community" and "Unity in diversity." Balancing astride the ridges between those apparent dichotomies is an exercise in self-location.

Being a tyro on the @ scene, I rush headlong to offer my definition of Anarchy: The human condition in which all will be totally free and totally responsible for and to all and everything...I liken it to a square-dance where the music and the calls are in the dancers' heads; all dancing joyfully in their own spaces.... Meanwhile fractionized humanity trashes itself in a surreal cacophony of discoteques.

Comprehended thusly, the amount and quality of time, space and energy required to approach that goal is daunting. But the prospect of our liberation can be apprehended from a one-page sentence by "Bucky" Fuller.

What I Am Trying To Do

Acutely aware of our beings' limitations and acknowledging the infinite mystery of the a priori Universe into which we are born but nevertheless searching for a conscious means of hopefully competent participation by humanity in its own evolutionary trending while employing only the unique advantages inhering exclusively to those individuals who take and maintain the economic initiative in the face of the formidable physical capital and credit advantages of the massive corporations and political states and deliberately avoiding political ties and tactics while endeavoring by experiments and explorations to excite individuals' awareness and realization of humanity's higher potentials I seek through compre-

hensive anticipatory design science and its reduction to physical practices to reform the environment instead of trying to reform humans, being intent thereby to accomplish prototypical capabilities of doing more with less whereby in turn the wealth augmenting prospects of such design science regenerations will induce their spontaneous and economically successful industrial proliferation by world around services' managements all of which chain reaction provoking events will both permit and induce all humanity to realize full lasting economic and physical success plus enjoyment of all the Earth without one individual interfering with or being advantaged at the expense of another.

-R. Buckminster Fuller

Fuller is probably best remembered for the geodesic dome. But (as he insisted) that was only one of many artifacts he created in his effort to get humanity to abandon its flat-earth concepts and behave in tune with the reality of our spherical, integral and indivisible Spaceship Earth. He seized every opportunity to chide us for allowing our abilities to understand and communicate to be held hostage by false words and concepts embedded in our languages. For instance, we speak of sunrises and sunsets when we know the sun to be stationary relative to the earth. We find security in "solid" things, knowing the atoms of those "solids" are (relatively) as spacious as the earth-moon system. Our spaces are framed with what we perceive to be intersecting straight lines. But laser-augmented measurement will expose their gravity enforced curvatures.

"Bucky" challenges us to confront these and countless other inherited misperceptions that condition our reflexes as we cope with Life's surprises. He urges us to comprehend and act in harmony with the reality of our interconnectedness; knowing the only barriers between us are those we allow to be there. Any other course leads to more of the same. I recommend his book, *Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth*, to get a grasp on our potential for universal success.

Finally, I take the term "desire

armed" to be a metaphor for the ability to hold a position and interact creatively with others. That is real power! All other forms and sources of power fuck us up.

R.D.W., Englewood, FL.

PS: In the interest of brevity I chose to avoid topics of action and projects. However I would like to see more attention given to "grass-root" activity intended to raise the level of personal responsibility for local conditions. These can evolve into co-ops, unions and councils.

Nor should regional, national, inter- and trans-national concerns be neglected; always responsibly. For example, we can be helpful in Greenpeace, Co-op America, the Committees of Correspondence, and always, the union movement.

Enough!

"Moral outrage"

A Chara Jason, Toni, folks of *Anarchy*,

Hey thanx a lot. We just picked #35 from the post. Looks really good passing it back and forth as usual. Want to especially thank you for the blurb on *Steal The Fire*. Requests are being received from all over the place, faster than can be filled.

While reading the letters section I came upon a letter concerning Amnesty International. J.G. Eccarius is correct to point out that people who practice self defense are beneath the regard of AI. In fact let's take for example Northern Ireland. During the '81 hunger strike AI to my knowledge did not support the strikers because they were IRA and INLA prisoners. Neither will they comment on the British judiciary which is stacked against Irish nationalists as exemplified by the case of the Birmingham Six or Guilford Four. "Moral outrage" is AI's watchword. Translated it means what can we use to raise more money for all sorts of non-prisoner support stuff.

As an individual who does prisoner support I find AI's position beneath contempt. It's a fine first step that AI is calling attention to the USA but they still accomplish nothing but a little reform here and there. The

situation in the occupied six counties is a moral outrage but AI turns a blind eye to it because vols are defending their communities from racist British troops, loyalist death squads, and Diplock courts. Come on AI get a clue. *Abolish All Prisons!* [...]

M.L. for *Acts of Resistance*
San Francisco, CA.

Bewildered

Dear *Anarchy*,

As someone who first started having sexual contacts with adults at age 11, I think the issue is pretty straight forward. If the child wants the relationship and can leave without fear of retaliation then it is not abuse and should be tolerated. On the other hand, if force or threats or dishonesty is used to gain the child's compliance, then other adults should come in on the child's side and put a stop to it.

There seem to be some readers who don't agree with me who feel justified in attacking relationships in which the child likes or loves the adult and doesn't want to be "saved." When I read letters like this I imagine myself as a boy in bed with my friend when a heavy knock comes at the door. "Open up in there! It's the anarchists! Do not attempt to escape, we have your house surrounded!" At this point, my imagination fails me. Just exactly how *would* these "anti-authoritarians" go about suppressing relationships between mutually consenting partners? If a bunch of self-righteous "libertarian" moralists busted down the door to the bedroom, I suppose that they could have sent me home to my parents and perhaps beat up my lover, but then what? How would they prevent me from sneaking back to the man's house once the coast was clear? Would they take the man away and lock him up? Where? In an anarchist prison? Who would guard it? What would they do to me if I screamed at them to get the fuck out of my life and to leave my adult friend alone? Spank me?

I am tired of hearing a lot of abstract arguments about why the child's perspective should be

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ignored and about how the age difference absolutely determines that a relationship like this will be oppressive no matter how the two partners feel about one another or treat each other. What I want to know is how the "anarchists" who feel this way expect to enforce such standards in a stateless society. Will someone please enlighten me?

Yours in bewilderment,
Schaun Perry
(no city listed by request)

Same old faces

A- How are you all? I'd been wanting to write for awhile but have been plagued with some of the very things described in "Amnesia" [*Anarchy* #35, p.5], though forgetting isn't at all my problem, just hopelessness. Some of this came from seeing the insurrectionary fever of last spring subside into bizness as usual and even more galling hip bizness, so much of it, also friends falling into drug addictions from heroin to vodka to pot and social degeneration and psychopathy on the rise. Plus ozone hole 15% bigger in '91, more trees gone, 5 Bay Area toxic gas releases, etc., etc.

Let's have a protest? Doesn't seem to cut it, plus it'll just be the same old faces, some of them anarchists who are pretty unanarchistic.

And the project dwellers across the street, those with really no future, are doing donuts in their hotrods till 3am, testing their weapons, 2 shot dead in the week before I left. So let's just get high and fuck. But my lungs are scorched and my heart dead. Something's wrong with my back and it takes me 3 weeks to get rid of a cold.

No, amnesia doesn't get me, collapse does.

Never mind, I'll try to put a positive spin on things. There's a burgeoning squatting movement that's taken off in S.F. as well as Santa Cruz & San Jose. In S.F. they have several buildings occupied by homeless people with AIDS and anti-renters. In early December a sniper at the Army St. projects across the street from me tagged a cop but wasn't caught. Epicenter has a switch-

board for info, free food, medix, shelter & events, TV—Sunday 12-6pm @ (415) 431-4600.

Down in Long Beach there was an anarchist get-together that was pretty interesting. Over here in Providence [*Rhode Island*] Newspeak exists next to a free artspace performance place called AS220 in downtown. Newspeak is now providing both a space and info materials, books, zines, videos & cassettes that didn't exist before. A local activist group, Anarchist Revolutionary Movement, existed but then split up over the use of arms vs. changing the name to @ Cooperative Mov't. And anti-Japanese graffiti that I altered into anti-nationalist, capitalist messages still stands on the overpass of a very busy street from 2 years + ago!

So life is just popping along. As a letter in the last *EF!* paper said, "expectation of things going perfectly, and disillusionment when they don't is a product of a TV culture used to watching conflict introduction, resolution in 30 minute sitcoms...." I myself used to watch alot. [...]

P.K., San Francisco, CA.

Decentralist papers

Dear friends,

I want to draw your attention to some European not-anarchist-but-decentralist papers. I hope you will be interested in them, and that you will use them in your "Alternative Media Review."

Fourth World Review, 24 Abercorn Place, London NW8 9XP, England.

Perspectives, Transeuropa, BM-6682, London WC1N 3XX, England.

Third Way, POB 1243, London SW7 3PB, England.

Alternative Green, 20 Upper Barr, Cowley Centre, Oxford OX4 3UX, England.

J.T., Crechowice, Poland

Transvestite literature?

Dear Jason and the cool collective of *Anarchy*,

I sure hope this letter finds you all in the very best of health and happiness these days.

Do you folks still remember lil ol' me? I'm one of the gals in

prison, whom you send your astounding publication to. [...]

Do you know of anywhere I could receive free literature regarding transvestite/transsexual lifestyle issues?

Also I would like to know if there was any way you could print my letter in hopes of finding a pen pal?

I'll write to anybody nice enough to write to me. [...]

Well, bye for now!

With love and in solidarity,
John Salyers #185067

POB 45699

Lucasville, OH. 45699

Black bloc article "borderline racist"

Dear *Anarchy*,

I am writing about the Black Bloc article in your december issue. As a participant in the bloc, I feel it is necessary to offer a different perspective as I found the article both macho and borderline racist. First of all, though I believe one always has the right to critically evaluate any organization, I felt that the tone of the article was bashing AIM, not offering constructive criticism of its methods. In fact, I got the distinct feeling that the author felt better equipped to organize a First Nation resistance action than AIM, a group which has done a lot more and gone through a lot more than 99.99% of white people have (though I am not assuming the author was white, but most of the bloc was). I question the motives of someone protesting Columbus Day who feels so strongly negative about the First Nation organizing group. If an anarchist feels strongly that there are First Nation activists fighting along more militant lines and that they would be more comfortable working with these activists, then form alliances with them, don't attempt to colonize the sovereigntist movement.

Secondly, about Tommy Lawless (a friend). She did an extremely good job under intensely harsh circumstances. She worked her butt off and there were plenty of opportunities for others to become involved prior to the Saturday night meeting. I am rather sick of people sitting on

their asses and then picking on hard working organizers after the fact. If you had problems, why didn't you say something? And if you can do a better job, then do it. Organized a bloc. Talk - Action = 0! Well that's it. The bloc, like any action, could have been improved, but picking out targets for bashing to avoid personal responsibility to make things better gets us nowhere.

Peace, love and vegan joy,
M@c Sm@ck Anor@k
Victoria, British Columbia

Mindless sexual taboos

Dear *Anarchy*,

Writing in the Winter 1993 issue, W.B. from Edgewood, IA. states, "Radicals need to take social construction seriously. Where there is social power, there are distortions that can hardly be undone by the individual, alone, no matter how strong and competent. And all of the above has bearing on child-adult sex. The selfish individual of individualist anarchy apparently can legitimize adult-child sex as a mutual (domination free) relationship irrespective of existing social consciousness: the way current mores contribute to guilt, lost esteem, etc.... We all are continuously being socially distorted by the dominant consciousness. It prompts us to seek individual gain over others and nature. How can a child, suddenly cast into this adult arena of competitive self-seeking individuals and narrow moralism, still be expected to avoid serious injury?"

W.B. raises a valid point in his letter. (I assume W.B. is a "he" due to his dogmatic, abstract style of argument.) All relationships do take place in a social context and this does have bearing on adult-child sex. A child may find a sexual relationship with an adult both pleasant and delightful, yet may be "consenting" to a risk s/he does not understand. She risks emotional trauma should she later encounter society's horrific view of the relationship. It is not obvious to young children that their loving relationship with an adult will suddenly become problematic for others when it begins to involve sexual pleasure. The

hysterical response when such a relationship is discovered *definitely* causes harm to at least some children. Examples abound, including a couple of case histories cited in my article ("Positive Child-Adult Sex: The Evidence," *Anarchy* Summer, 1992). As W.B. wisely points out, these mindless sexual taboos hurt children. It would follow then, that such hurtful influences which threaten children engaged in otherwise harmless, pleasurable behaviors should be scrutinized, challenged, questioned. But apparently, this is where W.B. draws the line. He gives no indication that the "existing social consciousness" and "current mores" invoked in his argument can be changed, or indeed that they should be. By this omission, W.B.'s position accepts the moralism of the prevailing culture as a "given," a fixed, unchangeable constant to which everyone's desires and mutual behaviors must conform. Ultimately, this type of reasoning reduces to a circular argument. "Consensual child-adult sex should be *taboo* because it is harmful. Why is it harmful? Because it is *taboo*!" W.B.'s argument is a tautology.

Where in W.B.'s view is there room for rebellion, for experimentation, for subjectivity? Where is there room for liberation of desire in general? I agree with W.B. that radicals need to take social construction seriously, but would add that radicals also need to take *radicalism* seriously. Otherwise, all of the subversive potential of relationships which cross sociological

demarcations of power is lost. Writing in Daniel Tsang's anthology, *The Age Taboo*, lesbian feminist sex radical Pat Califia observes, "Our society is made up of class systems and runs on arbitrarily assigned privilege. Loving relationships are one way to cross barriers, forge alliances and redistribute power. Granted, they are no substitute for full-scale social change. But we cannot forego all intimacy until these iniquities are abolished. There is nothing wrong with a more privileged adult offering a young person money, privacy, freedom of movement, new ideas and sexual pleasure."

Since whites hold most of the power in this society, W.B.'s analysis forbids all sex between blacks and whites due to inevitable "distortions that can hardly be undone by the individual alone." Since people with money have more power than people without it, equalitarian sexual relationships which cross class lines are also forbidden because "we all are continuously being socially distorted by the dominant consciousness." Since men have more political and economic power than women, every woman/man relationship is oppressive, according to W.B.'s theory, because of the societal construction of gender roles, and should be stamped out by "radicals" who "take social construction seriously." By the way, sexual activity between children of the same age also involves risk of "guilt, lost esteem, etc." if discovered. Thus, we can assume that W.B. works hard to prevent this

kind of behavior as well.

When not applied in an atmosphere of respect for individual freedom and subjectivity, social constructionist theories such as W.B.'s quickly collapse into defenses of the status quo. W.B. reduces living, breathing human beings to abstract social categories ("adult," "child") and passes judgment on the validity of specific people's specific relationships solely by examining the interplay of his abstractions. He writes as if no tender, equalitarian relationship could ever exist between living, breathing, desiring, individuals who have the misfortune of being members of societal groups which, as groups, relate in hierarchical terms. A multitude of personal and social factors converge upon any relationship. How all of these factors interact is unique to each relationship. Hence, each relationship must be evaluated on its own merits or lack thereof. To treat relationships existing in unique circumstances between unique individuals as unique is not "selfish individualist anarchy." It is just pragmatic realism, that's all. There simply isn't any other way to find out what is really going on between two people except to *find out*. We need to listen to them, not lecture them from the outset about how their relationship must be oppressive because of the disparate sociological categories to which each of them belongs.

W.B. asks rhetorically how a child engaged in a sexual relationship with an adult can "be

expected to avoid serious injury?" If W.B. believes he can prove all sexual contacts between adults and children injurious, then he is more than welcome to try where all others have failed. W.B. can begin by explaining away each and every one of the case histories cited in my article, as well as the many others where these came from. The research literature is so full of this type of evidence that mainstream child abuse professionals long ago gave up trying to prove all child adult sex harmful or negatively experienced by the child. Since the late '70s the prevailing doctrine is that such relationships should be viewed in moral rather than empirical terms. In other words, even when a relationship is admittedly harmless and mutually desired by both child and adult, they say it should be destroyed because it is "immoral." It is here, among the elite academics of the child abuse industry, that W.B. will find the "adult arena of competitive self-seeking individualism and narrow moralism" which he projects onto all child/adult erotic relationships. These mandarins of the psychiatry/social worker/police axis intervene to destroy relationships which they tacitly admit are harmless and consensual, and justify this by invoking a higher morality to excuse any subsequent emotional damage sustained by the child as a result of such intervention. Breaking up harmless, consensual relationships between adults and children is a form of child abuse, whether the ideological

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rationale stems from "morality" or from "social construction."

X.M. from San Diego notes that male adults outnumber female adults in the case histories cited in the articles. She then concludes, without further evidence, that "male dominance/patriarchy" lies at the root of adult/child relationships. However, there is nothing intrinsically "male" about sexual response to children. As Pat Califia noted in her previously cited essay, "it is possible that more sex occurs between mothers and other women and children than between men and children. Women have more access to kids, and there are fewer taboos on women handling young people's bodies. Granted, given feminine conditioning, the women who have erotic contact with young people probably don't think of it as sex, but this is hypocrisy, not liberation." She adds, "Why is there no discussion of the frustrating and tragic situation of young girls who know they are lesbians in grade school, junior high school or high school?... Why are lesbians willing to co-operate with the patriarchal conspiracy to silence the truth about the intensity and diversity of female sexuality? This attempt to define pedophilia as a male issue simply alienates and estranges women whose lesbian experiences include cross-generational contact."

Women in feminist CR groups who attempt to share childhood memories of positive sexual experiences with women typically find themselves shouted down. Lesbian girl-lovers are deeply closeted due to the intolerant PC ideology of so many of their sisters. A recent setback to this ongoing battle to suppress all evidence of woman/child sexual desire has come in the form of the Special Women's Issue (#8)

of *Paidika: The Journal of Pedophilia* (Postbus 15463, 1001 ML Amsterdam, The Netherlands). The editorial board of this journal includes such notorious patriarchs as Dutch feminist writer and poet, Sjuul Deckwitz; University of Amsterdam Gay Studies Lecturer, Gert Hekma; feminist political scientist and sex activist, Marjan Sax; and economist Jan Schuijjer. The women's issue includes articles by Nora de Ronde, Gloria Wekker, Pat Califia, Marion De Ras, and Beth Kelly, and interviews with

Gisela Bleitreu-Ehrenberg, Martha Vicinus, Kate Millet, and four other women who preferred to remain anonymous. This issue also includes "There Can Be No Emancipation of Women Without the Emancipation of Children: The Kanalaratten Manifesto," written in 1989 by "The Canal Rats," an anarchist women's and children's commune in W. Germany. The opening words of their manifesto read, "We define female pedophilia as love between girls and adult women which is voluntary and

includes sexual satisfaction; it is not a form of domination over other people since it is a form of life in which we have no need to dominate or possess children." Further on in this document, they state, "Almost all women who have tender and sexual feelings for children are afraid to pursue their wishes and needs and to respond to those of children, because these relationships are legally prosecuted and their social therapeutic nature is destroyed. The current campaigns which are supposedly directed against "sexual abuse" underscore the tightening of conventional morality, the suppression of our sexuality and the control of children."

A couple of readers have speculated, without evidence, that the North American Man Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) might be a kiddie pimping operation, a child kidnapping ring, and so forth. There is no excuse for writing such scurrilous letters without taking the time to find out what kind of organization NAMBLA really is.

NAMBLA can be reached at POB 174, Midtown Station, N.Y., NY. 10018. Or if you prefer, give them a call at (212) 807-8578. If you forget this number, just look it up in the NYC phone book under "NAMBLA." Infiltrating

NAMBLA is as easy as writing out a check for \$25 and sending it to the above address. As one of NAMBLA's 1200+ members, you will receive their monthly 32 page *Bulletin*, and will be entitled to attend local and annual meetings to see with your own eyes how much pornography, pimping, kidnapping, sexual slavery and rape NAMBLA coordinates: NONE! If you want to hobnob with the "inner circle" of NAMBLA, simply volunteer to do some work for the national office. The hard-core of activ-



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ist burnouts who put out the *Bulletin* each month will be delighted to welcome a volunteer keen on sharing their workload. The FBI, Postal Inspection Service, NYC police, and other law enforcement agencies have been "investigating" NAMBLA since its inception in the 1970s, hoping to link it with something, *anything*, of an illegal nature. After all these years the cops have had no luck. NAMBLA is an above-ground, scrupulously legal, educational organization which, while not "anarchist," does take quite a few very libertarian positions on children's issues, most of them unrelated to sex. It does not deserve to be hounded in print by irresponsible so-called "radicals" who won't bother to learn before launching diatribes revealing only their own ignorance.

Joel Featherstone
c/o *Uncommon Desires*
POB 2377
New York, NY. 10185

In the hole again

Greetings!

Let me begin with a statement made by Voltairine de Cleyre in the year 1909, "Free speech means nothing if it does not mean the freedom to say what others don't like to hear."

I wrote a letter that appeared in the *Anarchy* magazine issue #35. Due to that letter I received a total of 188 days in the hole. I am in prison, I am writing this statement from the hole. The Security Director of this prison, Mr. Chris Ellerd, wrote me a "Major Conduct Report" for that letter in issue #35. The reason for the "Conduct Report" is because he claims I violated two rules by writing the letter, Rule #30325 "Disrespect," and Rule 3303271 "Lying About Staff." The "Disrespect" charge is because I referred to Capt. Milliren and associates as "Pigs." The "Lying About Staff" charge is because Mr. Ellerd claims that I said "Captain Milliren and her pig associates influenced the Hearing Committee into giving me a 120 day hole sentence on a previous charge (having a tattoo gun, bong, etc.). This "Lying About Staff" charge was totally fabricated by Mr. Ellerd. I never

said in the letter what he accused me of saying. I did claim that Capt. Milliren and pig associates were retaliating against me which is totally true. To retaliate, according to the *American Heritage Dictionary* means "to return like for like." What that means to me is that if I do something that offends the morals of their pig laws then they will in return do something to me. Since my arrival at this prison in April '92 I have received numerous "conduct reports," had all my books, zines, letters, legal materials, etc. confiscated, had countless letters and magazines denied to me from the mailroom along with many books also, and have been threatened with more "conduct reports."

The materials were confiscated because they dealt with the subject of anarchy. 3 of my past conduct reports were written on me because of my use of the anarchist symbol (the circled A). Capt. Milliren wrote 2 of them. In the first one Capt. Milliren blatantly lied in the report by saying the "Anarchy and its symbol are used by Satanists and white supremacists." This by an official who is supposed to be some kind of expert on symbols. In the second report I was accused of "Disobeying Orders" for refusing to stop using the anarchist symbol. The third report I received was by another officer who said that the circled A "is a gang symbol." These are only 3 examples of the conduct reports I have received and been found guilty of. A small example of the type of fascist mentality these pigs have.

Capt. Milliren sent me a memo on Aug. 2, '92 while I was in the hole. She had confiscated all my anarchist literature and was told to return most of it. This is what the memo states: "A couple weeks ago I ordered literature pulled from your cell ...after several hours of inspection" (more like 3 weeks) "I am returning most of the material and will have you send out the remaining items that I feel fall under the laws of Wisconsin, the United States or the Dept. of Corrections." (A couple catalogs and a couple A.Y.F. papers.) "I also am writing to you to make it clear that the publication of

letters which advocate starting or supporting 'anarchists' groups will be looked at as 'group resistance.' These materials are not allowed. Conduct Reports will be issued for possession of these materials. Also, use of the anarchists' symbol (circled A) will also be looked at as 'group resistance.'"

That is why I stated I would have more days in the hole coming. When Capt. Milliren sends her threats of more conduct reports what else can I say but more days coming in the hole. If you don't call that retaliating what else can you call it?

Mr. Ellerd took the letter out of context and twisted it into what he wanted. He is a sneaky, conniving pig. Just like most of his pig associates. He's had the nickname "Rooster" for years, probably because he looks like one, but inside he's 100% pig.

The charge of "Disrespect" should also have been dismissed due to the fact that in the Wisconsin Administrative Code Rule Book it states: "Disrespect does not include all oral or written criticism of staff members, criticism of them expressed through the mail, thoughts and attitudes critical of them, or activity in therapy groups." So why was I still found guilty? Because the Hearing Committee that hears & prosecutes the conduct reports goes by their own rules and personal feelings, plus since Mr. Ellerd is the Security Director he can't be lying or be wrong. So the Hearing Committee, since they are included as pig associates, find me guilty not because of facts, but because pigs will be pigs.

There are a couple friends of mine here who are also being harassed and in the hole for similar offenses. Adrian Lomax is serving a 360 day hole sentence for an article he wrote in the *Madison Edge* zine about the prison system's corruption. He also just received another conduct report for the same thing which will probably get him another 360 in the hole.

Also my friend Alex Rasmussen is in the hole for calling a pig a "pig" and Capt. Milliren has confiscated most of his anarchist literature. All of us have agreed upon and are in the pro-

cess of filing lawsuits. What these pigs are doing is against our First Amendment Rights.

The prison officials are obviously scared of having the prisoners speak out and expose the lies and corruption that they are guilty of. They try to oppress and suppress us by locking us in the hole, thinking this punishment will shut us up. It sure isn't very American or patriotic of them, is it? After all they are the ones always bragging and waving flags about how their blue blooded patriotic forefathers fought and died for our freedoms in this country. Freedom of the press freedom of speech, etc. Sounds like Chris Ellerd, Capt. Milliren and all their pig associates are the kind of people their forefathers fought against.

I'm sure if any of these pigs see this letter I will receive another conduct report. But the hole ain't shutting me up. Fuck the pigs! Fuck the pig system! And I'll keep on fighting this whole pig nation.

Feel free to write,

Dale Austin #76660
Box 900, R.C.I.

Sturtevant, WI. 53177

Letters of protest to the warden & security director at same address. And remember, "Free speech means nothing if it does not mean the freedom to say what others don't like to hear."

Rational discourse is a technology

A friend recently introduced me to issue 35. I'd never read your magazine before; I thoroughly enjoy its wide range of content and opinion. Here's a sample of my content and opinion.

I found an interesting thought a year or two ago in the corporatist/hegemonic pages of Toronto's *Globe & Mail* by Merlin Donald, who had written a book about "our cognitive evolution, that is, about how we came to acquire the distinct properties of mind that make humans human." In his newspaper article, he states:

"During the past 35,000 years, we have moved from the Stone Age to the Electronic Age, from small tribal settlements to huge metropolises, and from living invisibly as just another terrestri-

al species to exerting an overwhelming dominance over the environment, threatening the survival of planet Earth...Our consciousness spans only a few seconds of time; we are easily distractible; our memories are distorted and often just plain wrong; and we seem able to solve only one small problem at a time...How can such limited minds split the atom, write novels, and run mega-corporations?

"The answer is that we don't; that is, we don't really do these complex things entirely in our minds. We have gradually developed a way of circumventing our mental limitations; we have invented dozens of external memory devices...these devices include written scripts, graphs, models, and other symbols that have become the principle location of our thought operations."

I find Donald's thesis quite illuminating, implying as it does that the difference between people today and people 35,000 years ago is not in brain capacity, it is in cultural carrying capacity. Culture is a vehicle carrying our shared ideas of what's what. North America's carrying capacity for cultural artifacts and symbols is far more accommodating than, say, Islamic culture's, or European Medieval culture's. Thanks to desktop publishing technology, and freedom of expression, people in North America can make choices concerning the content of their own consciousnesses. For instance, my consciousness largely excludes what is on television, by free choice. My consciousness largely excludes mainstream film and newspapers, by free choice. I can choose a variety of non-mainstream sources of information to complement my personal awareness of what's what. But why stop there? As well as being a consumer of information, I produce information. I'm free to express myself in the context of rational discourse; I'm free to express myself in poetic and mythic forms; and I'm free to find personal expression in entirely nonverbal forms such as music, photography or drawings.

Discourse carried out on a strictly rational level appears to be self-defeating. In the debate concerning technology, I'd argue

that rational discourse *itself* is a technology. We wouldn't be able to indulge in such a debate around technology if we didn't live in a complex society in which highly-refined forms of intellectual abstraction are used to shape and direct beliefs, institutions and collective endeavors. Ward Churchill, Noam Chomsky, Murray Bookchin *et al.* seem well aware of this. Technology, whether it is in the form of political concepts, or in the form of a Bic lighter, is a distinctly human thing; it is our species' particular specialization. A piece of sharpened flint, and a multiple-warhead nuclear missile, are both examples of technology. So, for that matter, are the Hohokams' irrigation canals, and Stradivarius' violins. If we've reached the point of arguing against technology, let me paraphrase a line from one of Ferron's songs: can we seriously believe that if cities fall, minds won't follow? Could the debate be, not pro- or anti-technology, but what *kind* of technology humans need?

Anarchy functions in daily reality, as does a form of hunter-gatherer behavior in an urban setting. I furnish me home with other people's garbage. There's an implicit social contract in the streets of Montréal; what people no longer need is set out as an offering, not to the waste disposal system, but to those who might need these items. Clothing, furniture, dishes, records, magazines, appliances, electronic equipment, typewriters, chance is an operative element of life. Statistically we live well below the poverty level, yet paradoxically, we are not poor. Food is cheap, varied and plentiful. Entertainment is often free. There are sources of income from "real jobs," from "the social safety net," and from "the underground economy." Social, racial, gender and class distinctions are more and more meaningless. People form relationships, associations as they see fit. Most don't call it anarchy—it's just the way many people live.

Empowerment is in the recognition that we don't have to live as others tell us to live; we don't have to think as others tell us to think. Poverty is a concept that

March 7, 1991: IRAQ THE UNKNOWN REVOLTS

Two years ago, the allied forces of triumphant capitalism, at war for their new world order, came across in Iraq the old fear that haunts all the rich of this world: *the offensive and fighting autonomy of the proletariat.*

By forming the Shoras (autonomous grassroots organizations), and by attacking the mosques, city halls, prisons, police stations, banks and businesses, these "nobodies," who were considered to be forever recruited in the service of all states, revolted, thus showing the only possible way to have done with war, exploitation and oppression forever. Yesterday with conventional machine-gun fire, today with digitalized bombing, we are always condemned to the silence of the grave: *A leaden silence over 700,000 dead.*

On this 7th of March, 1993, the tons of bombs have temporarily yielded to the humanitarian aid of the nationalist-democrats. These vultures are continuing, through their charitable, religious, pacifist, UN-style, etc. organizations, their role as the guard-dogs of capital. Let's not be duped by their democracy: a Kurdish parliament is still a parliament; a Bosnian state is still a state; *capitalism, regardless of its colour or language, is still capitalism and therefore war.*

The authors can be contacted—and their pamphlet *Iraq, les révoltes inconnues* can be obtained—at the following address: C.D.L., C.P. 5209, Succ. C, Montréal, Québec, H2X 3N2, Canada

[I suggest people send a blank postal money order for \$3.50 Cdn. to cover expenses: if you can't afford this, write anyway. -tr.]

belongs to the dominant culture, so break the mindset. Is poverty not having all the stuff the TV sells? Lose the TV, lose the mindset. Maybe poverty is a lack of self-determination, self-awareness, self-esteem. Maybe poverty is not thinking for oneself. Maybe poverty is a lack of feeling, of being numbed-out by tons of junk: Doritos, Pepsi, *Time Magazine*, Rambo IV, authority/power demands on your time. Cut as much junk out of your diet as you can. Take some time to find some feeling. Desire armed? Funny metaphor, like rappers calling their lingo-proficiency "my Uzi." Feeling—as a boy-child I was sensual. I fucked all the time. I fucked trees, grass, friends, parents, the sky, the TV set, the cities, the mountains, I fucked everything all the time with my whole being. I *felt*. Sexuality is only an aspect of overall sensuality; why narrow one's range down to just sex? For a long time I stopped feeling; "growing up," "being good." Prick psychosis, prick was everything; prick prick prick. I did what I was told until I found

"being good" was not equivalent to "feeling good." "Being good" was equivalent to "not feeling anything." So I drove the Sherman Tank of my rational mind through the philosophy department, the religion department, the science department...that felt pretty good. The cops were quickly alerted so I disguised myself as a cop and began directing traffic, sending cruisers with lights blazing this way and that for days. I took off my day and followed a feeling. I took off my head and threw it through a window. Panic ensued.

I might freely choose to involve myself in group activities: social activism, rallies, readings, radio shows. I might soak myself in as much feminist, left, wiccan, queer, green, postmodern thought and action as I can find. Then I might freely choose to be alone with myself for awhile to consider, mull over, meditate upon, think about all that I've experienced. To those who way this is copping-out; fuck you very much.

You see, there's freedom and there's freedom. On one hand, I

like Ward Churchill's articles, such as his fine critique of *Black Robe* in Z Dec. '92. Undeniably brilliant, and I'm in accord with his opinion. The same goes for his response to "Lawrence" from Frisco in your letters section. I can't disagree with any of his points, because he's right. But it seems unfair that Mr. Churchill should deploy so much heavy ordinance to rebut such a weak target. I don't know about ol' Lawrence, but when I'm faced with that kind of attack I just fold my tent and head for the hills. While Mr. Churchill may be a great warrior on the field of rational discourse, he seems to have difficulty distinguishing between a "civilian" and a "military" target. Ostensibly, Lawrence is on Mr. Churchill's side; at least, he might potentially be. But does Mr. Churchill acknowledge this? No, he sends out a battalion of arguments to pacify some poor rag-assed objection thrashing around in the woods. My objection to this is not on a rational level at all; I just find such an exchange to be *cold*. Why not convey the same information without treating the "Lawrences" of the world like the man-shaped cardboard targets I used to mindlessly pump 7.62 rounds through when I was a cog in the military/industrial machine? Why stay stuck in one mode of consciousness, especially when that mode—rational thought—is a product of the very Eurocentric traditions which left thinkers profess to so vigorously oppose?

I believe this is the same problem Bill McCormick addresses in his letter about Murray Bookchin. As McCormick said: "Please stop destroying your children." Don't frame the debate as a contest between the "rational" and the "irrational," because the "irrational" is here to stay. I'm sure Mr. Bookchin and Mr. Churchill both dream at night, just like any other members of *homo sapiens sapiens*; the "irrational" inhabits their very beings, like all of us. If they want to go on butchering feelings, it's probably because they want to run the show. In that case, there is no show. The show is not a show. There is no direc-

tor, there is no cast, no script, and no audience. There are just a lot of people who deeply care about the future, and who want an answer to the question: how should we dwell on this Earth?

Yours sincerely,
V.T., Montréal, Québec

Prisons are big business

Anarchists,

Brothers and sisters, thank you for expanding my knowledge of anarchy and adding me to your ranks. The prisoners subscription you sent me has been salvation in this bureaucratic void of menial minds. I hope you will please continue this subscription for another year. Thank you for the light. Possibly you could also list my address in one of your future issues. And while I'm asking for so much I would enjoy any back issues you could spare me. I have issues #32, #33, #34, #35. I also like the new format because it is easier for me to hide from ignorant guards who shake me down and think it's gang related material. I just went through such an atrocity with these fools and it's too exhausting. But everything to a dim bulb is gang related material, it is a new ameriklan buzz word.

According to Amnesty International's standards I realize I am not what they would define as a political prisoner. However, I am an X-yippie who hates the system we have now! I am oppose it with everything I have. It has created economical discriminatory policies which led me to be labeled a criminal, a felon, a repeat offender, a violent sociopath. In that sense I am indeed a political prisoner who is held because of his libertarian beliefs. I am communal in nature, an activist and an organizer. I am indeed dangerous to their political conformity. I will talk to anyone who will listen no matter what their age, sex, or color. I was "gotten off the streets" because I promoted violent activities against the capital-hungry beast which sucks us dry and grinds our fathers bones to dust. This is not, to me, just an excuse to let my id run rampant. I do not promote activities against people but against corporate

entities, big businesses, politicians, and the web of the criminal justice system. Yes, they felt threatened. It is a matter of my beliefs, my ideals, my choices which landed me here. I accept that but I don't have to agree with it and become a conformity statistic. Prisons are big business in this country and are taking the place of what slavery was. The population of prisons is growing every minute and prisoners are forced into labor without pay and under tightly supervised authoritarian conditions while their families barely exist on government handouts which lead to illegal activities to survive and the cycle continues until what? Until we are all slaves of the institutions. Twenty-seven prisons in Ohio alone.

Censorship is a fact as the prisoners political views are narrowly defined by limited reading and educational facilities. The average prisoner has a sixth grade reading level, sets in front of the TV being brainwashed stimulated by sensationalism, then marches off to work for the man for nothing because they are told they have to and there is nothing they can do about it. There is forced druging in here but the TV does the job for most of the prisoners. Torture is hidden, so is murder, but it is very real. Cultural assimilation is mandated, and so is the twisted experimental emotional disenfranchisement. These are all common at state levels. Meanwhile, outside, the media soothes the masses towards political apathy with candidates who could be twins while they stir up, incite, right-wing vigilante attitudes against the lower castes with shows like "Cops," and "America's Most Wanted." The state of the state is the result of delegated authority without responsibility, authority given to clerks who only know paperwork, who prop up the government with a bureaucracy which feeds on paperwork, paper stilt for the clown which reduces humanity to a careless statistic. Once a person enters prison they become invisible to society, *Desaparecido*, permanently outcast for the rest of their lives. The official hysteria promoted by the media will see

to that, it will result in continual legal harassment, and the violation of human rights by managers whose psycho-babble fills the minds of people with cotton and contradicts the simplest human condition.

Thank you brothers and sisters. You can use my name and my full address. Please list my address with the following description: AA, BA, Prisoner, Anarchist, Pagan, omnisexual, poet, writer, answers all.

In concrete and steel,
your friend,
R. Lee Etzwiler
POB 57 — 204-697
Marion, OH. 43302

Neo-fascist claptrap

J. McQuinn,

Regarding your review of *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist* in the Fall 1992 *Anarchy*: You write that the pamphlet is "worth missing." I wish I could fool myself into thinking that this gross understatement was made in a spirit of sarcasm, but the truth is that your pathetic "review" was *worth missing*. You seem to have spent more time reading neo-fascist claptrap (with a decided lack of skepticism at that!) than legitimate history. Spend a little time in the library before you write any more "reviews" on this sensitive subject. You can start with *The War Against the Jews* by Lucy Davidowitz and *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* by William Shirer, the basic works, and then move on to the more specific and detailed studies in Nazi evil such as *The Nazi Doctors* by Robert Lifton. The Holocaust has not been exaggerated—if anything, history has *downplayed* its magnitude. For instance the "six million" figure we often hear refers only to the Jews who died in the extermination camps. If one adds the gays, "gypsies" (Romani), trade unionists, communists, political dissidents, and the mentally, physically and psychologically disabled people killed in "euthanasia" programs, the number approaches *twelve* million.

To argue that the mainstream Jewish press and organizations have failed to grapple with the existence of *other* holocausts in

history (e.g. the extermination of Indian communities throughout the Americas in the colonial era) is one thing. It is similarly valid to point out that Zionists have sometimes manipulated the legacy of the Holocaust for their own ends. But to write that "The Holocaust" has been magnified into a larger-than-life tale of historical racial persecution—largely in order to justify the continuing atrocities by Zionists in the racist state of Israel! betrays such a poor sense of history (not to mention classically conspiratorial anti-Semitism) that I find it demoralizing to think that any self-respecting publication would print such words.

Have things degenerated to the point that "anarchists" think that holocaust revisionism is worthy of expending ink and paper on for purposes other than exposing and debunking? If so, we're *really* in trouble.

Yours in disgust,
Bill Weinberg, New York, NY.
Contributing Editor, *The Shadow*
News Editor, *High Times*
Frequent Contributor, *Love & Rage*, *GroundWork*, etc.
Member, Walter Benjamin Committee on Fascism & Anti-Semitism

Jason comments:

Baseless accusations

I find anti-Semitism to be nauseating, as I do any other type of racism I've encountered. But I will not grant that questioning the spectacular media packaging of the Holocaust in the U.S. automatically constitutes "classically conspiratorial anti-Semitism." One needn't be anti-Semitic nor entertain any conspiracy theories to note that in the U.S. mainstream media the state of Israel can do no wrong. It is also clear that much of the media mystification surrounding the actual process of colonizing Palestine and the suppression and expulsion of the indigenous Palestinian population from the 1940s to the present finds its justification in magnification of the Holocaust to almost metaphysical proportions. But the Nazis are no longer in power. It is the liberals, the conservatives, the nationalist parties, the socialist and labor parties, the social democrats, the

Christian democrats and in Israel, Labor and Likud that are responsible for massively exploiting racist sentiments in order to maintain their power and perpetrate current world atrocities. If *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist* is any indication, Holocaust revisionism is a pathetic failure at presenting any kind of convincing case that millions of Jews and others were not purposefully killed by the Nazi state during WW2. However, this does not excuse self-righteous and baseless accusations of anti-Semitism every time discussion of the subject is not framed in the reactionary politically-correct terms favored by defenders of Zionism and the state of Israel.

Prison censors never sleep

Dear *Anarchy*,

I just thought I would write and inform you that Texas Department of Criminal Justice - Institutional Division has in the past clipped several articles in the #35 Winter '93 Vol.13, No.1 issue, as follows:

1) Page 55 "Is Genital Fondling a Form of Child Abuse?" by Shaun Perry

2) Page 56 "Russian Dolls" by Allen Thornton

Pages 55-58 were classified as "A specific factual determination has been made that the publication is detrimental to prisoner's rehabilitation because it would encourage deviate criminal sexual behavior." [...]

Respectfully submitted,
D.G., Tennessee Colony, TX.

Political prisoner

This is an open letter to the publisher and editors.

I am a thirty nine year old man of mixed Native American/European lineage. I have a diverse collegiate level educational background with an insatiable appetite for knowledge and a special affinity for the printed word. I have a highly developed concern for my planetary family and have "Walked My Talk" by way of an unobtrusive life of volunteerism and service. I now find myself in the position of many that I have in the past served: in need.

I am now writing you as a

non-violent political prisoner from within the walls of a Federal prison. I am serving a ten year sentence; a victim of this government's "War on Drugs." I was extorted, entrapped and incarcerated for a crime that I'm not guilty of. I believe I was singled out because of my economic/political and spiritual/religious views and practices. These included a non-participatory stance in the inhumane consumeristic economic system and the personal, private ceremonial use of botanical psychedelics (which was not the "crime" that I was unjustly charged and convicted of committing). My accusers are guilty of a far more heinous crime than the one they have falsely convicted me of. It's name is injustice.

I have been torn from amidst those I love, have had my family home of three generations seized by the government for auction, and lost my personal freedom for many years to come. This all was achieved through law enforcement's use of immoral and illegal tactics to enforce laws that upon close scrutiny are at best unconstitutional. One can only speculate with dread the future direction of such a trend if it is allowed to continue. We are witnesses to some of its present impact upon our culture if just by the statistical data alone: this country now imprisons more people per capital than any other in the world.

I have an upcoming appeal of my case, but because I'm currently indigent and thus cannot afford an experienced attorney; once again an attorney has been appointed by the very unjust system which raped me in the first place. Needless to say, I don't hold much hope for the appeal process.

Like most prisoners of the "War on Drugs," sentenced as the majority of us were, under the unduly harsh Mandatory Minimum Sentencing Guidelines, I await with anticipation the incoming administration of Mr. Clinton. I hold hope that this new administration will take steps to begin the process of ending the unjust and illegal tactics currently used by law enforcement and bring a long needed return of sanity to the

arena of politics, law and sentencing guidelines.

For the present, I survive day by day. I daily exert conscious effort to visualize my imprisonment as a monastic and spiritual retreat that will strengthen, not embitter me. This, in union with a meditative relationship with life, and emotional support from those that love me, has been the only way that I have been able to endure this past year, the first of my decade of incarceration.

All of my dear friends (I have no surviving family), live economic minimalist lifestyles as I did. I thus cannot ask them for financial assistance above and beyond that which they already provide by covering the expenses of my telephone communications with them. So I now appeal to your prisoner readership sponsoring fund for a subscription grant and hope that you are able to help me. I would also like to address your readership personally and invite them to communicate and appeal to them to donate any softcover (Federal prison rules) books or magazines. I have always networked all of my reading material with others less fortunate and will of course continue to do so. This subscription will touch the minds and spirits of many for this reason.

If you would like to become more informed about the illegal tactics used by law enforcement and the unjust laws which threaten freedom of us all; one non-profit organization that is striving for justice and reform is:

Families Against Mandatory Minimums
1001 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Suite 200 South
Washington, DC 20004

They publish a bi-monthly newsletter. Write them before you or someone that you love has their life destroyed; none of us are immune! [...]

Robert D. Milcher #15705-018
F.C.I. Tallahassee
P.M.B. 1000
Tallahassee, FL. 32301-3572

Waiting for an apology

Dear Editors,

My letter in *Anarchy* #35 says that we all begin adult life accepting without question the

social conditions in which we find ourselves; you reply by drawing attention to the frequency of rebellion, and this is agreed; acceptance does not have to be peaceful. But rebelliousness has been with us since ancient times, it pursues limited aims and does not amount to a questioning of social conditions. A minority go beyond rebellion to question those conditions, to analyze them and try to change them. Some of these go on farther, a few even becoming anarchists, with numbers diminishing at each stage. The idea that people generally are starting to question social conditions is an illusion that has haunted the anarchist and revolutionary movements since they began; it accounts for much of the continuing disappointment they suffer.

You accuse me of trying to prove that nothing can be done about present conditions. I deny having done anything so absurd and challenge you to support your charge with quotations.

I attributed to you the opinion that people giving their lives in support of the Spanish Republican government were anarchists, and you call this a lie.

Your words (#31) were: "for Walford, the entire anarchist revolution in Spain is a figment of anarchists' imaginations! He devotes an appendix in *Beyond Politics* to use some of the contradictions within the Spanish movement to "explain" that it wasn't an anarchist movement anyway...."

That Appendix ends: "people who right and kill and die in defence of a government, heroic as they may be, are not acting like anarchists in any normal sense of that term." Your scornful dismissal of this showed you to be then holding the opinion that these people were anarchists. I did not lie, and now await your apology.

Do you now agree with me that those who fought on behalf of the Spanish Republican Government, heroic anti-Fascists as they may have been, were not acting like anarchists?

Unjustified accusations have to be countered, but like yourselves I prefer to avoid nitpicking and stay with the main substance of an issue. Here the



Letters

main substance is that the anarchist movement remains what it was in Bakunin's time, a tiny and ineffectual minority with no good reason to expect significant growth. My book *Beyond Politics* explains how this comes about and goes on to consider the consequences for people concerned about social conditions.

Sincerely,
George Walford

[Your book "explains" nothing of the sort. Instead it reveals one person's unconvincing strategy for categorizing his way to social and historical mystification. Your conclusion that all Spanish anarchists must have wanted to "fight and kill and die in defence of a government" is ludicrous on its face. It makes no provision for the actual, complex situation faced by Spanish anarchists at the time, and collapses all of their efforts into a parody which you are then free to take to an illogical conclusion. If this is not deliberate obfuscation in the service of an underlying authoritarian perspective, you ought to seriously consider a self-analysis of your own motivations in order to better understand how you could be so successful at fooling yourself about what you're really doing! -Jason]

L.A. riots necessary

Dear friends,

I would like to comment on the article by Adam Bregman entitled "Preparations for the next riot," which appeared in *Anarchy* #35, Winter '93. Upon reading the headline I was sure this was going to be another bullshit article portraying the riots in a negative manner only from a different angle. Fuck that! There's no fascist-pig ass-kissing in *Anarchy*! I was pleasantly surprised by the positive viewpoint taken by the author and the many useful tips for future rioters. This was an excellent article! It encourages people to get off their asses and participate in smashing the state, it gives us useful critique of the riots (burn down police stations, not the local store), and it portrays the mass-media for what it is, a tool of the establishment.

I suppose I enjoyed this article so much because I believe

the riots were very necessary and needed to happen years ago and need to happen again. Had it not been for the riots the situation in South Central L.A. might have gone unchanged and unnoticed by outsiders for quite a while but now people around the world are forced to take notice of the immense poverty of inner cities and the mega-power common people have when they come together to fight oppression, even if it is against the largest militant superpower in the world.

I would like to hope that we can learn from the L.A. riots and be more successful rioters next time by directing our anger and violence towards the state and not "innocent bystanders" and small businessmen.

In closing I would like to say "hang in there" to all the people serving time for some bullshit charge (like I am) and send out a "Fuck You Bitch" to Capt. Milliren and a "Go Fuck Yourself" to the entire Huntsville city police dept.

Down with the establishment!

M.C., Huntsville, AL.

Anarcho-jerk

Dear folks,

I got your mag #36 and it's sharp and highly informative although I must say that the material in columns will most likely go over many people's heads. Perhaps if your contributors will try to enact simpler lit-vocab, then more people will be able to readily appreciate this.

And now something totally irrelevant...when I went to Australia for a couple months this winter I stayed almost an entire 24 hours in a place called Yeppoon in Queensland around the first of Dec. in one of two local hostels. There was this jerk who kept rambling on about his Anarcho inclinations and sounded like he was trying to save somebody's soul half the damn night. The acoustics were perfect where I slept and the walls thin. I was annoyed. This fellow must have had some sort of genteel place in the society (if only in his mind) and had given me no less than a cold stare when said hello in passing earlier. Late, late in the evening I went for

some tea and he was watching a soft porno with a silly woman, talking anarcho trash to her and groping her vehemently (?) while I returned to my slumber. I guess you just had to have been there.

Cheerz!

J.S., Waynesville, MO.

Laughing myself sick

Dear *Anarchy*,

First let me compliment you on the new format. I like it very much, and enjoy it all month until nearly everything is read.

Secondly, I have just started issue #36/Spring '93 and am laughing myself sick at all the letters chewing me out as a threat to nearly everybody on the political spectrum.

Third, I have been researching and writing about the various political movements since 1984 when I founded what is now called *The Rational Feminist* (went through three other titles): socialists, communists, white nationalists and various other movements and publications, such as *Eidos* (which I think is exploitative of females and no way feminist).

I do appreciate the cool analysis of Doug Imrie & Larry Deck, as amicus curiae, offering some very objective defense and sanity on the whole matter. Rather than "infiltrating" the Anarchist movement, I have had one foot in the anarchist camp for years, since writing an article called "Anarchist Feminists" for my feminist newsletter and including the renowned Emma and Rose Pesoto. (I tend to champion the underdog.)

In fact many lonely anarchist juveniles (17-20s) in prisons often see that letter I wrote defending white prisoners and write to me for friendship and instructions in anarchism (now that will bring on another tirade from somebody, I'm sure).

I subscribe to *Anarchy* because Bob Black said it was one of the best of the anarchist papers and that he sometimes appeared therein. I have found that that is so, and that Michael William is now my antagonist as well as his. I have arrived in the literary world!

Further, I have been known to

publish letters-to-the-editor in *The Rational Feminist* that were very much opposed to what *they thought* my paper was all about after reading a review of it in *Factsheet Five*. I certainly think it would be very dull to publish only the people who agree with me. It seems strange that anarchists who advocate freedom, or some of them, can be so—shall we say "authoritarian"?

It is refreshing to know that we also have a cool-headed editor in Jason who handled the whole situation with aplomb.

Has anyone ever considered that the anarchists and the "neo-fascists" have at least one thing in common—a dislike of big government? An unmistakably anarchist-slanted paper in Key West has picked up on the Randy Weaver story in the Northwest wherein the feds descended upon Weaver's mountain home with destructors, diesel fuel for burning, and shot and killed his wife, a nursing mother and 14 yr old son.

I will end by saying that my anarchist tendencies are in the primitivist direction. You will doubtless have a good laugh if I tell you that for all my "neo-fascist" and "crypto-fascist" nomenclature, I recently fell in love with a Jew. So have fun.

Most sincerely and appreciatively,

Molly Gill, Editor
Rational Feminist
Suite #202

11922 Seminole Blvd.
Largo, FL. 34648

All anarchists look alike

Sir/Madam:

Recently, I received a sample copy, (#35) of your publication *Anarchy*. As an omnivorous reader I did not make any grand presumptions about its agenda, in spite of the title. Now, after perusing its contents, I would like to accept your magnanimous invitation to "critique" a thing or two.

The ideal state of freedom which some dream of is as unreachable as any other perfect state. Moreover, the quest for freedom on the utopian scale which most of your readers aspire, is reminiscent of religion's appeal to primitive emotions.

What the anarchist seems to be advocating is infantile self-gratification and tribalism, with no consideration for the weak or defenseless who would become prey to "desire armed."

Critics may argue with some validity that contemporary "civilization" with all of its social and economic injustice is proof that government is useless, and only a facade in which evolutionary law still prevails.

What are the alternatives? Revolution? Anarchy? Careful analysis would eliminate either. Historically, every revolution has become more repressive than the regime it has displaced. The anarchist deceives himself into thinking he can become "an island unto himself." It is an exercise in futility to imagine that any gathering of human beings can live without rules, laws, or ethics, and to promote that idea seems immature, escapist, and irresponsible.

Your publication is sufficient proof of my argument, since it offers a base where would-be anarchists can come together, (like fascists, religionists, et al), and make *their* own rules & laws, like the groups and governments *they* revile. "Radically cooperative & communitarian"? That has at *least* the ring of some ethical consideration.

In the end, anarchists, like those who pierce their ears, or tattoo their bodies in an attempt to be "different," all wind up looking alike. There simply is no way of escaping our humanity, or our interdependence. Those who have, live in a cultural netherworld, whose existence is defined by a tightrope, balancing escapism, alienation, and madness in a vain attempt to give life meaning.

H.F., Winter Haven, FL.

Rape is wrong

I am writing in response to the "A good gang bang" letter in #36.

First, *rape is wrong*, under any circumstances, rape is shit! Your view that somehow women ask for it is simply ridiculous, and then you somehow seem to work your racist bullshit in too.

And now, A.I., you sound like the kind of person that makes

me doubt that the human race has any intelligence, for it's obvious that you don't. Maybe I'm strange but anarchy to me is a society where there is near absolute equality, no hunger, no war, and everybody caring for each other and helping each other out without any ulterior motives except human compassion. But..., regrettably, as long as there are assholes such as yourself, A.I., anarchy will never succeed to any extent.

That is all that I have to say at the moment. Now I must sleep so that I may attend boot camp, oops, I mean high school and get brainwashed, I mean learn. Anyone wishing to write me is more than welcome! *Anarchy*, please include my address.

XXOOXOX

Hugs and kisses,

Dean Bures

POB 1347

Port Orford, OR. 97465

Not a newsletter

Dear Jason McQuinn,

Our magazine, *The American Rationalist*, is continually described in *Anarchy* as a "newsletter."

Please note that *The American Rationalist* is *not* a newsletter, but a magazine that has been published for more than 35 years, in various formats. We have articles and almost no "news." We also run no real ads, so the size of the magazine is smaller than it would be if we ran ads.

Please correct your identification of our magazine. Thank you.

Gordon Stein, Editor
The American Rationalist

POB 994

St. Louis, MO. 63188

More anti-porn

Jason,

I do not support the idea of a judiciary and oppose all authoritarian and repressive actions. I am not familiar with MacKinnon's legal activism and cannot comment on it. I am neither anti-porn nor pro-porn. My concern in posing the questions (*Anarchy* #36 [note: see page 62ff.]) was, as always, with the destructive effects of power (a

term I clearly distinguish from enablement). I am also concerned with *Anarchy* narrowing to political correctness and alienating even larger elements of the potential readership, especially women.

You (*Anarchy*), on the other hand, have raised a number of issues about porn, and since the questions I asked are the classic ones, I think you should answer them so readers can judge. Please keep in mind my questions deal only with hierarchical (your adjective) power not with porn (sexual titillation) per se. If the issues are as clear cut as you seem to suggest, a full response should not be difficult. For example, if you conclude porn has no major theme of sexual power (nonmutuality), my questions hardly apply. My sense is this would open you to the "just don't get it" charge, however, from whatever female readership you have left.

There is no mean-spirited or vituperative intent to the questions. They were framed to clear the air on this subject so the pages of *Anarchy* could finally move on to discuss other things like the building of nonhierarchical community.

I have no idea how anti-porn activists and fanatics (to whom you address your questions) would answer them.

If you want to know what I think (anarchistically speaking), read my book, *The New Political Consciousness* (Lysander Spooner, 1992), especially chap. 14, "The Feminist Connection." Then, perhaps we can have a sensible discussion about our common opposition to hierarchical power.

Did you ignore my book (Ziesing says you were sent a copy for your Anarchist Book Review section) and not publish my article (on community) because of possibly false intimations from my questions? Perhaps the book review and article will appear later? [Note: *The article was rejected; the book will be reviewed in the future.*]

My main interest is in actualizing a political context (or if you prefer, an internalized anti-authoritarian gestalt) of "Domination destroys; community builds." Such a context of social

freedom, I believe, can be shared generally even though (since there are no universal or absolute values) each community must work out its own structures on the basis of locally shared values.

If you want to inform your readers as to what C. MacKinnon's book is about, you should read it first.

Because someone seeks, what to them are necessary protections, finding (in the absence of an anarchist society) only the law to provide them, does that make them authoritarian? Perhaps I am overlooking something? What is the politically correct response for anarchists, for instance, if the police confiscate their property or means of livelihood without justification?

If Picasso was a male chauvinist, Marx a supporter of the liberal state (in transition), and Ed Abbey believed Hispanics are generically impoverished, would this mean their contributions should be rejected wholesale (have nothing to offer)?

It is a fact that MacKinnon uses terms like "the feminist state" (social structure?) and law (relation of structure to life?) that confuse me as to where she stands on political structure. Nevertheless, she is an outspoken and articulate opponent of the liberal state, its conception of law, epistemology, and method and has some interesting (to me) criticism of marxism. In her critique (which is confined to feminism) I've found many new ideas and useful arguments for replacing liberalism with community and expanding non-authoritarian politics in general, while also making it relevant to women.

Anarchism has been weak in its appeal to women, even antagonistic, in part (I think) due to a residual liberal (and male privileging) consciousness. It is difficult to rise completely above liberalism's social constructions given our constant subjection to its coercive, consciousness conferring structure. MacKinnon shines in demolishing liberalism. Maybe she is incorrigible when it comes to the law and the state (she does say they should not dominate life). To give you some flavor of *Toward a Feminist*

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Theory of the State, here are some excerpts.

Page 169: "...the [liberal] state, through law, institutionalizes... power over... This power... is a web of sanctions throughout society which controls... everyday lives." Page 237: "liberal... law is... a site and cloak of force. The state incorporates... social power... as law... law becomes legitimate, and social dominance becomes invisible...(continuing on p.238) a feature of life... a one-sided construct imposed by force for the advantage of a dominant group... control over being produces control over consciousness, coercion legitimated becomes consent." Page 242: "Inequality is about power... grasped as a question of hierarchy... mainstream law is falsely universal [meaning it imposes agreement according to p.xv.]" Page 249: "[under liberalism] forms of power over... are affirmatively embodied as individual rights in law." Page 245: "A systematic inequality... exists in the social practice of... violence... and in the operation of the [liberal] state." Page 248: "Law objectifies social life... makes be there what it puts there, while presenting itself as... neutral. Abstract rights authorize... substantive rights... would not." Page 249: "Both the liberal and left... rationalize... power. Law that does not dominate life is... difficult to envision... existing law is... at women's expense. Women have never consented to its rule."

Other points: 1. How does one recognize a feminist charlatan without knowing what a true

feminist is? 2. Empowerment (which came into popular use in liberal-socialist circles in connection with getting in power) is not that much of a clarification of power's meaning when enablement is intended. 3. It's better, I think, to help people over their blind spots than to condemn them. There must of course be no sacrifice of principle.

PS: In the interest of moving on, I don't care that much if this gets published.

W.B., Edgewood, IA.

Jason responds:

Loaded questions

It's interesting that you claim to have so relentlessly put forward the anti-porn line in your letter in *Anarchy* #36 without being aware of the authoritarian consequences of most recent anti-porn activism. That you could read MacKinnon's *Toward a Feminist Theory of the State* without being tipped off that she is pursuing an expressly authoritarian agenda shows just how tenuous your understanding of these issues must be. I'm genuinely sorry if I misjudged my response to your letter by assuming that you understood the general context in which your remarks would be read in this magazine.

However, your comments in the present letter continue to betray an antipathy towards the liberatory stance taken by this journal, at the same time as they make unjustified assumptions concerning an alleged concern with liberation by anti-porn feminists like MacKinnon. For example, your concern "with *Anarchy* narrowing

to political correctness and alienating even larger elements of the potential readership, especially women," can be taken to imply that you believe criticism of the increasingly dominant authoritarian trends in the feminist movement is an example of "political correctness" rather than sensible and necessary engagement. It assumes that sustained criticism of the authoritarian trends in feminism will drive potential readers, particularly women readers away, as if anarchist criticism of other authoritarian trends doesn't equally drive away other groups of potential readers who remain antipathetic to freedom and sympathetic with repressive tactics and institutions. Sure, we could probably greatly increase our readership if we were to change our name to something more like *Time* or *Utne Reader* and pursue a pro-authoritarian editorial course. But the purpose of this journal is not to acquire readers at the cost of abandoning an anarchist perspective!

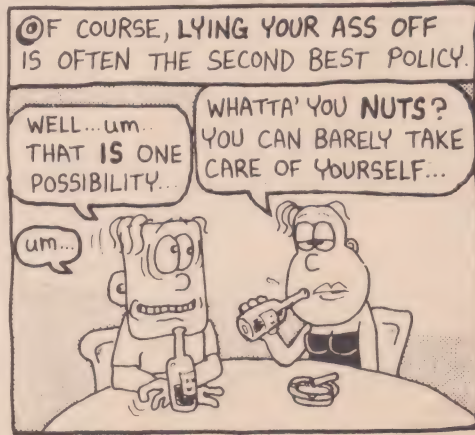
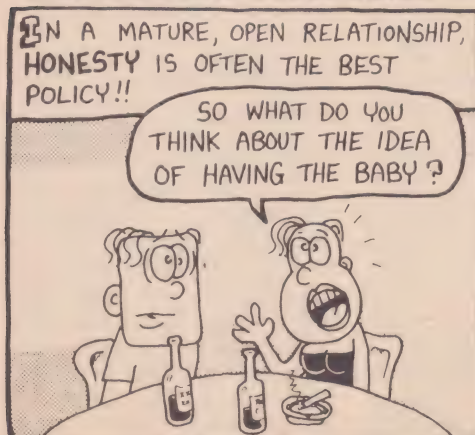
Your request that I should answer your "classic" questions about porn betrays a misunderstanding about why I answered them with another set of questions in *Anarchy* #36 in the first place. That is, you apparently claim to have not a clue that your questions were artfully constructed to be intentionally misleading, making certain crucial anti-porn assumptions in the way they were framed that makes it almost impossible to answer them without deconstructing the invalid assumptions hidden in each at length. This is why I, instead, simply opposed them with another set of

equally loaded questions that you refused to answer in turn, by assuming they were not really meant for you.

That every institutionalized aspect of life in a highly alienating, authoritarian, patriarchal and exploitative society promotes a theme of hierarchical power ought to be quite obvious to any genuinely thoughtful anarchist. The pornography industry is certainly no exception. However, it is entirely possible to be critical of pornography as it is presently constituted without mounting authoritarian campaigns to suppress consensual sexual expression, however unappetizing that expression may currently be for the most part.

It is not the fault of libertarian defenders of free expression that authoritarian feminists "just don't get it" that they have made themselves enemies of women's and men's freedom. They really do think that their support for police repression of consenting sexual expression is somehow liberating. But this only confirms their danger for the rest of us. They are willing to work hand-in-hand with right-wing Christians to put those they define as sexual "deviants" in jail. They are willing to work with vice cops to jail editors and distributors of publications they don't approve of. They are willing to intentionally manipulate data and manufacture new "facts" in order to justify their anti-sexual propaganda. Ultimately, they are unapologetic partisans of state repression like the Leninists, who were "outspoken and articulate opponent[s] of the liberal state" as well! They may have some valuable things to say, but

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first, as with the writings of Lenin, their valuable ideas must be disentangled from the authoritarian frameworks in which they are embedded. It simply doesn't work for anti-authoritarians to use their ideas without first detoxifying them of their repressive assumptions and making explicitly clear that they are not being used for repressive purposes. When MacKinnon says 'the law and the state "should not dominate life," that is as reassuring to me as Leninist promises that the "workers' state" really means proletarian freedom. Politicians always lie about freedom; that is half their job. The other half is destroying it.

Are you really so dense that you need to ask the question: "Because someone seeks, what to them are necessary protections, finding (in the absence of an anarchist society) only the law to provide them, does that make them authoritarian?" Why wouldn't it? Because slumlords seek, "what to them are necessary protections" of the profits they are making from their tenants, "finding...only the law to provide them, does that make them authoritarian?" Because capitalists seek, "what to them are necessary protections" from the outrage of "their" exploited and poisoned workers, "finding...only the law to provide them, does that make them authoritarian?" Because anti-porn feminists seek, "what to them are necessary protections" from other people's depictions of human sexuality, "finding...only the law to provide them, does that make them authoritarian?" What do you *really* think?

TAZ is dangerous

Comrades,

Was glad to see the re-print of "Traveling Autonomous Zone" from *Imminent Strike*, very much in the spirit of my attempts at a "thought experiment" about how to "get some freedom" (as E. Mann puts it). I'd like to comment on "prisoner Phil Smith's" objections to my "flippant attitude toward permanence." The TAZ concept has met with similar criticisms from Latin America (because some of the book appeared in Spanish in *Underground Forest*). They criticized the idea of "temporariness"

and they also questioned the idea that the "monolithic state" might in fact have "cracks in its structure" wherein TAZ might take place. In other words, they seemed to believe that U.S. power & hegemony was so total and perfect that no such cracks exist; and that the only solution to this would be a total revolution. I was astounded that the USA apparently appears—outside America—as truly monolithic in its power & control. I was surprised that the situation in Latin America was apparently experienced as completely hopeless, with no opportunity for "freedom" at all, outside continual struggle against US hegemony. How can people know what it is they're struggling for, if they've never never tasted it, even once, say at a great party or in a wonderful love affair? For such people, wouldn't "freedom" have to be seen as an *unknown* and almost *unknowable* mystery? Sort of like "god"? or "heaven"? In this case, what would make political struggle any different from religious asceticism? In fact I believe that for many people, the "Revolution" is just such a "religious" idea, something that one must believe in despite the absence of any convincing "proof" or even foreshadowing of a taste of an experience of what things might be like "after the Revolution" (in "heaven"). In other words, the Revolution becomes, in such a perspective, an absolute or categorical imperative. Well I must say that such thinking sounds rather leninist to me. It goes without saying, I would have thought, that I would of course prefer to live in Utopia, not in this imperfect world, which, like Smith, I "am interested in changing...to the extent possible." In fact, I doubt that Smith could have read the entire book (& of course the Latin American comrades did not read the whole book because only a few bits were translated)—otherwise he would have understood that I am not "satisfied" only with the "flickering in and out of existence" of evanescent vague TAZ-like situations. I too would like "more than that." But to say "Fuck that!" to all other forms of "freedom"

except the Revolution (or the permanent defeat of Capitalism, etc., etc.) sounds quite absurd to me—sort of like a starving person who refuses a bit of bread because it isn't caviar & champagne. (I mention this because I really like caviar & champagne.) Or perhaps a more accurate analogy would be someone who refuses a night of love because it isn't a "permanent" marriage! Finally, I have to admit I'm suspicious of the "Revolution" because so far it has such a poor record in connection with personal freedoms—pot smokers shot in Algeria, queers tortured, exiled & even murdered in Cuba (well, I needn't go on; this is, after all, an *anarchist* newspaper!). Personally, I'd love to see Too-Late Capitalism strung up from a lamppost with the guts of Organized Religion, etc., but I have to admit I see no prospect of this happening in my lifetime (except possibly in the context of, say, a major ecological disaster—which would almost certainly fail to benefit the anarchist cause or any other cause except Survivalism)—and so my attempt to think of ways to enjoy some "freedom" here and now. As "P.M." points out in *bolo'bolo*, every act of seizing freedom needs to be balanced by an act of dismantling unfreedom—otherwise it is merely piggish selfishness ("I'm all right Jack"-ism); but "revolution" without some experience of freedom here & now is no better—as far as I can see—than mental slavery to a Spook. Tad Kepley amusingly called the TAZ an "anarchist Club Med"; it is certainly a real danger. But the real TAZ invariably involves risk & illegality, for 2 reasons—one, because everything truly pleasurable is probably illegal; and two, because risk is necessary for the intensity of experience that marks a real TAZ. The TAZ therefore is dangerous, or else it is merely an anarchist Club Med. Organizing a rave & calling it a "TAZ" represents the commodification of something that *cannot exist* in a commodified state. I'd almost rather stay home & watch TV. I'm not the prophet or the guru of TAZ; I don't even really advocate the TAZ; I simply perceive that the

TAZ is happening & will continue to happen; and I want some.

wa salaam,

Hakim Bey, New York, NY.

Alternative Bookstore exclusion

Dear *Anarchy*:

On March 24, at a meeting with four senior members, I was excluded from the collective of Alternative Bookstore. This exclusion was a direct result of my letter to *Anarchy*, which appeared in issue no. 36 [on page 78]. The clique that excluded me pretends that it did so because I did not inform them about my letter to *Anarchy* before it was printed. In reality I was excluded because I dared to publicly criticize their actions without their permission. I put ten years of my life and two thirds of my life savings into Alternatives. The people who run it now are power-hungry and vicious. They enjoy using expedient methods against anarchists.

I have nothing against the new bookstore members, who are not to blame for the bookstore's flaws, or for having joined it in good faith. The bookstore "collective" is an informal hierarchy dominated by a clique of senior members who monopolize control over the essential functions of the store: book-keeping (carried out by the same member for more than five years now), bank account (stranglehold), book and periodical ordering (also a stranglehold, which has resulted in a gutted anarchist section) and choosing new members (only the clique's friends get in), thereby making a mockery of the bookstore's official statement of principles which explicitly states that all important tasks must be rotated regularly, precisely in order to prevent a concentration of power in the hands of a few. The collective is supposed to reach a consensus at meetings because this process is supposed to allow people to create a gentle unity that respects dissenting viewpoints and results from a creative dialogue among all members. In Alternatives, the consensus process has been retained in name only. The real practice of consensus decision-making has

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been discarded long since and the clique responds to principled, honest dissent with repression. What these people did to me they can do to others.

Only the four senior members were present at my exclusion; a new member who asked to be present was required to leave, by them. They didn't want any witnesses. The next hour and a half was a dreadfully predictable farce set up in advance by people who hated me for having defended *Anarchy* and who had obviously decided to exclude me as soon as they saw my letter. These people took a sadistic pleasure in kicking me out, and my repeated suggestions that they enter into a dialogue with the other two letter-writers and other libertarians in Montréal met with sneers. One of the four expected me to agree with him in front of the others that he had come to the meeting with an open mind, but that what he had heard there had led him to regretfully agree that I be excluded; when I said that I found his reasonableness unconvincing (I knew he would never break with his friends to defend me) he repeatedly yelled "Fuck you!" at me.

This clique has an obvious double standard; they see themselves as above criticism but feel free to threaten, harass and punish people within the collective and refuse to pay, censor and defame a radical project, *Anarchy*, which is a thousand miles away and better run than theirs, but have excluded me for expressing my opinion.

The bookstore's letter was approved for mailing at a collective meeting that I missed, after it had been stapled into copies of *Anarchy* no. 33 and put on sale at Alternatives. When I saw it there for the first time I immediately assumed that it had already been mailed. Given its content and my knowledge of the collective I decided to say nothing about it. I knew in advance that a reasonable dialogue about the letter was impossible there and that any concerted attempt on my part to oppose the letter or block consensus at a meeting would result in my exclusion. For me this was nothing new. On January 15, 1992,

without any warning, six members of the collective met in secret (I was not informed or invited) and discussed my membership in the collective. This happened six months after a major split in the collective, in which three friends of mine left. In this secret trial, all the legal guarantees that obtain in a bourgeois court were denied me. I had no right to be informed, to attend, to defend myself or know the charges. It was like something out of a Kafka novel. The following week I was informed out of the blue that I would be excluded from the collective if I didn't accept its criticisms of me and agree to change my behaviour along lines laid down by it. The "criticism" was a diatribe vented in a hostile and vindictive manner. It was intended to be threatening and humiliating. If you've ever seen a pecking order enforced in a schoolyard, you know what I'm talking about. I was accused of drinking too much of the store's coffee (I would have gladly paid for it), arriving late for my shifts (everyone did), missing one or two extra shifts I agreed to do during the holiday season (everyone there misses shifts) and not doing enough manual labour (an

absurd accusation). I was also berated for daring to mark good books to order in a distributor's catalog.... These accusations say more about my accusers than they do about me. I think they were a calculated provocation intended to make me quit, and faced with abuse like this most people would have quit. I chose to stay. As a result I spent a year and three months in the collective under a permanent threat of exclusion. I was made to understand that I could be excluded any time it pleased these smug, self-righteous assholes to punish me. I was singled out for this treatment (made a scapegoat) because I was the sole remaining member who was fighting the statist leftism and nationalism in Alternatives. By the way, this is the only time in almost twenty years that any collective member has been threatened with exclusion or actually excluded. This practice marks an unprecedented low in the bookstore's internal process. That I stayed in the collective as long as I did is a measure of my love for the bookstore project and what it represents. All this explains why I said nothing to the collective about their letter before it was sent, and nothing

to them about mine until it was printed.

In the spring of 1989, a few months after he informed me he had become a marxist-leninist (he was a member of Alternatives at the time), I worked briefly at a telephone polling company with Karl Levesque, who is the author of the bookstore's letter attacking *Anarchy*. At work one day he told me bluntly that he supported the terrorist practice of lacing Chilean grapes on sale in California with cyanide (it was a news item at the time), in order to strengthen the anti-Pinochet grape boycott. He said that a few dead Americans were an acceptable price to pay for the success of a boycott that might topple the Pinochet dictatorship and thereby save several hundred Chilean lives. I am not falsifying or exaggerating his comments, and he was not joking. In effect Karl was defending the random mass murder of innocent civilians. Since then Karl has found an anti-fascist vocation for himself.

Alternative's "more-anti-fascist-than-thou" posturing is a joke. The clique that runs Alternatives couldn't revolt their way out of a wet paper bag, and outside of their little leftist sandbox they are no threat to anyone but honest radicals. They have never harmed any fascist or fascist organization, period. They hope to reach positions of modest power in public life by treading on other people, starting in Alternatives. They happily distribute stalinist literature when it suits them (SS bad, NKVD good) but won't hear themselves criticized for the contradiction between this and any consistent anti-statist practice, something that is obvious to everyone in the anarchist milieu here but them.

About anti-fascism: it is natural for everyday people targeted by fascist movements to defend themselves. Yet social movements can only have a revolutionary effect when they attack the foundations of capitalist society. Only a social revolution can do away with totalitarian movements, by dissolving the social relations that give rise to them. Our central goal should



From *Exegesis* #3 (A Coll, POB 30658, Athens 10033, Greece).

Alternative Press REVIEW

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A#38

Letters

be to achieve a stateless, classless, moneyless world through revolution, and when necessary to counter fascist movements with anti-repressive solidarity and armed self-defence.

The separation between what Alternative Bookstore says it is and what it really is in practice has become obvious to well-informed observers. No matter. The number of libertarians in Montréal remains the same and real subversion is everywhere, in the streets.

Doug Imrie
Montréal, Québec

Opening dialog

Dear friends,

Thanks for sending me your excellent magazine! It was recommended to me by a fellow NAMBLA member. But what is really amazing is that the very strict mail-room supervisor here let it through to me with no hassle. Just a few weeks ago, I was denied an info mailing from the Radical Faeries, as "obscene." I'm appealing that decision, but I doubt I'll win. But I oppose it anyway as a matter of principle. Lately, I've been writing for more & more radical stuff including anarchist zines. Yours is the best all-around I've seen so far, even though I liked all of what I've seen. By the way, I especially appreciate all the reviews of other publications, some of which I've heard of, many more which I'd like to get. What a great list—even tons of foreign magazines & papers!! When I get out of this gulag, I will write to some of the foreign ones! I like a wide variety of reading material, from *Rock & Rap Confidential* to *American Atheist*, from *Prison Ministries* newsletters to *Live Wild or Die*. I sure do appreciate all those who, like you, send things free to prisoners.

I have been locked up for a year & a half now, convicted on false charges of molesting boys—I was accused

out of anger & revenge, & charges were augmented in an effort to set up a civil suit, since I was a Sunday School teacher (no, really!). It was pretty fucked up. By the time my trial came around I was facing 10 counts from 4 boys. Each count was a mandatory life sentence. It was pretty scary. the prosecutor's office chose my case for high publicity as well. Right before trial was to begin, they offered a deal—if I'd plead guilty, I'd get 5 yrs. flat time! A very tempting deal, & even my lawyer advised me to take it. I thought it over for about 15 mins. & told them to go fuck themselves. I really couldn't force myself to plead guilty to raping boys I loved. This pissed everybody off—especially the judge. The trial was a joke. The prosecutor made a big deal of the fact that I possessed *NAMBLA Bulletin* & other *completely legal* literature. The police were very disappointed that they found no child-pornography in their 3-hr. search! So they took legal stuff which they thought would fit their profile. During the trial, we changed some of the language of the indictments, reducing the charges to "regular" 1st degree aggravated felonies. Trial was 9 days, the jury deliberated 2 days, came back hung, but the judge gave further instructions & they came back & convicted me on 7 of the 10 counts. Go figure. The

judge—still angry—sentenced me to 10-25 yrs. X7 = 70-175 yrs! This, of course, was for the media. Such a sentence in OH. is reduced automatically to 15 yrs. 10 to the parole board. Since then, I've learned that 91% of felony convictions are obtained by plea bargain. I think it's shocking that so many people give up their right to a jury trial. In spite of the consequences of my decision to refuse to deal, I am more & more certain I did the right thing. Still, keep in mind that this was in Cincinnati (Hamilton Co.), OH. where there are no adult bookstores, you can't buy a *Hustler* magazine, & they prosecute an art gallery for showing Mapplethorpe photographs (based on homophobia and racism). So, I took my chances. My appeal is in progress & I have no intention of staying here for 10 yrs! I faced a similar case in '81 and was acquitted & I intend to get a new trial & be acquitted this time as well. I'm leaving out a lot of details, but lets just say I've got plenty to go on & my appeal will be strong. Of course, that's no guarantee of success, the appeals court is "unpredictable."

With all that in mind, I write to thank you for writing & opening a dialog on pedophilia and kids rights in general. It seems like NAMBLA was the only publication in the U.S. which

dared to discuss it in any positive way. As you probably know, NAMBLA originated out of a rash of false accusations. In all the articles/books I've read on the subject since '81, I very seldom see any discussion on false accusations other than the rare mention of messy child custody battles in divorce cases. And in the past decade, a huge industry has grown up of suing people for sexual misbehavior, which benefits no one more than the lawyers. In a case related to mine, a guy settled out of court. He was sued for \$15 million (I know for a fact he was innocent, he was my lover for 15 years!). The settlement wound up \$1,000 for each of 3 mothers, \$1,500 for each of 3 boys, and \$17,500 for their lawyer! This is just one example which I know of first hand. Don't get me wrong, I love all kids. I've done lots to help kids out. I've gotten kids out of abusive households & into a foster home. I've gotten boys to quit hustling. I've bought countless pairs of Nikes! And I sure as hell never raped anyone in my life. I was just an easy target. Still, there has to be some challenge to these kinds of scams, just to get money, in my case, from the Episcopal Diocese.

Anyway, I've done a lot of thinking on this issue & I'd like to offer a few thoughts. It seems like every article you read these days claims that child sexual abuse is on the increase. Is that true? Has something happened that suddenly more & more people are molesting kids? I really don't think so. I can see three main reasons for the increase in statistics, besides just plain lies. First, in recent years society has changed the definition of what child abuse/sexual abuse is. Things which in the past were acceptable are no longer. The most recent example I saw of this is Michael Jackson saying his father beat him when he was a kid. Mr. Jackson was then interviewed, & said



From *Hotcha!* #67/68 (Urban Gwerder, Ch-7243, Switzerland)

Anarchist Contacts

This is a listing of addresses of groups and individuals who would like to see the growth and development of anarchist practice of one form or another. The list may help those participating to make regional contacts and intercommunication links based on their self-defined perspectives.

If you'd like to see your address added to this listing just write to us and we'll include your name, address, and a short (20 words or less) description of your perspective, practice and/or desires. Each contact address will be run in two successive issues.

(Note: We are only compiling this list, we are not endorsing the positions of those who have asked to be listed.)

Institute of Fatuous Research
BM JED
London, WC1N 3XX
England

Conspiracy M.E.D.I.A.
POB 158324
Nashville, TN. 37215
Publishers of *Radical Pizza* zine, *R.A.D.I* music zine, and anarchist-oriented computer bulletin board Mondo Gordo! BBS.

Psychoriot Sound
c/o Count Zee
POB 752
Crocker, MO. 65452
"Composer/axeman/music software programmer looking for any creative outlet for video, live or other projects. Relocating to Alabama. Advice?"

Brian Metz
POB 70551
Richmond, VA. 23255
"I wish to build correspondences with anyone sincerely interested in progression toward a shark-and-pig-free world."

Dale R. Gowin
#91-B-0209
POB 500
Elmira, NY. 14902
"Anarchist activist and 'drug-war' POW seeks correspondence re: counter-cultural movements and conscious social-revolutionary use of psychedelic sacraments."

Joanne Bender
23 Linlake Dr.
St. Catharines, Ontario L2N 2M5 Canada
"Would like to correspond/share info & ideas with other anarchists/radical environmentalists/people interested/involvement with ALF."

Thornton Kimes
605 1/2 S. Main #2
Seattle, WA. 98104
"Bi anarchadude seeks (bi) pen friends, friends to hang out with and give/receive massages to/from, cuddle buddies and/or a bianarchist household..."

Dan McGarrigan III
333 Springhouse Road
Newtown, PA. 18940
"I like punk music, political rap, nature Wicca, and debating against right wing extremists."

Mike Kelly #493005 & Victor Mendoza
#410216
Clements Unit
9601 NE 24th Ave.
Amarillo, TX. 79107
"Anarchist revolutionary artists."

Pong Jule Jung
205 School Street
Somerville, MA 02143
"Situationalist/zerowork/vegetarian/simple living/urbansurvivalist/samurai/Native American cultures."

Bloodclot
University of Houston
Box 926113
Houston, TX. 77292-6113
"Campus-aided radical/anarchist TV program seeks your political films, videotape footage and input."

ships of any age group or sex.

The most disturbing thing, however, is the article I read in the Oct. (or Nov.) '92 issue of *Vanity Fair*, about a husband & wife team of therapists/counselors working out of the Masters & Johnson Inst. They take clients who come to them for a variety of problems & hypnotize them. They come to believe that they were abused sexually as children (usually by their own parents!) Now, I know that there are people who abuse kids and I'm sure that causes the kids some problems in later life...but you don't have to have a degree in psychology to see the scapegoating that's going on here. It's a very convenient excuse. I've heard this over & over from guys in prison. "Well I was abused/molested as a kid."

As an excuse for everything from rape to B&E to drug use, you name it. Again, I'm not trying to downplay the trauma that I'm sure some people have experienced. But I think that this kind of thing is overused & abused by the psychiatric establishment & "law enforcement," to their own profit—higher numbers mean more grant money for studies & more money for police programs.

It's all just a little too "convenient"—this hypnotherapy has caused a new group to be formed—the False Memory Syndrome Foundation, made up of those who are falsely accused by the victims of this technique (Roseanne Barr Arnold's parents are members).

So—I'm very suspicious and cynical when I read that "more children have been sexually abused than ever before thought possible" (from the *VF* article). This kind of twisted view in the media is what causes the hysterical attitudes & atmosphere which makes it so difficult to discuss the reality of kids' sexuality rationally. The prosecutors inflammatory mis-characterization of my *NAMBLA Bulletins* & other legal reading material was unfair & unconstitutional & is one of the bases of my appeal. I

will insist on reading whatever I want to without being molested—or hauled into court & having it used as "proof" of sexual activity!! Child pornography is not protected by the First Amendment, but everything else is! I am grateful for bold publications—*NAMBLA Bulletin* (POB 174 Midtown Station, NYC, NY. 10018), *Anarchy*, & a very few others which remain open minded & publish views on both sides of this issue.

[...] I look forward to feedback on what I've written and would especially like to hear from others in similar situations, whether falsely accused or not, on their views & opinions. Again, thanks for a great magazine. I hope the mailroom allows me to continue to receive it [...]
Huey T. McClellan #250997
POB 45699
Lucasville, OH. 45699-0001

Common enemy

Dear Jason,

[...] I much prefer the new format of *Anarchy* magazine. It makes it easier to display, and the slick cover also attracts attention.

Also, I am glad *Anarchy* is now publishing "On Gogol Boulevard" with its broad coverage of the new anarchists in East Europe. The overthrow of the Stalinist regimes has opened up a space for anarchists, libertarians, and other progressive tendencies. In southern California, I meet a lot of people from various ex-socialist countries, and not one has anything good to say about Communism.

From reading reports in *Anarchy*, *International Viewpoint* and other periodicals, it is clear that there is greater cooperation among left-anarchists and anarcho-capitalists in East Europe than is the case here. Maybe we can learn from them that our common enemy is statism, in our case bureaucratic state capitalism.

Separately, I have sent two recent issues of a local cultural magazine which includes a two-part article on "The New World Order." Read it when you get a chance. I would like to see more articles in *Anarchy* about imperialism and the new world order,

"When I was a boy, we used to call that a whuppin'." I'm not advocating physical punishment for kids, I'm against it. But this points out the shift in attitudes. Another example is the trouble Woody Allen got into for "fondling" his young daughter. Now, I wasn't there, but it just seems to me that if you're going to let your child run naked on the beach, a responsible adult would put sun screen/block on his/her genitals! That is not a sexual act. I know there's more to it than that, but it seems to have been blown out of proportion. There are all kinds of examples of this kind of thing—I read of a couple whose daughter was taken away from them while they were being investigated on porno charges when the photo-lab called the police on them for sending in pix of their girl in the

bath tub. Artists are busted for nude photographs. Nudity is not obscenity.

Another way that statistics are inflated is by adding in a new class of sex offenders—the juvenile offender. Now, teens who are sexually active with each other, & their younger friends can be busted & charged with anything from rape to assault & be declared delinquent or unruly. Yet these *same* teens (depending on local age of consent laws) if caught in a sexual relationship with an older friend, are suddenly helpless innocent "victims" of the older partner, who is then charged with a felony. Let me repeat that I'm speaking of mutual consensual relationships here—as admittedly slippery as the issue of consent is—and I re-state my opposition to any kind of coercive relation-

Letters

and related topics.

Also, I would like to see more about how the War On Drugs is being used to destroy our civil and economic liberties.

FIOT,
G.B., Riverside, CA.

"Schiz-Flux" corrections

Howdy *Anarchy*,

Due to the success of the anti-tech movement in Hawaii, my handwriting was apparently illegible to y'all. So here's a correction or two of some import from my article, "The Movement of Schiz-Flux" [see *Anarchy* #36, p.52]: "Schiz-Flux is materialist psychiatry, anti-matter pilots careening out of control, (mis)behavioral autistic [not "artistic," ugh!] derelicts unlocking accustomed patterns....," and "Paedo-[not "pseudo"]filing away at the adult world (nature destruction)...." Lastly, the quote in the 1st paragraph was from Debbie Moore, a staunch anti-plagiarist.

Thanx—& oh yeah—write me for Hawaii winter plans, y'all schizoversive permaculturists. I got con-neck-shuns fer work exchange (little labor) &/or free livin'.

Free & open,
Drake Scott
Rt.1, Box 136
La Farge, WI. 54639

Reply to Simons on play

Dear Readers and Editors,

So Paul Z. Simons wants a paste made of my liver and brain ("Letters," *Anarchy*, Spring '93). If he were nicer, I'd offer to send him some homemade chopped liver. On a less playful note, Simons has done me an injustice in his letter, though he obviously feels I wronged *him* in my pamphlet, *Anarchy and Civilization*.

Simons takes umbrage at a section of my pamphlet that quotes a paragraph from his article, "Seven Theses on Play," and that then has the audacity to criticize his and others' romanticization of play and of the primitive. My quote from Simons was not out-of-context, nor, to be fair, does Simons criticize me for distorting his view. Instead (between smears of paté), he takes

very personal offense at my characterizing his view as "silly, fatuous, and unoriginal." He responds by presenting a distorted account of *my* discourse, selectively ignoring major points that might inconvenience his rebuttal—all the while vacillating between denials that he's a primitivist, and defenses of what he himself characterizes as primitive virtues.

He says "MH demands a return to the Enlightenment project of the rational search for the 'perfect society'—disregarding utterly that the current dominant culture is part and parcel of the realization of this very project." I don't *disregard* that "fact"; I *dispute* it! One of my central arguments is that the current dominant society represents a *betrayal* of the hopes of the Enlightenment, a cruel parody of its vision by a ruling class that's never grasped—and never *could* grasp—"the vision thing." As I emphasize, if Thomas Jefferson could see the life-constricting industrial monstrosity we've built, he—along with Simons and me—would choke on his paté—if the smog didn't get him first. Incidentally, I don't *demand* in my pamphlet; I *advocate*—and I believe that the absolutism of those who'd demand conformity to their blueprint for some "perfect society" is another cruel hoax that perverts the aspirations of the Enlightenment.

Yes, I've lumped Simons with Zerzan and the *Fifth Estate* crowd, but not inadvertently, nor on every issue (as he evidently presumes, and therefore needlessly rebuts). What I've done is to criticize some of the notions, particularly certain characterizations and terminologies, that his essay, "Seven Theses on Play," shares with the work and thinking of other(?) "primitivists" when addressing the subjects of work and play, and of the civilized and the primitive.

Perhaps Simons simply thinks he owes me a smear, but I'm no more a huckster for "cyberspace" than Simons is a flack for the "leisure industry." Interesting, though: much "primitivist" criticism of my work—and here I *do* again include Simons—pointedly disregards my calls for the redis-

covery of a pastoral physical and cultural landscape, for a reassertion of classically civilized values—especially dialogue and balance—among a population of autonomous individuals—and my fervent denunciation of domination and hierarchy for fucking things up.

I never said that the notion of the primitive as a world of freedom and abundance is devoid of even a shred of truth; I merely suggested that we reserve judgment, that the primitivist view is simplistic, and that it represents an age-old strain of wishful thinking. My point was not that those who believed in such a view could find no evidence to cite for it, but rather, that such citation was besides the point, which is the transparently subjective nature of such belief, and its tendency to become dogma. Nonetheless, Simons chooses to answer me with a raft of scholarly citations—of books I'm already familiar with, thanks, incidentally, to the helpful, very civilized personal advice of the *Fifth Estate's* Bradford!

It appears that Paul and I have different definitions of "work" and "play." I understand the distinction he makes between "productive" work and "goal-less" play, but—while rejecting a Puritanical, dutiful approach to work and to life—I believe we're mistaken to uphold "play" over "work," or even to value the distinction. Hierarchical societies, after all, maintain spheres of "unproductive" activity—either as coerced economic endeavor (e.g., packaging and junk mail)—or as reactive, escapist "recreation." And then there's shopping!

Simons, conflating two definitions, also uses the word "work" to mean alienated or coerced labor. I'm as opposed as Paul to alienated labor. I use "work" to mean directed effort, especially highly focused creative effort. (Some might say "disciplined" or "purposeful"; I don't. Even "fun" is a purpose.) Right now I'm *working* on a letter, but I'm also playing. When a hungry animal or person forages in the woods, they're working—however playfully. (And when we play, we also learn.) *My definition of work includes work done without ex-*

PLICIT or implicit coercion. It includes work that one enjoys.

Life should be a labor of love. I enjoy my work. I hate my job. (The outcome of my job had better be a check that clears. The outcome of work had better be something lovingly produced, a memory treasured, an experience savored, or at least a feeling of accomplishment.) This, too, is clear and obvious in my writing.

While I'll stand by my skepticism regarding romantic primitivism's line of hype, this divergence may ultimately be a matter more of style than of substance. When we strip away differences in vocabulary and imagery, Simons and I actually agree on much regarding the pathology of this society. Even Zerzan (along with Wittgenstein) is right.. The very nature of language and abstract, "reflective" thought are themselves close to the root of the problem.

Meanwhile, I've worked on this letter long enough. It's Friday night, and my check has cleared. Sorry, Paul, I'm going out to play, before Monday comes and it's back to the grind.

Mitchell Halberstadt
Daly City, CA.

Poetic sophistries

Hello Jason *et al*,

Feral Faun, in the "Iconoclast's Hammer" in *Anarchy* #36, rejects anarchists who believe in "a moral and/or social system that they wish to create and expand into a worldwide system of relationships." This sort of belief, F.F. says, causes these anarchists to "*morally* oppose... aspects of...society which are in contradiction to their values." F.F. states, "I am not an anarchist in this sense"; and goes on to defend egoism, greed, and selfishness—albeit of an "expansive" sort that transcends property and economic relations—while denigrating "altruism."

While I appreciate F.F.'s subtle and poetic sophistries, I'd like to interpose a word in defense of the "moral anarchism" which comes in for such scorn and ridicule in F.F.'s column and elsewhere in your pages from time to time.

The word "moral" refers to

the concepts of "right and wrong." Without digressing too deeply into the tangled byways of ethical theory, I would assert that the central identifying characteristic of anarchism is the recognition of an innate human sense of "rightness"—a gut-level feeling of "the way it's supposed to be," of "fairness"—a quality or element of consciousness, common to all humanity, that each of us was aware of during our childhood. This instinctual moral sense exists on a pre-rational level, arising spontaneously within us; it's a basic part of our equipment, woven into the genetic fabric of our being, prior to learned/indoctrinated moral concepts. Kropotkin describes it as "...the principles of morality which are engraved on the hearts of each one of us" (in his *Prisons and their Moral Influence on Prisoners*).

This innate moral sense constitutes the sole valid core of the religious teachings of the world, beneath the accretions of superstition and manipulative authoritarianism; it is the "golden rule" that finds essential agreement in the traditional scriptures of all languages. Religions base their claim to legitimacy on the degree to which they reflect this common instinctive knowledge.

It is alluded to in Thomas Jefferson's preamble to the *Declaration of Independence*—"We hold these truths to be self-evident..."; the innate sense of *rightness* is the basis of the concept of "rights"—civil rights, the *Bill of Rights*, etc. "Rights" are not abstract metaphysical entities in some Platonic realm; they are simple formulations of the folk-wisdom that recognizes the rightness and wrongness of certain basic behaviors of humans with each other.

Anarchism is the idea that our natural innate moral sense will re-emerge when the externally imposed inhibiting social forces are removed. Natural human instincts of social harmony—mutual aid, voluntary cooperation, synergy, altruism—will assert themselves when the corrupting influence of authoritarian power is broken. As water seeks its own level, as green plants turn toward the sun, humanity will return to social and ecological

"rightness" when the social revolution ends our decamillennial detour down the dead-end evolutionary alley of hierarchical, authoritarian, ego-bound social relations.

Dale R. Gowin #91-B-0209
POB 500
Elmira, NY. 14902

Feral Faun responds: No evidence

If "the central identifying characteristic of anarchism is recognition [sic] of an innate sense of 'rightness'...", so much the worse for anarchism. There is no evidence that such a sense exists, and much that it does not. Children exhibit no "pre-rational" "instinctual moral sense." As a child, I lied, stole and committed acts of cruelty without compunction. The closest I had to "moral sense" was fear of getting caught. Nothing I've observed indicates I was unusual. Concepts of fairness I manipulated to my own ends—again, not unusual. Though raised fundamentalist christian, I always recognized morality as an external imposition. When I killed the god in my head, morality and belief in an inherent human nature quickly followed. Non-state societies (tribal groups) also indicate a lack of an inherent moral sense, valuing drastically different traits and behaviors—including, in some cases, extreme cruelty, deception for deception's sake, hatred of strangers.

Belief in an "innate moral sense" is, indeed, a "religious teaching," but one no less superstitious or manipulatively authoritarian than the concept of sin (which goes hand in hand with it). The golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," is an absurd basis for behavior. How do I know that anyone else wants what I want? It's much more sensible if I do what will create what I want.

Even if we assumed that an "innate moral sense" existed, obviously people (including pre-rational children and non-static, non-capitalist tribal people) don't act on any such thing. Some authority is always necessary to enforce morality. So to put an end to authority is to put an end to morality, and to discover perpetually free uncoded ways of living and relating.

"Rap Cops" racist

Dear Friends at *Anarchy*,

Just wanted to respond to a couple of things in the most recent issue (#36) of your magazine. I was reading the article on supporting the anarchist press and the need for anarchist media to network and help one another out. I wholeheartedly agree. I work with the *Love and Rage* production group and I definitely feel there's far too much sectarianism in our movement. The difficulty is often in letting personalities get in the way of discussing valid political differences. I'm going to try to walk the tight rope of being critical of an article at the same time as saying that we'd like to work with you and hope you'll contact us on some of the specific ways we might be able to help one another out. One note considering the "distributor hall of shame." @ Collective in New Orleans and Dayton Anarchist Collective, both listed as *Love and Rage* supporting groups, haven't been much more supportive or responsive to us. Perhaps at one time they were, we just haven't decided a process for deciding who's a supporting group, yet too broke to contribute money and who's not being supportive of the anarchist movement. It's a delicate question as many of us live on very little and often put so much into local projects that it's difficult to help with broader or seemingly more distant ones.

The article I wish to comment on is the one on "Rap Cops" by Michael William. The page is titled "The Sad Truth" and I can only hope that you meant the piece in some ironical way, yet reading the article over and over I couldn't help but come to the conclusion that it was racist. For anarchists to publish a positive piece on the police in and of itself is enough to raise eyebrows. One cop says "We were being judged and hung just for being the police." To serve and protect. Who are they serving and what is it they protect? They protect property and serve those with the most of it, using force to do so. They'll help me out when the property of my body is in danger. Having once been

homeless, I was witness to, and victim of continual police harassment, often for being in the wrong place. In other words if I try to get out of the rain and sleep in an empty building the police are paid, by real estate speculators, to come in and throw me out. The worst part of the article however is to continue with "in a related incident" in which a Mr. Howard is accused of shooting a Texas cop while listening to Tupac Amuru Shakur's album. I say all power to Ronald Ray Howard and that we as anarchists ought to do some prisoner support work for him. To say someone killed someone because of music sounds like Tipper Gore. The name Tupac Amuru Shakur is symbolic for 500 years of resistance to racism. I wonder how many anarchists even know the story of Tupac Amuru and the native uprising against the Spanish in South America? The name Shakur in its original African language means "the thankful." Others that have taken the name, like Assata Shakur embody the best in the anti-racist struggle. Despite some ideological differences, her courage and others who have taken the name Shakur in the fight against racism are a role model for any one who might seriously think themselves to be a revolutionary. The full name of the group is rich in the tradition of standing up to racism, in particular in the Americas. The U.S. has the #1 prisoner per capita in the world. Racist South Africa is #2, and the evil former empire of the Soviet Union (CIS) #3. The rate of incarceration in the U.S., for those of African descent is seven times that of whites! There is no mention whatsoever of the circumstances of why Mr. Howard might feel his life endangered enough to risk shooting a cop. It's not the music, it's the ways of white folks who just don't seem to get it. This is not the first controversy with *Anarchy* editorial policy running racist material without commentary. Calling the article a "scam" hardly puts it in an anarchist perspective. I, too, believe in free speech, but there's a difference when you run something under the banner of anarchism. People

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think that this is what anarchy is all about, when I find it difficult to imagine any anarchist as supporting something so exploitative as racism or the armed thugs used to perpetuate it. In a choice between freedom and dropin' a cop I say all power to the people and fuck da po-lice. If the article was meant as satire it was neither self-evident, nor placed in such a context as to how *Anarchy* felt about the article.

Love and Rage is no stranger to controversy. I hope you'll consider the criticism as constructive and that likewise *Anarchy*, *Love and Rage*, and other anarchist projects can recognize and respect our various differences and still find ways in which to practice mutual aid. We look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
R.S., New York, NY.

Michael William replies: A bogus "controversy"

Having indicated its anti-cop stance in the first sentence with the epithet "pigs," I am baffled that R.S. found my "Rap Cops" a "positive piece on the police." Elsewhere, social workers are insulted by comparing them to cops: "The cops come on with a soft-cop social worker spiel..." Two anti-cop songs are quoted at length.

My article was a straightforward news piece about a recuperation that I thought would be of interest to *Anarchy* readers. Aside from the part on the rap cops, it contained related material I found in a gay and lesbian journal about anti-cop rap music being censored/self-censored (in the case of Ice-T's "Cop Killer"), and about legal proceedings against it (in the case of Tupac Amuru Shakur's album). Composed of quotes and information, it contained minimal commentary or analysis. I simply wanted to get the information out.

In the letter there is no attempt to substantiate the charge of racism. His only specific accusation, in effect, concerns my lack of speculation about precisely why Ronald Howard allegedly shot the cop. In R.S.'s opinion, I should have discussed the very strained relations between African-Americans and the cops and why some-

one might shoot a cop. But more directly than any possible comment of mine, this is expressed by people who are quoted in the text (e.g., "I don't like the police; they be shooting and killing people"). Both of the anti-cop songs evoke situations in which cops are killed. Calling my piece racist because I don't comment on this already discussed point is pretty far-fetched.

Concerning his comment about Tupac Amuru, it is worth noting that these words have been adopted by MRTA, a Peruvian guerrilla group which has been responsible for killing gays as part of a "cleansing of undesirables" campaign—another example of how easily symbols are recuperated by bigots and thugs (and of the dangers of uncritically embracing symbolic values).

It may well be "sincere," but I hardly consider R.S.'s letter "constructive." Rather, his attempt to conjure up a bogus "controversy" out of thin air only discredits him.

R.S. mentions doing support work for Ronald Howard. People who want to find out more about his case may be able to obtain this information from the journal where I found the uncredited news article. Write to: *Frighten the Horses*, 41 Sutter Street #1108, San Francisco, California 94104, U.S.A.

Michael William
C.P. 1554 Succ. B
Montréal, Québec
Canada H3B 3L2

Imputationism

Dear Politically Challenged,

Getting three issues at once, as I just did, impresses on me the enormity of your output—that anthology you've considered will have to be huge to be at all representative. I am not going to try to make up for lost time, just lash out a little here and there. Imagine my delight at a Russian anarchist invoking my name as the epitome of intra-anarchist critique! "I seem to be a verb," as the futurist idiot Buckminster Fuller once senascently mused.

Max Anger is up to the same old scam the situationists and many others (myself included) have too often pulled, it needs a name: *imputationism*. Imputationism is wishful thinking dressed up as critical theory, an

esoteric variant on what the psychoanalysts call "projection." Max Anger, like the S.I. before him, wants the Los Angeles riots (1965, 1992, same difference) to be revolutionary, therefore, inspection discloses they were exactly that.

Of course, this calls for some serious spin control. There is, for instance, the targeting of Korean-owned shops by black looters and arsonists. Class war was "subsumed, unfortunately, under the rubric of race." Evidently the rubric of race trumped the imputation of class war since, as Anger sorrowfully acknowledges, many businesses owned by or employing blacks were spared. Like many white men before him, Anger knows what black folk are up to better than they do themselves. Words—his words—speak louder than actions—their actions.

"Fifty years of totalitarian disinformation" is to blame for this unfortunate misunderstanding on the part of rioters who just "happened" to be black regarding small businessmen who just "happened" to be Korean. Now maybe I don't watch enough TV or something but I am entirely unaware of any media efforts in my less than 50 years (and Anger is younger still) to incite blacks to hate Koreans. Indeed the only media treatment of black/Korean relations I've ever seen, pre-riot, was *Do the Right Thing* by black filmmaker Spike Lee which I didn't understand to be at all anti-Korean, and if it were, a black would be to blame. Anger is just making this stuff up. Too many blacks figured out how to hate Koreans all by themselves. Give them that much credit; if their anger was misdirected it was, at least, theirs. Anger's anger is abstract and bookish.

Anger also has to explain away the brutal beating of white truck driver Reginald Denney by black thugs. Denney had nothing to do with the acquittal of Rodney King's police assailants. Anger opines this episode was not "typical," but first repeats an unconfirmed and self-serving allegation by the accused that Denney "taunted" them about the verdict in the King case. This is blatantly improbable—a

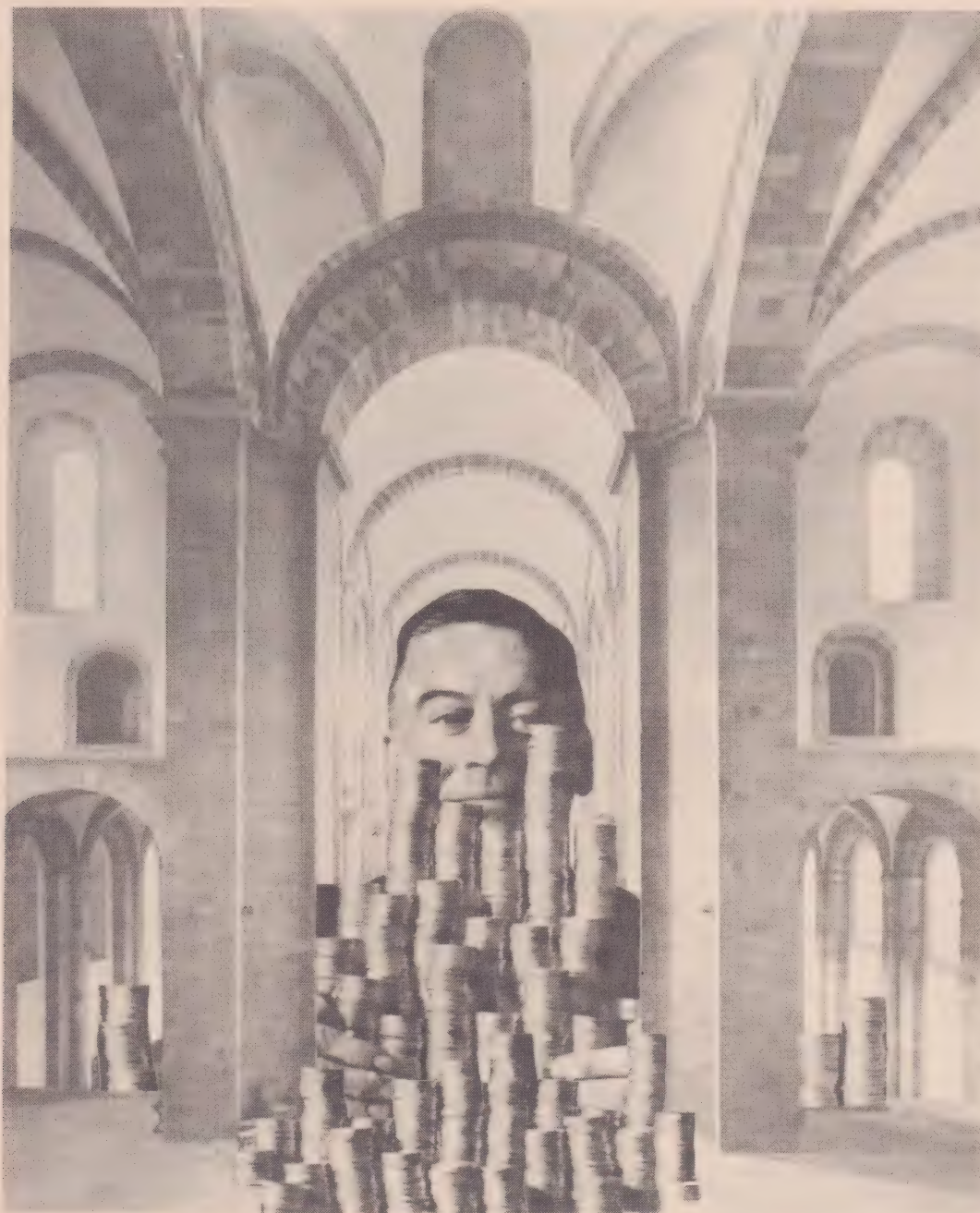
white guy drives into a black ghetto to taunt the locals about the King verdict?—but even if it happened, does this justify beating him half to death? Whatever happened to free speech?

When Anger says "typical," what does he refer to? Black-on-white street crime is much more "typical" than white-on-black street crime. Maybe he wasn't thinking along these lines. Maybe he wasn't doing much thinking at all. Rodney King wasn't beaten by a random sample of whites. He was beaten by police. In this he has a lot of white, black, Asian and Hispanic company. Anger says we should "support" the black goons. Why? Why not support the white goons who beat up Rodney King? They're not "typical" either.

What else? Why is everybody freaking out over Molly Gill's white nationalist infiltration of anarchdom, although she has never concealed her opinions or claimed to be an anarchist, whereas nobody but Lawrence and I have noticed the red nationalist infiltration of anarchdom by Professor Ward Churchill and his partner Dr. M. Annette Jaimes? This pair is to indigenism what Dworkin and MacKinnon are to feminism. Churchill, formerly of Weatherman SDS, is that only too ubiquitous figure, the Marxist-turned-nationalist. He and his girl friend play good cop/bad cop, Churchill serving his racism straight up, Jaimes watering her drinks.

Jaimes' article was, in *Anarchy*, a waste of space, although it might have been enlightening for its original leftist readership. It said nothing that has not been as well or better said in publications like *Anarchy* and the *Fifth Estate* for ten to twenty years now. Even some of her phraseology sounded like it was taken from people like John Zerzan and myself, both conspicuous by our absence from her footnotes. I'm not affronted by these omissions—the more this information gets around, the better I like it—but I wonder what they mean.

Zerzan was too gentle with Dr. Jaimes, intimidated, perhaps, by her privileged position as a



Collage by Johann Humyn Being

woman and a Native American. She openly celebrates Amerindian civilizations like the Aztecs and Incas for their independent invention of the state, imperialism, slavery, priestly religion, human sacrifice and other Old World accomplishments. Euro- and Afro-Americans need no lessons from Indians in these activities, we need lessons in living in entirely different ways. What matters is not, as for Jaimes and Churchill, who, what matters is how. The thousands of Europeans who went native

("gone to Croatan") in colonial America learned such lessons from their Indian hosts. So should Churchill and Jaimes. What *they're* teaching we already know only too well.

(Wish I Were)
Gone to Croatan,
Bob Black
POB 3142
Albany, NY. 12203-0142

Hetero, homo & bi boxes

Dear @narchists,
I think the most important

point in Michael William's piece "Bisexuality" in *Anarchy* #36 is that the burgeoning bisexual movements, like the gay and lesbian movements before them, are operating for the most part within the established authoritarian structure—and *liking it!* As someone who, when pressed, describes himself as voyeuristically bisexual but interactively heterosubmissive, but also at various times an ambi/asexual (and even *anarchosexual*) rubberist, foot-fetishist, fan of vanilla hetero porn videos and male

homoeerotic literature, above all an anarchist, this just does not do much for me.

Liz Highleyman's quote is apt, to a point. All these gay, lesbian, and bi "leaders" I see, especially in conjunction with this summer's March on Washington, seem *very* establishment. Could it be that the leadership of these "liberation" groups seeks to maintain its own power by courting the very institutions that oppress not only so-called sexual minorities but *all* people? No government can make you free, folks. Whenever all the Gays In The Military talk starts to wear on me, I just put on Buffy Sainte-Marie singing "The Universal Soldier" to remind myself there should not *be* a military Marriage? Nearly 100 years ago, Wanda von Sacher-Masoch, wife of the *original* masochist (so-called), named and damned marriage for the sham and tool of repression that it is.

So what do we have here? The hetero box, and its attendant privilege of heterosexual identity, which is highly internalized in our culture. ("Privilege" to be lorded over by other hets, perhaps?) The homo box. It took me a while to realize that the reason I was not actively seeking sex with men had nothing to do with "repression" or being "closeted," but simply because I have no particular desire to initiate or, in most cases, reciprocate sex with men, enjoyable as it may be. Period. These ideas are very popular in our society and constantly reinforced in a variety of venues. But I don't consider myself some kind of traitor (to what or whom?) just because I'm not gay enough to join some peoples' clubs. Now there's the recently re-vocalized bi box. It sounds like you're supposed to hang out a banner, join a support group, and sign up for some kind of newsletter. There's also the role model thing, but I don't think I'd be much good for that.

Frankly, people, I *am* sorry, but I'm just too busy being human for most of this.

Gender, Basically arbitrary. Kinsey scale? I spit on it. Biological origins of sexual identity? Please. I don't have time to run out and get a brain scan every

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time I wake up wondering how I'm going to feel that day. Besides, the 3 boxes are not big enough to hold all the many ways people find of experiencing their sexuality and their humanity. That's why there are so many closeted heterosexuals of varying stripes and the multitudes of other suppressed individuals.

I know this is controversial. The people I love most have strong gay, lesbian, and straight identities. Many have suffered considerable personal anguish in arriving at them. But it must be remembered that one of the most powerful tools of control is the imposition of a uniform identity, or at the least the outward appearance of such identity.

For some time in our culture, this has meant vanilla hetero. Many people are, and that's fine. Today, in our so-called "progressive," post-Stonewall era, the power structure is responding to the assertion of gays and lesbians. Thus, we have the possibility of a new, officially sanctioned option for being. Looks to me like it's going to be vanilla homo. Who knows? Maybe even vanilla bi, as well. Meanwhile, though it makes many people uncomfortable, there seems to be considerable debate in the gay community as to the proper way to be gay and who gets the full embrace of the "tribe."

Please understand, I think vanilla is a fine, fine flavor. Moreover, I would not question the validity of anyone's sexual identity or the gratification and self-affirmation in finding a group of like-minded friends in a hostile world. But my concern is that it seems to me it might be more liberating if we relied less on the seemingly arbitrary terms by which we purport to describe our sexual proclivity, skin color, genitalia, etc. It is no secret these categories are fluid. I believe that to a great extent they exist and change in response to the self-preservation needs of the power structure and the feelings of alienation it engenders. I say what you have said in your masthead: "Disarm authority! Arm your desires!"

I do not waver in or apologize for my feeling that we are *all* human and that *human* libera-

tion is an anarchist goal. (As a vegan, I would include non-humans as well.) For me, there isn't really any such thing as "queer" any more than there could be a "perverted" consensual relationship. We are all whom we are. Essentially, we are human, and to put too much faith in the millennia-old Divide and Conquer, stock-in-trade of the authoritarians, is deadly. Knock down walls. Don't put up new ones.

As for my own penchant for "sodomasochism" (another misnomer if there ever was one and used far too loosely to hold much significance), I do not find it incongruous with my being an anarchist. In fact, outside the anarchist press, the best anti-authoritarian writing I've found appears in publications which cater to this interest. (Dian Hansen's *Leg Show* and Lily Brindrop's *Taste of Latex* come to mind.) Without going into boring details of my personal life, let me say that it's just *me*, experiencing my humanity to the fullest extent of my desire (armed!) and ability, loving every minute of it, and doing so without apology. Consensuality is a must, but PC? I'd spit on it if I had any saliva left.

American anarchist Voltairine de Cleyre wrote in her essay "Anarchism": "Ah, once to stand unflinchingly on the brink of that dark gulf of passions and desires, once at last to send a bold, straight-driven gaze down into the volcanic Me, *once*, and in that once *forever*, to throw off the command to cover and flee from the knowledge of that



Collage by Phillip Lollar

abyss,—nay, to dare it to hiss and seethe if it will, and make us writhe and shiver with its force!" (It gets even better. Find it and read it!)

That's the banner under which I want to march!

Sincerely,

Bob-Boy, District of Columbia
PS: Space limitations precluded my discussing AIDS, feminism, gay- and bi-bashing, homo- and bi-phobia, and the always popular *Anarchy* letters section topic of adult-child sex. I am aware that these are important topics which need to be included in full-scale discussions of gender and sexual identity.

Divine rehabilitation

Dear editor,

You may not believe how I got hold of your magazine (#36 /Spring '93), but this is the honest truth. I got in a poker game one day and it lasted nearly eight hours. This guy ended up owing me a lot of money. He gave me twenty dollars and all his books, his radio and your magazine. To be honest, before I won your magazine I didn't see to much reason to really give too much of a damn about anything. Man, your (my) magazine has really opened my eyes to a

lot of things. But that's not the real reason I am writing this letter. The real reason is concerning the lawless confusion and political disorder here in Louisiana.

I stole \$25 in an unarmed robbery. I was later apprehended, and sentenced to 50 years in a rusted-out cage...simply to "rehabilitate" me (according to the prison authorities). Society supports these cages which house only indigent people! Society is a malevolent mass of morons as far as I'm concerned! I have a friend in here who got drunk one night, thrown in a jail cage, and ended up kicking the toilet off the wall. The courts sentenced him to 12 years in a cage...to "rehabilitate" him! At \$20,000 per year, per prisoner, that toilet will cost \$240,000...think of all the poor people that money could feed!

The state is willing to waste \$240,000 to get revenge on a drunk for destroying a stinkin' toilet! You see in Louisiana a toilet is held in higher esteem than 12 years of a man's life! In a materialistic country like Amerikkka it's considered a terrible thing to steal money, but it's okay to put poor people in cages and leave them there until they go mad, and then release

them on society! I was a robber when I entered prison at 18. And now after only four years of being "rehabilitated," in a cage, I am contemplating becoming a sniper when released. Society has gotten its revenge on me... they've shown me revenge is the righteous, holy way...that the only way to "rehabilitate" people is to punish, punish, punish! So after completing a four year course in "rehabilitation" I want to spread this "divine rehabilitation" to our wonderful society!

Yes...just as the authorities have attempted to ameliorate me by punishment...so in like manner, I do wish to ameliorate society by punishment!...I have reached the inevitable conclusion that society is insane! [...]

Darrin Robinson #158443

La. State Prison
Jaguar 3-left-3
Angola, LA. 70712

Response to Molly Gill

Anarchy staff and readers,

I want to let you know that Molly Gill's letter directed to me in the Spring '93 issue has not gone unanswered. I have written her a brief and not-nasty-enough reply. If anyone wishes to see a copy, all you need to do is send me an SASE.

Thanks,
Lawrence
POB 410681
San Francisco, CA. 94141

A bunch of schmucks

Anarchy,

I find it ironic that a magazine that prints the writings of Vaneigem, Debord, and other Situationists and anti-ideological thinkers could also print a bunch of schmucks' appalling attempts at ideologically justifying fucking children. What does fucking children have to do with the revolution of everyday life? Ok, your sexuality is blatantly being suppressed and stifled by laws of a traditional society, and your first step towards happiness is to fuck kids. Maybe if these idiots could really justify this kind of behavior to themselves, then they wouldn't have to *ideologically* rationalize it to other thinkers.

C.N., Tucson, AZ.

Horried

Dear *Anarchy*,

I am horrified that people who were sexually abused as children were brainwashed into liking it. It is inhumane that this act of control and violation could be twisted in the victim's mind into an act of affection. My fiancé & I were intensely offended by your article on this subject.

I am a volunteer worker for a sexual assault support centre. I do not think any of the people calling our crisis line would find your article to be on the avant-garde, cutting-edge of journalism. Nor would they be comforted by your views on healthy adult-child interaction.

The person who wrote in that was an incest subject and is now a psychologist saw their sexual abuse as the only filial affection they received from their mother & grandmother. In light of the fact that this person was physically & emotionally abused heavily I can understand why they feel the sexual abuse was a good thing. However, I feel this person needs a lot of counselling themselves & should not be a psychologist.

As for the rest of the responses to this article, I found them vague, confusing and back-boneless. If you have something to say, say it! Please don't use jargon & ramble.

I used to really enjoy this mag. Now, because of this article, I am not renewing my subscription to *Anarchy*.

L.K., Kelowna, B.C.
PS: Print in whole, or don't print at all. No editing.

Self-appointed censors

Yo! You! Halt! Cease & desist, ye enemies of the State! It is futile to resist, join us, while ye can! We will rule the future, we can do anything, anyplace, anytime! Witness the shooting death of a Pensacola doctor; expect the body count to rise accordingly (mass graves, a la Guatemala, Panama & Iraq; dug by the National Guard, filled by the Marine [sic] Corpse). John Burt can go on national TV, and proudly espouse to membership in the Ku Klux Klan; the found-

ers of the Ministries to the Preborn, the Lambs of Christ and Operation(Mindfucking)Rescue testify before a House Judiciary Committee & impose their agenda, insisting they be allowed to play a videotape, designed to discredit anyone "Pro-Choice" showing themselves to be the reprehensible assholes they are; an unknown Cuban is indicted on drug trafficking charges, setting the scene for another Bay of Pigs. Remember Bush/Noriega? Probably not, considering the soap opera show trial of Wlm. Kennedy Smith, conveniently staged at the same time, only 40 odd miles away, setting a dangerous historical precedent; this being the first time the USofA has invaded a sovereign nation, for the sole purpose of kidnapping, prosecuting and imprisoning a foreign head of state, just to shut him up. This coming right after the appointment & subsequent media fuck-over concerning Clarence Thomas & his alleged sexual misconduct as regards Ms. Hill & several others. And one cannot help but wonder if "Operation Desert Scam" was nothing more than a CNN/CIA-Pentagon-approved government attempt to play on the short memory, as well as the racist tendencies of the American people, to wit; consider the fact that Geo. Bush's son, Neil, was under indictment for banking fraud, extortion, and myriad other allegations, none of which he did nay jail time for, and for which his cheque probably bounced. That is, if he even bothered with the fine levied for such a royal impropriety. Meanwhile, brother Geo. Jr. sells off his land, oil & stock holdings, days before the "deadline" is imposed, bordering on insider trading like a mother-fucker, yet he's never called on it. At the same time, gasoline prices soar, before a shot is fired, and, you can buy your "Kill Hussein" T-shirt right at the pump, along with your requisite flag decal and yellow ribbon; one-stop shopping for phony patriotism. Of course you bought 'em.

Now we got "Bubba" Bill & the yuppie housewives from hell, but perhaps I should get to the point, which is this; there is a

"new" element at play in these fields, that being an unholy alliance between the fundamentalist "Christian" right-wing religious groups, the Moral Majority (which is neither), the Aryan Nation, Amerikkkan Nazi Party, KKK & ultra-conservative factions, passing themselves off as "Concerned Parents" at a grassroots level[...]. Make no mistake; these bastards have an agenda; nothing less than a total takeover of local, state & federal level government by year 2000, at which time they are certain their "Jesus/Hitler" is coming back. Using pornography, rock music or media as their "issues," they are able to motivate large numbers of "just plain folks" to approve the actions of these self-appointed censors. They claim they want to "clean up dirty, smutty art" using almost the same words as Adolf Hitler used when he declared it "undermines the purity of the Aryan race." Substitute "Family Values" for "Aryan race" & you get an idea as to where they're coming from.

These "Christian" cocksuckers are nationally organized, extremely mobile, above the "law" and arrogant in their certitude of "Victory." If you recall, Hitler was a Christian, also. His SS & field troops wore belts inscribed with the motto: "God is on our side."

All I'm trying to say, in a cheap tequila swilling, lemon-sucking way is that we will *all* have a *huge* fucking problem if these cheap thugs have their way. Wait till Pres. Pat Robertson & VP Pat Buchanan take office. We will no longer have to speculate as to what life might be like in a totalitarian banana-republic style police state, we will in fact, *be* living in one. A place where you, too, may "disappear" or "commit suicide" or be "shot trying to escape."

I am not trying to be alarmist, and hope I'm not coming off paranoid. I have been on vote strike for nearly 20 years; voting for the lesser of two evils is still voting for evil. My political leanings have always been towards the anarchistic, be that Groucho Marxist or John Lennonist; I am pro-psychedelic drugs (the only *true* pathway to God), pro-choice, a feminist, anti-racist &

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anti-fascist. That's why this "grassroots" movement disturbs me, and it should you, too. It is happening, even as we speak. They already own nationwide TV & radio franchises, which allow them daily diatribes to a converted audience, saying outrageous shit like "Radical homosexuals are poisoning the water supply with AIDS" and "Abortion causes breast cancer." Don't take my word for it, I have hours of this filth on tape, if you want to hear it. Write me for a sample.

I submit it to you, your friends & co-conspirators, that we need to educate ourselves and each other as to the true aims of these latter-day little Hitler-boys & their busybody wives. I would greatly appreciate any correspondence with any groups or individuals who are likewise concerned by this alternative to personal freedoms; the fundamentalist "Christian" police state, coming soon to a mindset near you!!! Word.

Increase the Peace,
R.E. Bareaux
108 Herndon Ave.
Stanford, KY. 40484

PS: A quick postscript; Rev. Wildmon is also a member of the Board of Directors of Focus on the Foetus Family, and is more well known as the man who took on "Mighty Mouse" and won, making accusations that because a fucking cartoon character sniffed a bouquet of flowers & it went up his nose (this is a *cartoon*) CBS was "declaring war on our children" by promoting cocaine abuse. He was most recently in Wisconsin w/a few hundred thousand perverts like himself for the purpose of blockading/boycotting Johnson Wax Co. for sponsoring/advertising on shows like "Northern Exposure" and "The Simpsons." [...]

National socialist

Dear *Anarchy*,

I write to comment on a letter from Librairie Alternative in *Anarchy* #36. First of all I view myself as a socialist but I have heavy nationalistic beliefs. Also let me state Molly Gill seems like a level headed sister. Molly says we should support white

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Are you psychic? If you have money and a gullible disposition, come to the "Sixth Sense Seminary" course at the *School of Metastasis*™. We'll reinforce your most naive illusions about your extrasensory abilities to engage in telephony, psycho-immiseration, slide projection, clear-annoyance, past-life beatings and much more! Sure to be profitable for us and confusing for you.

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Remember, all you need to bring to our classes are your cash and an empty head. We'll do all the thinking for you!

POWs! We should, but this is disputed by Librairie Alternative (hereafter "L.A."). But I am willing to bet L.A. supports black racist/sexists such as the Nation of Islam and other black nationalist groups who teach the white devil concept. If they accept black nationalism, why not white nationalism? White people are being oppressed in this country. Look who can no longer speak their mind with out being called "racist." As for a world Jewish conspiracy mentioned in the letter, I say look around you. New York has more Jews than Israel. I shall also state that those of us who choose to keep our race white by not race mixing are free to do so. I absolutely agree with some of the policies of national socialism. I think Molly Gill has every right to be published in your open letters section. Now I

would like to comment on Jason's comment to this letter. He begins with "Fuck white nationalism, fuck Marxist obfuscation." I have never read Jason stating "Fuck black nationalism, fuck capitalism." This is the huge problem with Europeans in this country today. they readily denounce white pride. But they embrace the black nationalists who rant about how evil *all* white people are. I have seen a lot of black nationalist letters which don't cause an uprising, but when my sister Molly Gill writes a letter, oh shit, you'd think it was Judgment Day. I think you were wrong Jason, you can't denounce one form of nationalism while allowing another more destructive nationalism to be unscathed in your zine. As for "Fuck Marxist obfuscation," I thought that maybe we could work together for a common

cause. But I see you don't want this, so be it. I still enjoy your zine for the most part. You also call "authoritarian" Marxists and fascists "enemies of freedom." That is a cold lie. Marxism is a dictatorship of the people and fascism is the uplifting of one's race. If one is to combine the two you have then achieved "peace through revolution" (my statement). You claim communism to be dead, but it's not. The only reason I attack you this way is because I am offended by your attitude towards Europeans. The Red Army won WW2, Stalin's only feat (which is not great). The frame up of Germany by Stalinist forces who conducted the "Holocaust" I doubt you'll publish my letter, but, I am asking you to. *Peace through Revolution!*

Jayson Josef Strieter #186727
Waupan Corr. Institution
POB 351
Waupan, WI. 53963-0351

[This letter is too stupid to merit much of a reply. We stand by our unvarying anti-nationalist stance. White or black, racial 'nationalism' is unsavory. However, the total confusion here of all the worst aspects of racism, nationalism, authoritarian socialism and, apparently, anti-Semitism as well, makes this letter about as appropriate for this magazine as would be a bowling ball on a billiard table. -Jason]

Off the shelf

Dear Jason/Toni,

Buying *Anarchy* in Tower Records feels decidedly odd, but I'm not going to complain since spreading not just the message but the profile of anarchy can only be a good thing. Issue 36 was a fine one and I continue to applaud your move to glossy coffee-table magazine format, since I'm something of an arm-chair anarchist myself. Seriously, to have views that most people associate with hairy punks expressed in a cogent and visually stimulating form, and available off the shelf of a major record chain, is very encouraging. [...]

Keep up the most excellent work.

Yours,
J.W., London, England

Free exchange of ideas

Dear folks at *Anarchy*,

Greetings from "Oblando", the number one tourist destination in the world. [...]

If the free exchange of ideas and information is to occur anywhere, the halls of local gov't would seem likely hubs of such activity. But on 12/09/91 I was driven from city hall, as Candide was from Westphalia, "at the point of a jackboot."

Detained for nearly an hour by an armed uniformed cop and the mayor's chief of staff (who is also an armed police lieutenant), I was finally issued a trespass warning, banning me from the building "and its curtilage" for one year, with threat of arrest. The ACLU of Central Florida sued the chief of staff for \$10,000 in Orange County circuit court in 03/92 for violating my 1st (Free Speech), 4th (Search/-Seizure, because I was actually "seized"), and 14th (False Imprisonment without Due Process) rights. The city's risk management carrier (they're self-insured) paid for his defense and settled out of court in 09/92 for \$5,000. (A week or so later, another Orlandoid settled a case with the city for \$16,000. He'd been arrested & booked for wearing a ski-mask & black shirt with "police" scrawled on it, and passing out handbills poking fun at our local vice squad. The arrest took place on Halloween night, 1990. Among thousands of masks on the street, his was the only one cops didn't like.)

Even before I sued, on 01/13/92 (my fellow) members of Central Floridians Against Censorship went to city hall to distribute more copies of the newsletter that caused the trespass warning. They were met at the front door by the city attorney, a mayor's aide, two employees with video cameras, and six OPD goons. They were handed copies of the enclosed "city policy," which was hastily prepared by bureaucrats operating in reactionary mode, and is unsigned, undated and on City of Orlando letterhead. It states that "DISTRIBUTION OF HAND-BILLS, LEAFLETS, AND/OR OTHER PRINTED MATERIALS IS NOT PERMITTED

WITHIN THE CITY HALL OFFICE BUILDING." (As written, this would seem to prevent a citizen from even such Anarchy as hand-delivering a letter to one's city commissioner.)

I have since been writing to the city attorney, with no reply, and to the newly elected (and first ever female) mayor, also with no reply yet, as to whether they will continue enforcement of this policy. I have repeatedly brought the policy to the attention of the editorial board of the *Orlando Sentinel* and they have not acknowledged my correspondence. *Anarchy* is only the second out-of-town publication (so far) to hear this story; *Gauntlet* was the first and they heard it from the editor of the *Orlando Spectator*, a local alternative 'zine/paper. I have not yet told it to the gang that does the Bill of Rights section near the front of *Playboy*.

Anarchy is the first to hear this other item from "Oblando" (world's #1 tourist spot): on 07-27-92 the City Council unanimously approved (without comment) a nine page [...] between the Barbara Gillmann Gallery (270 NE 39th St., Miami, FL 33137) and an entity known as the "City of Orlando Public Art Advisory Board." The contract was for the exhibition by Florida Hispanic Artists, to hang in the city hall Terrace Gallery from Aug.-Dec.'92. On page 3 of 9, fourth paragraph, the contract stated: "ALL ART WILL BE ORIGINAL WORK DEPICTING NO VIOLENCE, NUDITY, RACIAL PREJUDICE, OR STRONG RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL OVERTONES." Gillmann was paid \$6,000 for curating.

This last is purely coincidental to the goings on in our city hall, the top of which is superbly built to one day perfectly accommodate a giant one of those black mouse ear beanie-caps, sold by the millions just down the highway, by Walt Disney's heirs. Orlando city hall is barely two years old. Its 1958 predecessor can be seen being blown to rubble, near the beginning of the film *Lethal Weapon 3*, as the two stars run from the front door. Please let me know if you hear

plans for production of *Lethal Weapon 4*, or other movies in search of buildings to be dynamited. I wish to nominate Orlando's "new" city hall.

Love, from "Oblando," don't come here and spend any money.

Michael, Camarata
Orlando, FL.

IWW far from ideal

Dear *Anarchy*,

Jason, in his response to my letter defending the IWW (*Anarchy* #36), suggested that I was arguing that the IWW should be above criticism. I never made such a claim. I just feel that if we are ever going to be able to work together as revolutionaries, then a distinction must be made between criticism and baseless accusations. Jason simply has no evidence to prove that the IWW is a political "gang" or "racket" with totalitarian aims. I can understand how he feels about the slogan "One Big Union," but as I showed by citing the IWW Preamble, the reference is intended to convey the notion of working-class solidarity as an alternative to the narrow self-interest practiced by the AFL-CIO. Jason, however, prefers not to take the IWW at its word for anything. Then why insist on holding one phrase against the IWW, "One Big Union," while not taking serious anything else it says? Isn't there a contradiction here? Besides, if the IWW were to change its slogans to something more "anarchistically correct," Jason would be no more likely to join it than before, because he opposes *all* unions and organizations, anarchist ones as much as non-anarchist ones.

My experience within the IWW, as well as co-operatives, the anti-nuke movement, and various anarchist federations, has taught me that the IWW is certainly no less democratic nor less member-run than the average, and probably a little more than most. I have witnessed informal hierarchies, and careerism at work in many organizations, and have never been one to hesitate to call this to other peoples' attention and fight against it. Certainly the IWW has had its

own share of these problems, and its organizational structure is far from ideal (if organizations could ever be so). But I have never witnessed the IWW recruiting "cannon fodder," nor cynically exploiting the ecology movement, women's movement, or any other radical cause. When the IWW supports something, no matter how misguided, it has always been honest and sincere about it. Again, I put it to Jason, if you have proof, where is it? Show us the smoking guns and dead bodies, not just hearsay and gossip, or the Gospel according to Cammatte and Collu.

I recognize the role of criticism in the revolutionary movement. It keeps everyone on their toes, and ultimately can help to find answers to our problems. Perhaps *Anarchy* should be willing to take some honest criticism yourselves.

Faternally,
Jeff Stein, Champaign, IL.

Jason responds again...

Beware of organizational manipulation

I have no desire to continue taking the digressions of this argument further and further from the original point I made in a footnote to a review I wrote back in *Anarchy* #28 in the Spring of 1991! At that point I commented on the opportunistic way in which it appeared that those in control of the IWW newspaper made the decision to suddenly back Earth First! in the Summer of 1988—and to do so in a fairly jingoistic manner at that. At this same time, those wobbles who were critical of this organizational decision (from what I heard from a couple IWW members supportive of EF!) were not allowed access to voice their opinions in this same newspaper. I certainly don't know the whole story involved here, and it isn't the most earthshaking piece of news, anyway, at this point five years later! But it does point to the existence of typical forms of manipulation and informal hierarchies which all anarchists ought to be very concerned about eliminating. In this case, at least, Jeff Stein obviously isn't so concerned.

Jeff is the one making a mountain out of the molehill of the "One Big Union" slogan. I consider its

Letters

use a mere symptom of the ideological mindset of the IWW administrative and propagandahierarchies (those in control of the public image presented by the organization), not something that can be taken as a serious plan of action for implementation by such a minuscule group. I suspect that this has become a major concern of Jeff's because it serves him as a diversion from any talk about other *specific* and *genuine* problems with union organization, like the episode I mention above. (However, just to let readers know that I'm not the only one concerned by the "OBU" slogan, a recent IWW General Secretary-Treasurer, Jess Grant, has been quoted as writing, "If we are to redefine the IWW, as we must to be successful, taking a hard look at the [concept of] One Big Union and its scary implications is a good place to start.")

As for the accuracy of my characterization of the IWW as one of the many leftist organizations which function as "political rackets," rather than repeating myself I suggest that readers check out my reply to M.S.J. in *Anarchy* #34 pp.68-9. Or for a more general theoretical discussion of the phenomenon see a copy of *On Organization* by Cammatte and Collu (a pamphlet available for \$1.00 postpaid from C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446).

Greek anarchists

Dear *Anarchy* and readers,

I've been reading your journal for the last couple of years and found it quite an interesting work, surely, one of the best in the international anarchist press. I would very much like to have contact with anarchists from



Collage by Johann Humyn Being

U.S.A. and I suppose that the best way to do this is by exchanging letters and anarchist material (or even visiting each other's country!). Thus, I send you this periodical that we publish in Thessaloniki, in Greece.

I believe you have already had an idea about the anti-authoritarian movement in Greece. In the issue #35 there was an article sent by the comrades from the information bulletin *Stiu Tsilia* (who are active in Thessaloniki, too). As I've spent the last year abroad I'm not the best person to inform you about what's happening now in Greece. Anyway, I suppose that many of you are more or less

informed about the situation in the Balkans and the war in former-Yugoslavia. Of course the international mass-media had found guilt just in the face of the Serbs, yet, the truth is that almost every power in the area is to be blamed together with the countries of the "European Community" and, of course, the U.S.A. whose role as the Empire of the New World Order strikes dangerously once more. On the other hand, the societies of the Balkan countries are not yet ready to resist a possible war and that is the worst of all. However, in Greece the antimilitarists are able to fight against such a possibility, per-

haps more than in any other Balkan country; what is of a great need is a permanent and willful contact between the anti-authoritarians of the area, Greeks, Turks, Bulgarians, Serbs, Rumanians, etc.

I'm also sending you the addresses of the anarchist groups in Thessaloniki. In a future letter I'll also send addresses from other groups in other towns of the country.

Anarchist and Libertarian Groups in Thessaloniki

Committee for Total Objectors
fax: (031) 285604
PO Box 50042
Thessaloniki 54013
Greece

Ektos Nomoi
(@ newspaper)
PO Box 11251
54110 Thessaloniki
Greece

Radio Utopia
(alternative radio)
tel: (031) 214272
Konstantopoulou 1
54634 Thessaloniki
Greece

Mavro Rodo
(@ periodical)
PO Box 10005
54110 Thessaloniki
Greece

As it was mentioned in the article presented by the Bulletin *Stiu Tsilia*, there are also two occupations in Thessaloniki where anti-authoritarian groups are gathered and also where parties and concerts take place. I really hope that either *Anarchy* or its readers will use the addresses I've sent. The communication between anarchists is as essential as ever.

Fraternally,
Loukis Hassiotis
Filikis Eterias 29
54621 Thessaloniki
Greece

Untitled fiction by Peter Sapira

Dr. George Lemming stood behind the large oak desk in the empty classroom and prepared for what would be his first lecture as a Harvard University professor. Prior to last August, he had always lived in England where he spent the last 15 years as the dean of history at a small university. There he gained the reputation as an expert in the study of feudal England through his books and lectures. It was this wide academic acclaim that prompted Harvard to offer him a position on their staff. The benefits that this opportunity provided made it impossible for Lemming to decline. However, he did have apprehensions about teaching in America. George viewed his work as sacrosanct, and he feared that the American students would be arrogant and unresponsive to the reverence which he tried to instill his classes with.

As he began to question his decision once more, the class began to assemble. He did not look at the faces as they entered the room. Instead he was trying to forget that these were not familiar surroundings, that this was not the same small university where he was so revered. Because of this introspection, George Lemming failed to notice a young man of the most bizarre appearance enter amongst the class. This student had an unhealthy paleness about his face and the old top hat that partially covered his straggled black hair looked as if it had once belonged to a chimney sweep. He wore black jeans, brown vinyl cowboy boots and an orange T-shirt with the name Rudi printed on the back. The oddity rushed to the back of the room and slid into a chair where he sat grinding his teeth and clutching the sides of the desk.

About midway through the lecture, just as George had begun to feel he had established some control, Rudi's teeth grinding grew louder and sweat began to drip from his face onto the desk. Several students began to stare

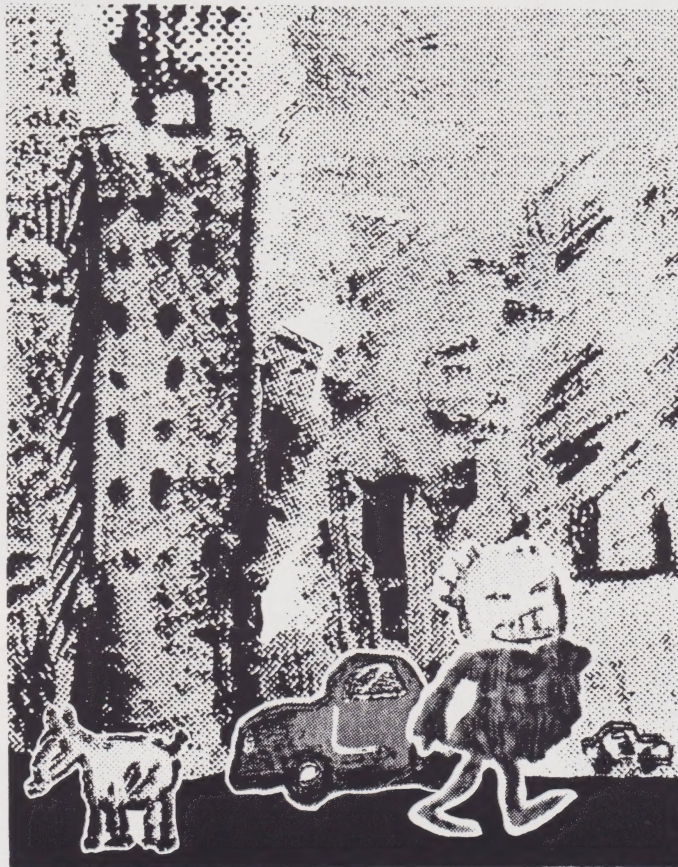
at him, not knowing whether they should be amused or frightened. His breathing became louder and sporadic and it appeared that he was about to hyperventilate. When this panting, grinding and sweating reached its climax, Rudi flung himself up so fiercely that he knocked the chair and desk to the floor as he screamed, "Let's go you bunch of stains! Oh boy!!" Everyone then watched as Rudi stumbled slowly

intensity he turned sideways to the class and shouted, "Observe!" He then flung himself into the air in an apparent attempt to perform a back flip. However, he did not rotate enough while in the air so instead of landing on his feet, Rudi smashed his head on the hard wood floor. He jumped up screaming, hands clasped behind his head, blood spurting through his fingers. He started running blindly

around the classroom, slamming into desks, bouncing off cement walls, and ricocheting back into the desks, knocking students to the floor. As Rudi continued on his rampage, Dr. Lemming decided to leave. He began to tip toe his way through the carnage toward the door. Just as his hand was about to turn the knob, the door flew open, hit Lemming on the head and knocked him out. Then through the door way, a tall, gaunt, blond man jumped into the room. He was dressed like Rudi, only his T-shirt had 'Rodney' printed on the back. Seemingly unaware of the upturned desks and tangled bodies, he started performing an array of uncoordinated spins and jumps about the room. "I've always loved ballet," he cooed, "It's so graceful. I wish I was a ballerina instead of a hairdresser!"

Rodney then finished his routine and bowed to the unconscious audience. He then noticed Rudi crouched in a corner, still claspings his bleeding head. "Rudi!" he

shrieked, "Your hair is an absolute mess! My God, you've tried to dye it red! Oh well, come along darling, off to the salon with you!" The two then linked arms and jumped out of the seventh story window. After landing safely on the ground, they met Dr. Shone Fraide. A dentist who, over a five year period in Tasmania, would show our two young heros the true meaning of anarchy. Actually, Rudi and Rodney were killed instantly from their jump out of the window, but Shone Fraide was there to pull all of their teeth out.

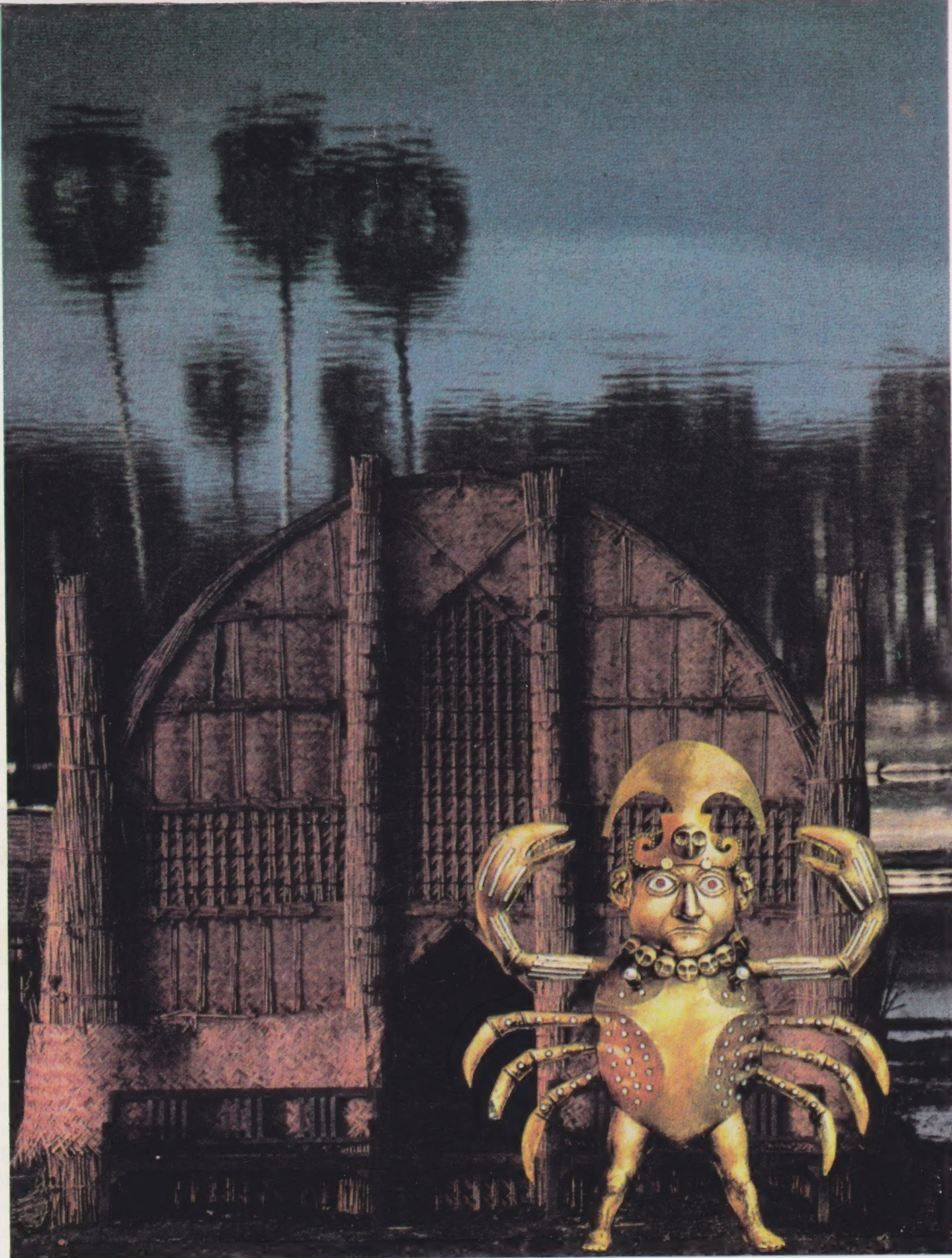


Mark Neville

forward. At the front of the classroom, he stood beside the same desk that Dr. Lemming was now trembling behind.

Rudi then placed his top hat on the desk, bowed slightly to the professor, and proudly announced, "Excuse me! Excuse me! Please pardon the interruption, but I think I have something of interest to show you all." He then lowered his head and started laughing. Then trying to gain his composure, he covered his mouth to hide a smirk. Still giggling, he addressed the class again, "Really, you're gonna like this. I promise. I swear!" With a renewed

"Beware
of
Owner"



Collage by Phillip Lollar (San Francisco, CA.).

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